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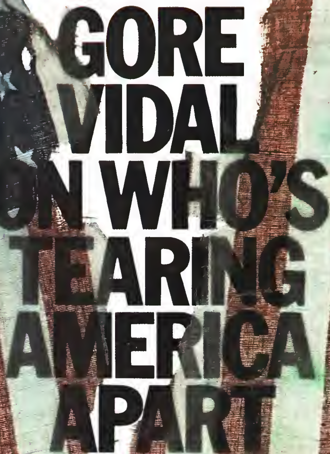

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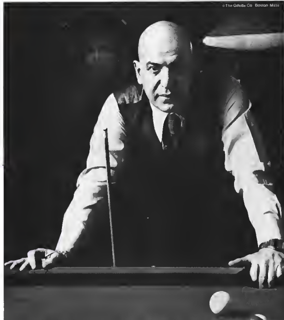

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Esquire is published monthly by Esquire Inc, 65 E South Water St, Chicago, Ill 60601. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. **Subscription Rates:** In the U S and its Possessions $10 a year, Canada, $13 a year, elsewhere $15 a year. Foreign subscriptions payable in advance. **POSTMASTER** Send form 3579 to ESQUIRE 1255 Portland Place Boulder Colorado 80302

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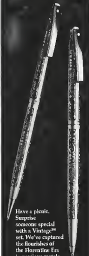

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ARNOLD GINGRICH'S PAGE

A salmon is a seldom thing

The glum conclusion reached by Anthony Netboy at the end of his article *Exit the Salmon*, beginning on page 118, is that not enough people are thinking *"about this a world in which salmon cannot live may be a world in which man cannot live either."*

Twenty-two years ago, when he began his salmon studies, Netboy was more optimistic At the behest of the Bonneville Power Administration he set out to prove the thesis that it was perfectly plausible to expect to have both fish and power too, which was the cheerful conclusion of his first book on the subject, *Salmon of the Pacific Northwest: Fish versus Dams*

But by 1968, his subsequent study of the problem on a more intensive basis led him to entitle his next book *The Atlantic Salmon: A Vanishing Species?*, and further study on a worldwide scale brought forth his definitive survey, last year, of the odds threatening both species, the Atlantic and the Pacific, on every continant where salmon are found. He titled his 1974 volume, with careful accordance of alarmism, simply *The Salmon: Their Fight for Survival*

Concern for the environment was chic only as long as the good times lasted Since things began to come unstuck through the combined pressures of inflation and the energy crunch, it has been increasingly hard to get people to worry about such abstract questions as whether breathable air and drinkable water may be finite resources More immediate worries have become much more pressing—such as going broke and having to give up the family car. Who wants to worry about such a far-off thing as running out of either air or water, when there's a closeup possibility of running out of either money or gasoline?

Fortunately, there are organizations which are less prone than individuals to lose sight of the forest for the trees the minute the economy goes ungood Even as this parlous year was getting off to its faltering start, with the hardly startling pronouncement that things in general were "not good," the International Atlantic Salmon Foundation and the World Wildlife Fund convened a special conference in Boston to bring together qualified experts and concerned citizens who could assess the present state of the Atlantic salmon in New England, and propose methods to accelerate and enhance their restoration The conference was called as a working meeting of government officials, sportsmen, scientists, newsmen and representatives of conservation organizations and industry.

As the Netboy books and his article in this issue have shown, the Atlantic salmon, once abundant in New England, is today a sadly depleted resource But the sense of the mid-January meeting was that this unfortunate condition both should and can be rectified, and the conference emphatically endorsed the concept of restoring New England's salmon runs as a potential for rehabilitation that is limited only by man's willingness and ability to devote the funds, manpower and effort to work with, rather than against, nature

Specific recommendations were formulated with the intent of providing guidance to government and public agencies seeking to restore the Atlantic salmon to New England, to coordinata efforts and to direct priorities for the fastest effective action No attempt was made to blink the realization that problems associated with this restoration are complex and their solution is costly But there was also the countarbalancing realization that some favoring conditions exist, and that a start has to be made somewhere.

One favoring factor is that consensus was reached that improvements in water quality of the past decade now make it possible to restore Atlantic salmon. Implementation and enforcement of the water-quality standards that have been set for the present and future will enhance the restoration

Another is tha recognition of the feasibility of designing and maintaining effective upstream and downstream fish passage facilities, leading the conference to recommend that while each situation should be considered on its own merits, construction of fish passage facilities should be undertaken expeditiously where the need exists, and while aware that the responsibility to pay for fishways must remain with the owners of the dams or other obstructions to protect the public interest, still the conference recommends the exploration of all possible sources of funding to expedite, assist, and accomplish their construction

The third factor is the fact that natural salm- (Continued on page 16)

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BOOKS

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

The recent death of Cyril Connolly removes from the London scene the last old-style man of letters. With his demise the species becomes virtually extinct. Thus the latest collection of his critical pieces (*The Evening Colonnade*, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $15) may be taken as a kind of valedictory. Most of these articles appeared originally in the London *Sunday Times*, whose chief book reviewer Connolly was over a number of years, this being his main source of income. In his acknowledgments at the beginning of the book he writes ruefully of his feeling of "impotent repugnance" when confronted with the "reams of newsprint and tattered galleys" from which its contents had to be selected. Nonetheless, it was from these cankers of a scribbler's life that most of his published works have been assembled. *The Evening Colonnade* collection is neither better nor worse than the others. Its subjects are familiar enough—to Connolly himself, I should suppose, almost tragically so. He ground out words about them for most of his life—Berenson, Swift and Pope and Sade and Boswell, Flaubert, Wilde, Henry James and Edith Wharton and Marcel Proust; Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Joyce and Hemingway, with several dollops of Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald; Henry Miller, Genet, Gide, Orwell and Auden and Mailer and Solzhenitsyn, and, last, but by no means least, the Little Magazines.

It reads like a dirge now—poor Connolly's requiem. One imagines him as the latest *Sunday Times* offering came to hand, languidly turning over the pages—Not Spender again! Alas, more Cocteau! Freud and Jung, Jung and Freud, Lorca without end, amen! A portly, rather somnolent figure, fond of food and drink, and of talk, and of the company of the rich and the famous, a great gossip, slothful, with a backlog of wives, who was good at quoting, at assuming bygone attitudes and uttering nostalgic sentiments. A good talker altogether, though suffering a little from being too accustomed to an adulatory audience. Essentially, he was a perceptive and accomplished critic, with a fine appreciation of what was great and what was good, but timid in shunning unfashionable attitudes. Thus, at the highest aesthetic level, a conformist. All the same, it is difficult to think of any contemporary English writer whose occasional reviews would stand up better to the test of being published in collections between hard covers.

Like so many who inhabit and cultivate the limbo between journalism and literature, Connolly was, of course, a writer manqué. It was an article of faith with him that the only point of writing at all was to produce a work of genius, and from time to time he broke off from his employment as a high-grade hack to essay something of the kind, whether in verse or prose. The results were far from satisfactory. His single published novel, *The Rock Pool*, about life and lechery on the Côte d'Azur, had a certain vogue but has not survived even as a cult book; *Horizon*, the magazine he founded in collaboration with Stephen Spender in 1939 and carried on until 1950, represented a notable feat of endurance, his wartime cry from the heart on behalf of a lost culture, *The Unquiet Grave*, which he wrote under the pseudonym "Palinurus," was greatly esteemed at the time, but has come to seem rather thin with the passage of years. After all, the culture whose passing he bewails in it had already expired before he announced its demise, in the same sort of way, as Brecht wrote, the cities of Europe had fallen down before the blitz struck them. In *Enemies of Promise*, the book of his most likely to last, if only as a work of reference, he forecast his own failure to realize his potentialities as a writer. It was an alibi for all the books he did not write, prudently established in advance.

Several of the pieces included in the first section of *The Evening Colonnade*, subtitled *Dew on the Garlic Leaf*, are about the Twenties. Likewise a posthumous collection from the notebooks and diaries of Edmund Wilson (*The Twenties*, edited with an introduction by Leon Edel, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10). Wilson may plausibly be regarded as Connolly's American equivalent, though far more industrious and thorough; in his day, I should say, the leading critic in the English-speaking world. Even so, like Connolly, he felt himself to be a writer manqué, and envied friends like Scott Fitzgerald and Hemingway who achieved fame and success as novelists. His own most notable books, like Connolly's, were collections of essays—*Axel's Castle*, *The Wound and the Bow*, etc.—though I found his reminiscences in *Upstate* of his early years in northern New York a very fine piece of autobiographical writing. His fiction, at which he would have so liked to excel—*Memoirs of Hecate County*, for instance, which, as Professor Edel points out, belongs to the same sort of mood as *Lady Chatterley's Lover*—has not worn well. A lot of the material included in *The Twenties* consists of notes used, or intended for use, in his fictional writings. As descriptive pieces they are often excellent, but one can see why they do not lend themselves to integration in a novel. Wilson clearly lacked the gift of magically transforming experience into art, so apparent in Tolstoy when one compares what he wrote in his diaries with the same experiences and emotions as they appeared in his novels.

Connolly and Wilson may be seen as the last two authentic culture vultures to take a peck at the rotting corpse of Eng. Lit., leaving it thenceforth to professors, hipster poets, Mailer, Ginsberg and assorted lib ladies, with Marshall McLuhan as a sardonic observer. How Eng. Lit. came to die, who killed it and why, or whether, like old soldiers and General Douglas MacArthur, it just faded away, remain matters of speculation. The explanation offered by Richard Kostelanetz in his book *The End of Intelligent Writing* (Sheed and Ward, $12.95) is that the contemporary literary establishment has deliberately crushed the splendid upsurge of poets, novelists and dramatists among the younger generation coming from the universities. He lists the names of many of these and cites their works, which, adequately recognized, he claims, would amount to another Renaissance. For instance, Clark Coolidge, born in 1939: "None of the younger experimental poets," he writes, "has been as various, in-

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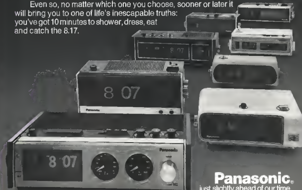

telligent, and prolific as Clark Coolidge, who also edited one of the few genuinely avant-garde magazines of the Sixties, *Joglars* (1964-66), in addition to playing drums for a poetry-conscious rock group, Serpent Power." As an example of Coolidge's gifts and versatility, Kostelanetz quotes a poem of his which "epitomizes a different kind of poetic reductionism—the poem composed of one and only one unmalleable word which, when read aloud, continually changes, not denotatively but connotatively." It begins:

"Which, which which which which—
which which
Which which which which,
which which which which. . . ."

And so on in the same strain, recalling an earlier folk version in this genre popular in music halls when I was young: "Which switch is the switch, miss, for Ipswich,/It's the Ipswich switch which I require . . ."

Kostelanetz is described on the dust jacket of his book as "probably the best known and most admired of the polymathic writers on contemporary culture." A polymath, I note, is defined in the Oxford dictionary as a "person of much or varied learning; one acquainted with various subjects of study," and certainly Kostelanetz, in striving to give us, in the words of *The Washington Monthly*, "a full, shocking picture of power structures and malpractices in the literary world," draws upon many campus disciplines. Alas, his picture of the slaughter of the innocents by such mighty organs of destruction as *The New York Review of Books*, *The Village Voice* and the venerable *New Yorker* is nonetheless marred by the failure of the specimens he offers of their victims' work to live up to the claims he makes for them. It is all very well for him to insist that a young writer who offered a piece to *The Village Voice* in which Mailer was dismissed as "a windbag with an overblown literary reputation" would have it rejected. Likewise one who offered *Commentary* a piece demonstrating that "black anti-Semitism was negligible or often imaginary," or that Irving Howe was a "cultural policeman." Or one who aspired to argue in the columns of *The New York Review* that "provincial academics are easily conned by New York sharpies, that collusion between publishers and reviewers is unethical, or that a literary mob exists and is powerful." All true enough, but Kostelanetz needs also to demonstrate that the young writers he cites are themselves articulate, and masters of the words they use. This he notably fails to do, leaving open the possibility that they, not to mention Kostelanetz himself, may also be windbags like Mailer.

John Wain's excellent biography of Dr. Johnson (*Samuel Johnson*, Viking, $12.50) provides an opportunity for making a comparison between the eighteenth century literary scene and today's. Taking the case of Johnson himself, despite his growing fame largely as a result of completion of his famous dictionary, he continued to live in the greatest penury. Sir Joshua Reynolds' sister said that he dressed like a beggar, ate in low taverns, and lacked all but the barest essentials in his domestic arrangements. Then came his pension, which may be taken as the equivalent of a grant from the Arts Council; except that such pensions were more discriminatingly bestowed. They were handed out nominally by the sovereign—in Johnson's case, poor mad George III—on behalf of the prime minister, whose considerations were naturally political rather than, like the Arts Council's, cultural. Votes can be counted, but culture is a will-o'-the-wisp, especially when sought by a committee. Johnson had defined a pension in his dictionary as normally signifying "money given to a state hireling for treason to his country," and so felt a little chary of accepting one. However, on the sensible advice of Sir Joshua, he pocketed his pride and the pension, and had thenceforth no more money worries, even though he regularly gave away to indigent friends and retainers the greater part of what he received. He also largely stopped writing, being too humble and aware of how small a place any man however gifted has in the wide universe and in eternity to consider that his words had any crucial importance. In general, it may be said that the more seriously a writer takes his work, the more expendable it is likely to turn out to be. It is more wholesome to write for money than for posterity.

Wain's *Samuel Johnson* is a well-written, affectionate, comprehensive book; a worthy addition to the large literature that already exists on the subject. To me, Johnson is the greatest Englishman, and one of the greatest men, who ever lived. Today especially, when the world is full of self-righteous fanaticism and egotism masquerading as visionary zeal for the public good, his example is sorely needed. His reverence for order and authority as human necessities, and suspicion of power as disruptive, whether in many hands or in few; his true virtue and piety finding expression in so many deeds of gentleness and love, and abhorrence of liberal and revolutionary cant about progress and promoting the collective good—these attitudes are immensely appealing in our confused and tormented times. On every imaginable and unimaginable subject he has something illuminating and often hilarious to say. For instance, of reviewers, who, "I believe, often review without reading the book through, but lay hold of a topic and write chiefly from their own minds." Such was liable to be his own practice, as it is one by no means unknown among today's practitioners! ⧺

ARNOLD GINGRICH'S PAGE

(*Continued from page 10*) on production already exists, however limited, in some New England rivers, and can be established in others. This led the conference to recommend hatchery production to establish initial stocks and to supplement runs either now existing or reestablished in the future, while stressing that increase of natural salmon production should be the primary goal, making imperative the full use of present knowledge and continued research on genetic characteristics, improvement of product quality and disease control to increase supplies.

On the strategic level, none of these recommendations is exactly earthshaking, nor were those offered on a tactical level any more startling. Of the latter, the most significant was the recommendation that uniform, substantial penalties—comparable to those on big game animals—should be assessed for illegal taking of Atlantic salmon.

Still, this is the first concerted movement in the right direction in over a century and a half, since the industrial revolution began the relentless spoliation of this primary natural resource.

If reading Netboy in this issue leads you to applaud the attempt to solve what he has elsewhere called "the problems we face in conserving what is left of the resource, and perhaps in the case of the Atlantic salmon preventing its extinction," then possibly you may feel the impulse to write the International Atlantic Salmon Foundation and offer them some token of support. (They are readily reachable, either at 425 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022 or at P.O. Box 429, St. Andrews, New Brunswick, Canada.) As to what form your support should take, that was long ago solved, as Clarence Darrow used to enjoy pointing out, by the Phoenicians, with the invention of money. Any amount would be welcomed, and interpreted as a vote of confidence in the future. ⧺

...and now it's time for a Cutty.

Judgment at Attica

On the first page of *The Men in D Yard* (March), Tom Wicker confessed to having "had quite a lot of wine" at the time of his summons to Attica. As I read his account of his adventures there, I kept wondering if he might not have suffered from an overdose of spiritus frumenti throughout his stay as well as during the time he spent in setting down his record thereof. *Something*, at any rate, appears to have altered his judgmental abilities.

"... He had thought almost not at all about the hostages," and since the majority of the other "observers" were of much the same stripe as Mr. Wicker, it seems obvious that Mr. Mancusi was entirely correct in thinking that "the outsiders did not seem ... to be much concerned with the fate of his guards ... ." He shouldn't have been surprised. I wasn't.

Mr. Wicker treats us to excerpts from the stereotyped revolutionary jargon now so "right on" in some circles. All the desperately fatigued clichés are there. The clenched Comintern fists. He asks whether, why, or if the people he describes were, "Thieves and murderers compared to whom?" The chances are that many of them are thieves and murderers compared to *me*. "Prisoners of society due to what accidents and perversions of the same society?" Oy!

Although it pains me to agree with anything Rockefellerian, Mr. Wicker's disagreement indicates that he has learned nothing from history: accession to terrorists' demands merely invites further terrorism.

C. W. Morrison, M.D.
Savannah, Ga.

Cry, the beloved country caper

After reading the article *The Amazing New-Country Caper* by Andrew St. George (February), I ran to the mirror to see if I had sprouted a Hitler moustache. Fortunately, there was none, I was the same old Mike Oliver. My suspicion, therefore, is that your article on my New-Country Project and its involvement in the Bahamian island of Abaco belongs in the realm of fantasy.

There is no such thing as a WerBell-Oliver organization, although it is well-known that Mitch WerBell is interested in the future of Abaco. The New-Country Project, however, is, as you correctly state, interested in founding a new country, based on libertarian ideals of economic, social and political freedom. This becomes all the more necessary as the West rushes headlong into monetary crisis and collapse.

We were approached by persons from the Abaco Independence Movement for assistance in their struggle against the Pindling regime in Nassau. This was, and still is, a political rather than a military struggle, and we have done nothing in this respect, nor engaged in any other activities of a dubious nature.

We have, among other things, helped to draft a constitution for an independent Abaco, based on individual freedom. In this document the duties of government are limited to its proper functions: to protect citizens against force and fraud. Any other function of government is illegitimate and immoral. This document received virtually unanimous approval at A.I.M.'s first annual convention last year. We have done nothing without the knowledge and approval of Abaco's leaders. All the documents which we have helped to draft remain provisional until after Abaco achieves its goal and its leaders receive the free approval of a free people. Abaconians voted overwhelmingly against staying under the Pindling regime in 1972. At present, Abaco remains in a state of servitude and bondage, and it was the largess of such as Robert Vesco that put it there. How about investigating that one?

Incidentelly, the proposed Abaco constitution, based to some extent on my book, expressly excludes foreigners (including myself) from having anything to do with the government of Abaco. Further, the articles of the proposed Abaco National Land Trust ensure each Abaconian shares in all publicly held land, as well as one acre per adult person, without reference (contrary to Esquire's account) to the political situation after home rule on Abaco. The tenders do not state that the shares or land deeds are conditional upon the political situation being "just and fair," as stated in Esquire.

Currently, a petition is being circulated by the Abaco Independence Movement seeking greater autonomy in the island's own affairs. Already it has received the signatures of over fifty percent of the island's adult population, both black and white.

Lastly, though I indeed have a "ravishingly beautiful secretary," she is happily married. And as for "my first million by the time I was thirty," well, I am still waiting—and working—for that.

Mike Oliver
Carson City, Nev.

Prophets vs. profits

Beyond Depression (February) should be required reading for every public official and corporation executive. Alvin Toffler's telling it like it is stands in refreshing, though sobering and perhaps frightening, contrast to the Pollyannaism flowing from the satrapies of Big Business. I've more than a suspicion that these moguls who thunder and rail from their corporate thrones about "Prophets of Doom" are really scared as hell of the "Doom of Profits."

Glenn Meagher
Fairfax, Calif.

Três cher

The cover line on the February issue, "Who's man enough for this woman?" (*The Winning of Cher*), should have read, "Who's crazy enough for this woman?" Cher, the Dark Lady, who sings like a female George Burns and is a big spender par excellence, can be compared with Cleopatra on one hand and Jackie Onassis on the other, minus the elegance displayed by these two ladies. David Geffen is the perfect mate.

F. C. Buzzell
Spring Lake, Mich.

Well, it does my heart good to know that even with all of David Geffen's success, he still has to pay $38,000 to get his woman (*The Winning of Cher*, February). Maybe after Cher's TV series bombs he'll ship her off to Aspen forever to live in her expensive condo. They both sound like a couple of twenty-watt bulbs to me.

Bob Clark
Knoxville, Tenn.

Formidable fiction

I have been a subscriber to Esquire for many years, but I have rarely encountered in your fiction section a story so concentrated and powerful as the one by T. Coraghessan Boyle (*Heart of a Champion*, January). The style, depth, and focus appear to be just right to carry the heavy weight of the story line, which in itself is the frightening parable of the duality of nature.

Kelsie B. Herder
Potsdam, N.Y.

Just finished reading *False Lights* (January) and I am writing you *immediately* to say how much I enjoyed Gail Godwin's story. It is superb, a delightful treatment of "December-June" spousery.

Caryl E. Chudwin
Olympia Fields, Ill.

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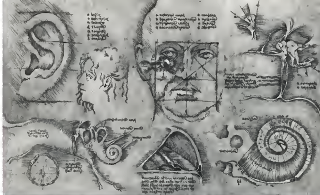

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RECORDINGS

MARTIN MAYER

"The manuscript of the *Chaconne*," said Lorin Hollander, discussing his decision to play Brahms's transcription of it for left hand alone, "is not in Bach's handwriting but in Anna Magdalena's. Several sections are not written out—there's just the chord and the word 'appoggiatura.' The standardization of the score took place with Joachim at about the same time Brahms did his version for the piano To accomplish the body dynamic Brahms wanted, he had to play the *Chaconne* in one hand, and he took the work an octave lower because he wanted to project with the left side of his body. He didn't change a note, except the harmonics, startlingly, in a few places, but he does some things that are very un-Bach. One runs into a conflict playing the work—where does one's allegiance lie? You say, 'Bach wouldn't do it this way' or 'a violinist wouldn't do it this way'—and then you realize that after all, this is *Brahms*, so you wind up playing it more romantically.

"The big question when you play something for the left hand is, What do you do with your right hand? My teacher Steuermann once said to me, 'You can do anything but pick your nose.' Then he remembered I was only nine years old, and he said, '*Almost* anything' "

The son of a violinist in the New York Philharmonic, Hollander was one of the great child prodigies of the piano and a regular on the touring circuit—traveling alone—when he was only fourteen I wrote about him in these pages eleven years ago, when he was still a teen-ager and wanted to talk about his ham-radio rig and his occasional attendance at C. W. Post College more than about music or the piano. I was not, truth to tell, sanguine about his prospects as an artist he seemed to me to lack the inner resources or the ambition that would move him beyond the virtuosity that was his from birth And there isn't much secret about the fact that he did have an awful time maturing The marks of a rough decade are on him in his rather mournful, static appearance and the way he moves: tall, thin, balding, shoulders sloping and a little bent, he looks considerably older than thirty But he has come out the other end as a man (happily married, with two small children, home on Penobscot Bay in Maine), and as a musician; he is now one of our most interesting program-makers and interpreters.

As a pianist, Hollander gladly confesses a debt to Leon Fleisher, with whom he began to study only a few years ago; as a musician, he acknowledges Rudolf Serkin and the atmosphere at Marlboro, where he goes to play chamber music four or five weeks every summer. What really pulled him through, I suspect, are the inner resources I hadn't thought he had, a taste for scholarship and the idiosyncratic intelligence that interprets the scholarship artistically.

Talking about Ives, for example, he likes to compare the relationship between Ives and his father with that between Mozart and *his* father, which really is an odd and productive thought Talking of the Brahms op 1, which he played at Carnegie a year ago, he mentions that much of it is contemporaneous with Brahms's famous encounter with Robert Schumann and his wife "Brahms's mother being sixteen years older than Brahms's father, and Clara Schumann being sixteen years older than Brahms . . . all the tensions and neuroses come out" On Scriabin, we go a little farther out. "I think he had synesthesia, a physical condition in which when one hears sounds, one sees colors and feels pressure points all over the body Writing the *Tenth Sonata*, he would lie in the moss with insects, trying to exchange feelings with them, resonating harmonies from a two-hundred-million-year-old life-form. One understands what he was trying to say, what was going on in his body during the moment of creation You know, Rachmaninoff played the piece in Petersburg, in his efficient, perfect way, and the Scriabinists were scandalized Prokofiev said Rachmaninoff was desecrating Scriabin's grave . . ."

Hollander does a good deal of his domestic touring on the university circuit, where he likes to give a two-day master class as well as a recital, and often asks to have the music department's prize piano student prepare the secondo part of a Mozart or Schubert four-hand piece to play with him in public "Mozart wrote the four-hand pieces to play with his girl friends," Hollander observes a little wickedly; "you can tell that from the way the right hand of the second part goes under the left hand of the first part" This season, Hollander gave a week to touring with Mozart and Schubert four-hand music, but his partner was neither a girl nor a prize student, it was Leon Kirchner, chairman of the music department at Harvard and to my taste our best composer aetat ca. fifty When they played New York, by the way, no less than Ruth Laredo came onstage to turn pages for them

This year, Hollander restored the Tchaikovsky *Concerto* to his repertory, for the good reason that lots of orchestras asked for it. Restudying such a piece, he says, he goes through the conventional work at the piano; "then one takes walks, taking a pace of three, playing it against one's body One feels the direction of it in one's pulse, one's groin, one's neck I live the music, dream about it, play it for friends, for the children, for people who know nothing about music" Even so, he would rather play Bach, and Mozart before Bach. I asked more or less idly about how he plays trills in Bach and Mozart, because recent literature has been awash with arguments about starting on the note itself or on the note above "I play it as I would sing it," Hollander said promptly, "however it sounds more beautiful These men were not writing mathematical exercises They were speaking with feeling"

My favorite piano recording of the last month is the three-record set by Daniel Barenboim of the Mendelssohn *Songs Without Words* (DG), undoubtedly the greatest collection of salon music ever written, if you will grant the proposition that "great" and "salon" can be used together. Mendelssohn's was a housebroken Romanticism, reverie stuff, and it has been out of fashion for years. Now its time has returned; and Barenboim, forced by the nature of the music to scale down the afflatus that has been distorting his performances as a conductor, turns out to be the perfect interpreter If you

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like to hear music while dining, or reading fiction, this is it. Few of the pieces will absorb your attention, but every time something in them is noticeable, it's nice.

Also excellent and rewarding among keyboard releases is a two-record set called *The English Harpsichord*, by Igor Kipnis (Angel). Always a satisfying performer on this interestingly limited instrument, Kipnis has crossed the line from good to wonderful. All accents on the harpsichord are necessarily quantitative (you can't make it sound louder by hitting the key harder), so the essence of interpretation is what later generations would call rubato. Kipnis in the last couple of years has achieved a total ease and fluidity in the handling of this elaborate technique, and the pieces by Byrd, Purcell, Handel and J. C. Bach (and others) blossom under the treatment.

Note, too, another large piece of Philips' enormous Mozart project, a quite extraordinary, legitimately (I mean, I was one of the judges) prizewinning set of thirty-one *Early Symphonies* conducted by Neville Marriner with his Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields. Eight records, each fascinating in its own way, excellently recorded and packaged.

Two recent live performances bring to mind recordings that should have been but never were mentioned in this column. One performance was a Mahler *Das Lied von der Erde* by Colin Davis and the Boston Symphony, most of it to my mind totally un-Viennese and wrongheaded, but very beautiful in the final movement, where Davis for the first time made sense for me of Bruno Walter's insistence that late Mahler was much influenced by Bach (I could hear the choral marchers of the *St Matthew Passion* climbing their unending hill). What made it beautiful, though, was the singing of Janet Baker, and the record that was brought to mind was her spectacular performance of Handel's *Cantata Lucrezia* and assorted arias, Raymond Leppard conducting the English Chamber Orchestra (Philips).

The other performance was by the Juilliard School's American Opera Center, of Samuel Barber's revision of the opera he made of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* for the opening night of the Metropolitan Opera in 1966. At the Met, it died the death, crushed by Zeffirelli's overscaled staging. At Juilliard all these years later, the work had a considerable success, and on balance earned it. Though I did not at all like the new duet for the title characters (Nelson Eddy/Gladys Swarthout stuff, I (Continued on page 58)

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HANGING OUT
ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

One day, probably in my dotage when all else has failed, I expect to write a book about actors and acting. During a career which someone at Esquire once described in print as "most checkered" I have worked with over twenty-five hundred actors, and my book will be a loving one, anecdotal and I hope funny. Some of my best friends are and have been actors, and in a completely abstract if sentimental manner I care about all actors the way one might empathize with all the hungry and deprived children of the world. Like children, actors are the most vulnerable among us. In various guises, from street corners and living rooms to auditions and finished performances onstage, an actor will stand before you, naked and nervous, and beg you to approve, to love. Give that love and for a moment, just a brief moment, the actor is appeased; withhold approval and the actor is in bleeding agony. I remember once sitting on a movie location with Henry Fonda some years after his most successful run as costar with Anne Bancroft in the play *Two for the Seesaw* when he described the experience only in terms of terrible pain. He had turned down the part originally, he said, because "it was the woman's play, and the guy was a sonofabitch." After some rewrites, Fonda was convinced the major problems had been righted, but at the first reading, "I was horrified to realize that nothing had changed; the man was still a monster.

"You can't imagine what it's like," Fonda said, "to come out on a stage eight times a week and feel loathing pour in waves across the footlights. It's an assault. Matinee ladies would hiss me; I would hear them say things like, '*How can he be so mean to that wonderful girl!*' I got hate mail. People would write letters like, 'How can you, Mr. Roberts, play the part of such a rotten person?' There came a time where I'd get sick before every performance."

"Every actor dreams of being Mr. Roberts, a character universally loved, without fault, whose make-believe death causes the whole world to cry. That was the perfect part. I'd like to have played it forever."

So speaks the successful, great star, but what about the ones who haven't yet made it? For some five years during the Fifties I worked on the *Philco-Goodyear Television Playhouse* where Monday to Wednesday were the days on which we cast each show to go into rehearsal on Thursday. And each week dozens, if not hundreds, of actors would come to our offices at NBC, "making the rounds," as it is known, hoping to be offered a job. Anything—an extra, a walk-on, an under-five (lines). Some of the people did make it, most have disappeared, but all of them suffered the weekly rejections in stoic silence. Or made jokes. No matter how acute the pain no one ever screamed, cried, begged, or shouted accusations.

I play with different titles for my book, all of them heavy on the irony, because in addition to loving most actors I am also convinced they are all deranged. One title paraphrases an old Hungarian saying: *It Is Not Enough To Be Crazy, a Good Actor Must Also Have Talent*. Or, *Let an Actor Live in Your Neighborhood, but He Shouldn't Marry Your Sister*. Or, *Never Turn Your Back on an Actor . . . It Will Eat You*. There is no real contradiction here; recognizing your child as a potential ax murderer with you as victim does not mean you do not love him. All it means is that your love is not enough.

Until I write my own book, however, there is always great pleasure in reading about actors, especially in so splendid a work as playwright Jerome Lawrence's *Actor: The Life and Times of Paul Muni* (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Coauthor, with Robert E. Lee, of Muni's most successful Broadway play, *Inherit the Wind*, Lawrence became a close friend to both the actor and his wife Bella, was in fact an honorary "son" to the childless couple, and writes out of the intimacy of years of friendship with the added advantages of great expertise in the theatre and impressive research. The result is a remarkable study of one of the most gifted and significant actors of his time, as well as a detailed documentation of an authentic nut case. No contradiction there, either.

A curious thing about Muni: although he starred in twenty-three films, was nominated for five Academy Awards, and won one Oscar for *Pasteur*, he has dimmed in the minds of older moviegoers and is, I would venture to say, largely unknown to the younger generation. Neither on television nor in cult movie houses has there been any kind of Muni revival. Except for his final film, *The Last Angry Man*, his pictures rarely if ever play on late-night TV. His first great starring performance in *Scarface*, withheld by its producer Howard Hughes, is never seen. What about the others, most of them in the Warner's vaults? *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* and *Black Fury*, both social films with enormous impact for their times, are surely worth reviving if only as important period dramas. And what about *Pasteur, Zola, Juarez*? One remembers those films from childhood, recalls being moved and excited; but is it possible that they are really terrible pictures? Jerome Lawrence, who screened all of Muni's films as part of his research, says no, he says that Muni was a great and remarkable actor whose performances hold up, and I trust Mr. Lawrence. Besides, how terrible could they be? Worse than most Bette Davis films?

Obviously there is a point beyond which an assessment of talent is surely subjective, a matter of personal taste, and for me, I guess, I would have to say that while Muni's power as an actor was always impressive, it was only sometimes convincing. Especially on the screen. There are some film actors so talented and so right for that one medium that they were never bad, no matter how poor the vehicle. Spencer Tracy for one, Cagney for another; and once they quickly found their way, Cary Grant and Bogart. In a curious way, however, once these stars found their magic persona, they never really took chances but did what worked and were superb. But actors like Muni, trained in the streets, back rooms and the theatre, striving always for diversity, pursuing perfection, often took big chances. And sometimes were bad. No, not bad—wrong; but to an audience wrong is often rotten.

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ences to be turned off by Muni's style A veteran of over three hundred roles in the Yiddish theatre, he was thirty-one years old before he acted his first English-speaking role, thirty-three before he appeared on film And from the Yiddish theatre he brought an acting style which, to be generous, does not depend on underplaying. Yet it is not my purpose here to find Muni's acting anything less than marvelous. Too many experts, many of them his fellow actors, have proclaimed Muni to be the best of his time, a time which covered more than half our century. Bringing obsessive preparation to a profound talent, Muni was able to achieve results which his fellow actors found extraordinary, thought in fact impossible The only actor ever to come out of the Yiddish theatre and become a star on Broadway and in Hollywood, Muni was indeed a great star, only one of two men (the other being George Arliss) to be billed over a film title as *Mr.* Mr. Paul Muni! Come to think of it, who remembers George Arliss?

And another thing: in the Thirties audiences still believed that in real life, with a little push here, a bloodless revolution there, all would be right with our Frank Capra world. Man was Good! And following the brief period of Warner Bros. social realism (*Fugitive*, *Black Fury*), Muni portrayed the *best* As Pasteur he saved the lives of all future generations of children by convincing everyone to boil milk; as Zola he routed the forces of injustice; and in the part of Juarez, an ingenious Indian peasant, he revolutionized his world toward progress No existential hero, he: Muni's Sisyphus would not only have made it to the pinnacle, but he would have lifted his burden and waved. Fade out.

Oh, yes, as a star Muni had the privilege to affect a project every step of the way That kind of power is awesome, and there is always the possibility that an anxiety-ridden actor will destroy as well as create It comes with the territory, and while I'm sure Jerome Lawrence wants us to regard the revelations of Muni's neuroses as the least important elements of his book, one does come away with the impression that with Muni mere anxiety was the *good* news From the evidence, if show biz were to carve a Mt Rushmore-like tribute to monolithic pains-in-the-ass whose lunacy matched their talent, Paul Muni might possibly be that monument's George Washington A hypochondriac who hated being touched, he used his willing wife Bella as an agent/deal *(Continued on page 55)*

Brigade, the French-cut shirt. Because the way a woman looks at you depends on the way you look.

Every Frenchman knows that a woman is just as interested in a man's shape as he is in hers. So he wears shirts that show off his shape.

Yet for some strange reason, many American men in good shape hide their shape in shirts that fit like a tent.

We don't think that's fair.

So we created Brigade. Our French Collection of shirts. Slim Trim. Higher armholes. Narrower sleeves. Perfectly proportioned.

Very sleek. Very elegant. Very European.

Arrow

No wonder American men look so good.

NORA EPHRON

I am sitting here thinking a mundane thought, which is that one picture is worth a thousand words. The reason I am sitting here thinking this is that I am looking at one picture, a picture of someone named Mignon Roscher Gardner on the cover of the *Palm Beach Social Pictorial*, and I cannot think how to describe it to you, how to convey the feeling I get from looking at this picture and in fact every other full-color picture that has ever appeared on the cover of this publication.

The *Palm Beach Social Pictorial* appears weekly throughout the winter season in Palm Beach and I get it in the mail because a friend of mine named Liz Smith writes a column in it and has it sent to me. There are several dozen of us on Liz Smith's list, and I think it is safe to say that we all believe that the *Palm Beach Social Pictorial* is the most wonderful publication in America. Beyond that, each of us is very nearly obsessed with the people in it. My particular obsession is Mignon Roscher Gardner, but from time to time I am unfaithful to her, and I get involved instead with the life of Anky Von Boythen Revson Johnson, who seems to live in a turban, or Mrs. Woolworth Donahue, who apparently never goes anywhere without her two Great Danes nuzzling her lap. One friend of mine is so taken with Belene (Mrs. Roy) Tuchbreiter and her goo-goo-googly eyes that he once made an entire college of pictures of her face.

Mignon Roscher Gardner, who happens to be a painter of indeterminate age and platinum blonde hair, has appeared on the cover of the *Pictorial* twice in the last year, both times decked in ostrich feathers. Anyone who appears on the cover of the *Pictorial* pays a nominal sum to do so; Mrs. Gardner's appearances usually coincide with an opening of her paintings in Palm Beach, although the last one merely coincided with the completion of her portrait of Dr. Josephine E. Raeppel, librarian emeritus of Albright College in Reading, Pennsylvania. Most of the painters whose work appears on the cover of the *Pictorial* are referred to as "famed, international" painters, but Mrs. Gardner is a local, and the farthest the *Pictorial* will go in the famed-international department is to call her prominent. "Prominent artist-aviatrix," for example—that's what they called her last February, when she appeared on the cover in her hair and turquoise ostrich feathers along with a painting from a new series she called "The Cosmobrede." The painting was of a naked young man on a flying black horse, and according to the *Pictorial*, it was a departure from her usual work in animals and sailboats and portraits because "Mignon wanted to combine her love for horses and for flying." In back of the painting of the Cosmobred and Mrs. Gardner herself are some curtains, and if you ask me, they're the highlight of the photograph. They are plain white curtains, but the valances are covered with chintz daisies, and the curtains are trimmed, but heavily trimmed, with yellow and green pompons, the kind drum majorettes trim their skirts and boots with.

Inside the *Palm Beach Social Pictorial* are advertisements ("Dress up your diamond bracelet"), columns

and pictures. The pictures show the people of Palm Beach eating lunch, wearing diamonds in the daytime, eating dinner, attending charity functions, and wearing party clothes. Most of the people are old, except that some of the women have young husbands. It is apparently all right to have a young husband if you are an old woman in Palm Beach, but not vice versa; in fact, the vice versa is one of the few things the columnists in the *Social Pictorial* get really upset about. Here, for instance, is columnist Doris Lilly writing about the guests at a recent party she attended: "Bill Carter (now U.N. ambassador to U.N.I.C.E.F.) proved he really does love children by bringing his latest airline hostess." And here from another columnist, Maria Durell Stone, is another guest list: "Then there were the Enrique Rousseaus, she's Lilly Pulitzer, and even Lilly's ex, Peter, was there with, well, as someone said, 'I don't think it's his daughter but she just might be.'" Every so often, the *Pictorial* prints pictures of people they describe as members of Palm Beach's Younger Set; they all look to be in their mid-forties.

There are two types of columnists who write for the *Pictorial*—locals, and correspondents from elsewhere. There are two advantages to being a correspondent from elsewhere: you don't have to spend the winter in Palm Beach, and you get a lofty title on the masthead. Wally Cedar, who writes from Beverly Hills and Acapulco, is the *Pictorial*'s International Editor, and Liz Smith, who writes from New York, is the National Editor. With one exception—and I'll get to her in a minute, she's Maria Durell Stone—the local columnists in the *Pictorial* have tended to be relentlessly cheerful women whose only quibbles about life in Palm Beach have to do with things like the inefficiency of the streetlights on Worth Avenue. Cicely Dawson, who owns the *Pictorial* along with her husband Ed, whom she always refers to as "our better half," writes a goings-on-about-town column in which she manages to summon unending enthusiasm and exclamation points for boutiques, galleries, parties, and new savings banks in town. "Congratulations to Nan and James Egan of the James Beauty Salon on their recent twenty-fifth anniversary," Dawson once wrote. "No client would guess from the cheerful attitude of this wonderful couple what hardship they have had these past few months. After an illness-free life, James was diagnosed as having chronic kidney failure last December. Oh that Palm Beach County had an Artificial Kidney Center! . . because that's what James needs."

In all fairness, Mrs. Dawson is almost a grouch in comparison to Leone "Call Me the Pollyanna of Palm Beach" King, who until her retirement in 1973 could not find enough good things to say about the place. Where else, Mrs. King once asked in a long series of rhetorical questions, "could you find families offering living quarters to people of low incomes, without at least making some sort of charge? . . . Where could you find friends with splendid flower gardens leaving a message with their gardeners to send certain people bouquets during the winter while they are off on a trip around the world? Where could you find big

FOR 1975

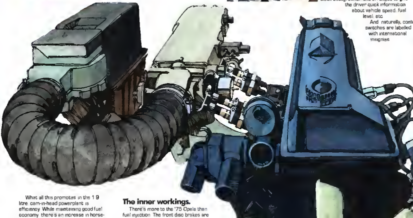
THE FUEL-INJECTED OPELS.

Details on these special-edition models follow—

An already fine road car gets added vigor.

A surface glance at these new special edition Opels won't tell you much about what s so special about them But pop the bonnet on one and the news is evident

The conventional air cleaner is gone — replaced by a cavernous cold air box It filters cooler outside air and feeds it into the injection system And the carburetor? Don't look for it — replaced by a highly sophisticated Bosch electronic fuel injection system An electronic control unit (actually a miniature, on-board computer) accurately meters out a precise amount of fuel which is delivered directly to the intake valves (See diagram)



What all this promotes in the 1 9 litre cam-in-head powerplant is efficiency While maintaining good fuel economy there s an increase in horsepower an increase in torque and we're happy to say a decrease in exhaust pollutants

Opel underway.

First and foremost an Opel is a road car So take one there Take the thick vinyl-covered steering wheel firmly in hand and run a Manta Sportwagon or 1900 Sedan through your own personal test

To begin simply turn the key No need to depress the throttle as the four computer-controlled injection nozzles will spritz the proper amount of fuel to the cylinders without the help of your right foot

Once underway Opel's rack-and-pinion steering will help guide you gracefully through traffic around curves and obstacles — the way you d expect of a fine road car

As you proceed notice the great visibility Opel's glass area is most generous the windows tall Ahh how pleasant the passing scenery looks

Upshifting downshifting you begin to sense the split personality of this car It s practical economical a commuter's delight But equally capable once the weekend gymkhana and rally season comes around — as the proud owner on the right will attest

The inner workings.

There s more to the '75 Opels than fuel injection The front disc brakes are heftier, the disc measuring 9 6-inches in diameter Coupled with them and the drum brakes in the rear is a larger power booster that further aids stopping

To complement the bigger brakes, we ve redesigned Opel s road wheels so there are eight cooling slots instead of the previous four And wrapped around these new wider wheels are 165 SR x 13 steel-belted radial tires, now standard

Something that also merits mention is Opel s suspension system It has not been changed And if you ve driven an Opel you know why The four shock absorbers the four coil springs the Panhard* rod the front and rear stabilizer bars have all been tuned to work together with such efficiency that our suspension experts felt it folly to change for the sake of change

The cockpit.

Inside Opel many nice things happen The rewards of human engineering abound Take note of the bucket seats They re shaped to hug the human contour The sides of the seats are built up to help support you through turns The newly-designed head restraints adjust to your preference The total effect is not unlike a winged-back chair (And incidentally the front seat backs recline nearly 90°)

Opel instrumentation is as it should be bold legible (large white markings on a black background) and arranged to give the driver quick information about vehicle speed fuel level etc

And naturally, control switches are labelled with international insignias

MANTA. Our most rakish-looking Opel

1900 SEDAN. Functional design, spirited soul

SPORTWAGON. Essentially the 1900 Sedan with a 53 3 cubic foot storage space

Specifications

Engine Facts
Type electronic fuel-injected cam-in-head in-line 4
Bore and stroke (in) 3 66 x 2 75
Piston displacement 1 9 litres
Head and block material cast alloy iron
Compression ratio 7 6 1
Installed horsepower at engine rpm 81 at 5 000 (77 at 5 000 in Calif)
Installed torque (lb -ft at engine rpm) 98 at 2 200 (95 at 2 200 in Calif)
Recommended fuel non-leaded

Manual Transmission Facts
Forward speeds 4 (fully synchronized)
Ratios 3 43 (1st) 2 18 (2nd), 1 37 (3rd) 1 00 (4th), 3 32 (reverse)
Lubricant capacity (pt) 2 3
Clutch type dry disc single plate
Total spring load (lb) (Maximum) 1345
Outside/Inside diameter (in.) 8 03/5 18

Automatic Transmission Facts
(available on all Opel models)
Type 3-speed w/torque converter
Ratios: 2 40 (1st) 1 48 (2nd) 1.00 (3rd) 1 92 (reverse)
Maximum ratio at stall: 2 1
Total oil capacity (pt) 4 9

Chassis & Body Facts
Body/frame unit steel
Wheelbase 95 7-in
Brake type 9 6-in front disc, 9 0 x 2 0-in rear drum vacuum-assisted
Swept area sq in 304 8
Steering type rack and pinion
Turns lock-to-lock 3 75
Turning circle 34 4-ft (1900 Sedan & Sportwagon) 34 7-ft (Manta)
Front suspension upper A arms lower transverse arms coil springs tube shocks stabilizer bar
Rear suspension live axle upper and lower trailing arms coil springs, tube shocks, Panhard® rod stabilizer bar

Wheel & Tire Facts
Wheels 4-spoke steel disc, 13 x 5.5
Tires: Steel-belted radial ply, 165 SR x 13

Dimensions. (in inches)

SPORTWAGON
Length 170 2 | Width 64 3
Height 55 1 | Curb wt 2276 lbs*
Cargo floor length 62 8
Head room (f) 38 3 (r) 35.8
Leg room (f) 41 9 (r) 30.7

MANTA
Length 176 1 | Width 64 3
Height 53 3 | Curb wt. 2232-lbs*
Trunk capacity: 11 5-cu ft.
Head room (f) 37 4 (r) 36 8
Leg room (f) 41 9 (r) 28.5

1900 SEDAN
Length 170 0 | Width 64 3
Height 54 8 | Curb wt 2203-lbs*
Trunk capacity 10 9-cu ft
Head room (f) 38 2 (r) 37 3
Leg room (f) 41 8 (r) 30 5

*Add 18 lbs for Calif

A B C D E

Standard equipment

A Opel instrument cluster (tach not available on Manta & 1900 Sedan)
B Steel-belted radial tires
C Sport wheels
- 1 9 litre cam in-head engine
- 4 speed manual transmission
- Bosch electronic fuel injection
- Power brakes with self adjusting front discs
- Foam-padded bucket seats
- Reclining front seat backs
- Adjustable head restraints
- Lane change feature in turn signal
- Clutch adjustment warning light
- Carpeting
- Floor console
- Passenger assist straps (rear)
- Hidden storage compartment & snap-in cargo floor carpeting (Sportwagon only)
- Flow-through ventilation (Manta & 1900 Sedan)
- Dual headlamps (Manta only)

Available equipment

D Sun roof (Manta only)
E 3-speed automatic transmission
- Air conditioning (Dealer-installed)
- Tinted windshield
- Electric rear window defroster
- Black vinyl top (Manta only)
- Transistorized radio (Dealer-installed)

GM

Opels are sold and serviced by a network of Buick Opel dealers coast to coast

BUICK'S OPEL

Dedicated to the Free Spirit in just about everyone.

bags of fruit from a Palm Beach orange grove on your doorstep at regular intervals? . . . Don't let fabulously rich people throw you They are just the same as anyone else except they can do what they jolly well please when they jolly well please. They have likes and dislikes, aches and pains, problems They are just people."

Maria Durell Stone has left the *Palm Beach Social Pictorial*—she has been stolen away by the West Palm Beach daily paper—but her two years on the weekly coincided, and not coincidentally either, with what I think of as the *Pictorial's* Golden Era, so I cannot leave her out of this Mrs Stone is a Latin-looking lady with a tremendous amount of jet-black hair who is divorced from architect Edward Durell Stone and has taken not one but two of his names along with her. She began writing for the *Pictorial* three years ago, and no one writing in any of the Palm Beach publications comes near her gift for telling it like it is. "I've done nothing but praise the Poinciana Club since it opened," she wrote last year, "but being a critic means that every now and then one must speak the truth and I am sorry to say it, but Bavarian Night there was a disaster"

Mrs Stone's main problem in life—and the theme of her column, too—had to do with being a single woman in a place where there are few eligible men There are a lot of us with this problem, God knows, but she managed to be more in touch with it than anyone I know Not a column passed without a pointed remark to remind the reader that this Mrs Stone was looking for a Roman spring "I met Vassili Lambrinos this week and he's divine," she wrote one week "Dorothy Dodson, petite, refreshing and vivacious, gave a luncheon for him and I got to know him better—unfortunately not as much as I would like to, but what's a poor bachelor girl to do?" Another week, Mrs Stone went to a charity auction· "There were numerous items to bid on and I did covet that stateroom for two on the S S. *France*, but as luck would have it, someone else got it I wouldn't have known who to take with me anyway, so it's probably just as well" Age was no barrier "One of the best things of the evening," she wrote of the Boys' Club Dinner, "was the Boys' Club Chorus, which consisted of adorable little boys of unfortunate circumstances who sang many lively numbers at the top of their divine adolescent voices. It was heartwarming to hear." Apparently, Mrs Stone's subtlety was not lost on her readers "Stanton Griffis, that amazing ex- (Continued on page 58)

"Dear American Tourister: I make a good impression before I even open my mouth."

Richard Loftin, Washington, D.C.

American Tourister

Attaches

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austria75

The gifts of nature the works of man fuse into a unity of beauty in our land From the silent Alps to the rhythm of our cities a harmony of spirit awaits you Come celebrate Europe's Architectural Heritage Year with us visit cities chosen as models of excellence in preserving the best of the past with a dynamic present - cities such as Krems-Stein in the Danube Valley Rust on Lake Neusiedl Salzburg, the festival city and birthplace of Mozart, magnificent Vienna and romantic Graz A continuity of legendary past and exciting present is our gift to you now Come and explore the Austrian miracle Welcome to Austria 75 - your year of festival and music Search out those echoes of history that so influenced Western thought.

For information on excellent values in travel to Austria ask your travel agent or rush the coupon below to the nearest Austrian National Tourist Office

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Please send details on Austria '75

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FILMS
JOHN SIMON

Anymore written as one word has always struck me as a barbarism, though it may be the least barbarous thing about *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, Martin Scorsese's first non-shoestring movie Although it looks more professional than *Mean Streets*, and offers us, instead of boys growing up absurd in Little Italy, a young woman finding herself in the great Southwest, it suffers from much the same defects· trying too hard and delivering too little. Atmosphere is poured on thick, the characters are meant to be so real that you are to think you can blow your nose into their handkerchiefs, and the women's liberationists are supposed to be thrilled by this meaty part for a mature actress to sink her teeth into—not to mention the wonderful manner in which Alice in the end gets both her way and her man Yet the whole thing is as labored, superficial, and old hat beneath the trendy veneer as anything Hollywood has been grinding out in its pre-Enlightenment decades

A prologue—all in red, like a demented valentine—shows us Alice Hyatt as a foulmouthed eight-year-old in Monterey, California, piteously squeaking out *You'll Never Know* and defiantly vowing to become a singer. Twenty-seven years later, we find her living in Socorro, New Mexico, married to the crudest, most unsympathetic truck driver you have ever seen, the mother of twelve-year-old Tommy, a monstrously precocious, bespectacled brat; and running a hideously prototypical southwestern house without help from anyone Donald, the husband, reads magazines before dinner, makes no conversation at table, watches television in bed, and when Alice bursts into tears, gives her a little sex as a pacifier And Tommy is up to every conceivable mischief, when Alice, between sewing and cooking, laments. "I don't know, I'm an okay sort of person—how did I get such a smart-ass kid?" he replies in his best smart-ass tone, "You got pregnant," and does not budge to help out No wonder Alice beats her fists against her shabby-genteel curtained French doors and shouts, "Socorro sucks!"

We are not so much in the heartland of America as at the heart of soap opera, only soap opera whose mouth has *not* been washed with soap, as befits that mature medium, the New Cinema. This New Cinema, which purports to deal with adult matters, labors under two handicaps First, for all its adulthood, it is meant to be comprehended by the most immature minds in Socorro, or any other sucking town; and, second, it is made by film makers whose minds are mature only by the standards of fifteen-year-olds In fact, most of *Alice* could have been written by Tommy Hyatt We wonder right off· if Alice is such a good wife, understanding mother, pretty and witty woman, what on earth made her marry that Coca-Cola-truck-driving brute? Paws that refresh, apparently When Tommy questions her on that score, she answers, "Because he was a great kisser." "That's why you married him?" Tommy exclaims with justifiable incredulity; "How great can you kiss?" Alice retorts, "Ask me again in a couple of years, and I'll tell you"

That brings us to our second ques-

tion: how are we to believe this great comedy act, this mother-and-son repartee marathon that rattles across the Southwest after Donald is killed in a collision, and Alice and Tommy start their drive to Monterey, where she hopes to make it as a singer? In the car, in soulless motels, through vacant landscapes and hollow towns, the comedy turns never flag If, for example, Tommy is restless in the car, Alice enjoins him "Relax and enjoy life!" "Life is short!" he snaps back. "So are you!" comes the clincher Now this sort of thing might just barely go on between a mother and son in a sophisticated megalopolitan setting, though even there it would quickly become odious In Socorro and parts west, among these simple folk, it is both odious and incredible. Also tasteless. when Tommy mumbles "What?" several times in rapid succession (his mind obviously preoccupied with thinking up their next comic routine), Alice erupts, "What do you mean, 'what?' Who are you—Helen Keller?"

Now comes the third puzzler When after innumerable cutenesses as well as quite a few minor heartbreaks (Alice cries circa nine or ten times in the picture, fights back tears four or five times, and hovers twice between laughter and weeping), the mother finally lands a job as a singer-pianist in a cheesy but respectable Phoenix saloon, why must she, with all kinds of men making passes at her, pick Ben Eberhart to have an affair with? He is impudently, obnoxiously persistent; dumb—"Hya, Hyatt!" is his opening witticism, and it's all downhill from there; eight years younger than Alice, and God knows how many years younger than Tommy; unsavorily employed—he packs gunpowder into bullets; and is a leering, swaggering lout But that's not enough, he must also turn out to be a wife-beating, knife-wielding maniac, presumably, however, he too is a great kisser Twice burned, once shy, Alice escapes with Tommy to Tucson

Here, alas, the only job she can get is as a waitress in a hash house, and though her and Tommy's scintillating exchanges continue unabated, other things do change: mother and son make new friends Tommy meets Audrey (as young Doris likes to call herself), a fellow music student who thinks all Tucson is "weird," though she, a cocotte's daughter of Tommy's age who shoplifts, takes drugs, and talks in a contralto voice much more brazenly than Tommy, is the weirdest of all, in fact, she does not come across as a little girl but as a juvenile transvestite. Alice, at Mel and Ruby's Café, meets her two fellow waitresses Flo, who can out-foulmouth her or anyone without batting a brash false eyelash, but who wears on her capacious bosom a large cross she herself has made, held together, as she says, by safety pins—just like herself; and Vera, always rushing around in a dither, fouling up, and continually in tears—yet, after work, donning a motorcycle helmet, and driven home by her swinging father, Daddy Duke, on his powerful bike Surprises, surprises! Best of all, there is David, the big, tough, decent, quietly smiling rancher, whose beard Alice eventually cannot resist touching, finding it soft—like his heart, no doubt, and perhaps even his brain He first wins over Tommy, then Alice, and when he shows her around

Inflation.

What a smart life insurance buyer can do about it.

E55

The Bankers Life, Consumer Services
Des Moines, Iowa 50307

Please mail me copies of your booklets on how to be an informed life insurance buyer.

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THE BANKERS LIFE

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Would it surprise you to learn that life insurance now costs less than it did ten, even twenty, years ago?

Which, in this age of inflation, would seem to make it one of today's best buys—as long as the buyer knows enough not to lose the advantage by having it cost him two or three times more than it should (and could) for the same policy

The Bankers Life believes you're entitled to get the most protection possible from your life insurance dollar. So we're offering two timely booklets that will give you the basic facts you need to be an informed buyer One compares different kinds of policies and their features without trying to influence your choice in any way. The other shows you how to compare companies and their costs It doesn't quote you prices—ours or anyone else's—but you will be better prepared to select the right company for your family, even if you don't choose us

And we promise, unless you ask, no one will call Send for them now Because in times like these knowing *how* to buy is one realistic answer to inflation

Ripley's—Believe It or Not!

THE U.S.A. is only 19 YEARS OLDER THAN BEAM.

FROM 1795 TO TODAY—FOR 180 YEARS SIX GENERATIONS OF THE BEAM FAMILY HAVE BEEN MAKING THE WORLD'S FINEST BOURBON.

JOE LOUIS - "THE BROWN BOMBER"
DEFENDED HIS HEAVYWEIGHT BOXING TITLE 25 TIMES
HE HELD THE TITLE FROM JUNE 22, 1937 TO MARCH 1, 1949
STILL A RECORD FOR ALL BOXING DIVISIONS

DON BUDGE - "THE 1ST GRAND SLAM CHAMPION"
THE 1ST TENNIS PLAYER TO HOLD ALL FOUR TITLES SIMULTANEOUSLY Wimbledon (1937) The U.S. (1937) Australia (1938) and France (1938)

his hard-earned ranch nestling under mountains as rugged as himself, instructs her in the mental prowess of various livestock, and points with sovereign calm to a patch of land as he explains casually, "That's alfalfa, or will be in two months," he has conquered Alice from alfalfa to oh, omega. By a lucky coincidence, he too seems to be a great kisser

Notice how simplistic it all is For Tommy, a little girl friend tougher than himself, and David who takes him riding, fishing, and helps him with his guitar lessons For Alice, two contrasting waitresses neatly epitomizing the extremes of her own nature, but with little surprises tucked away inside them, like the messages in fortune cookies And, above all, a strong, silent man, with all the virtues her previous men lacked, plus the one they had. Everything could end now in the most conventional way, as behooves this basically conventional film, but that would militate against its maturity So Scorsese and his scenarist, Robert Getchell, trump up the most spurious fight between David and Alice, based on David's giving Tommy a mild spanking after he has been carrying on even more insufferably than usual, whereupon Alice flares up, and it emerges that David doesn't take her ambition to become a singer in Monterey entirely seriously, which really arouses her newfound protofeminist sense of self, and a rupture ensues

After a few more peripheral peripeteias and turnings on of the waterworks, Alice and David are reconciled in a nauseatingly cute scene worthy of the coy happy endings of the Thirties and Forties It is one of those having-it-out sequences ending in a passionate clinch that begins as Alice is waiting hectically on the lunchtime crowd and David remonstrates with her from the café door After he capitulates on every point, Alice flings herself around his neck as Vera, in the nick of time, rescues the B.L.T.'s about to hurtle off Alice's tray, and the enraptured customers applaud lustily. Later, by way of a beau geste, Alice gives up Monterey, though not her singing, and Tommy looks forward to school in Tucson, and all ends with a telephoto shot of the two of them blending happily with Tucson's downtown traffic

But what of the film's technical achievements? Well, Scorsese has learned the syntax of movie making and uses it demonstratively Give him a car about to leave with Alice and Tommy, or a sewing machine or piano with Alice seated at it, and he will track around semicircularly from right to left, then from left to

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There's not a wasted inch of space Top, sides and front Switches, toggle switches and dials

Sony technology has mastered the portable radio

Here's a list of things this radio can do

First, and most important, it makes a tremendous sound Only 8" high, the speaker is an over-sized 4¾"

That's backed up by a powerful 2.8-watt (max.) output

And that's backed up by a "Squelch Switch" to suppress interfering noise*

So what you end up with are the rich velvety tones that normally come out of radios too big to carry around

There are three bands, FM, AM, and Public Service (Police car transmissions, for instance)

A "moving film" style tuning dial

And a 60-minute timer that turns the radio on and off

Why not stop in at a Sony dealer and get checked out

Then find a lonely stretch of road, and open her up

THE COCKPIT.

"IT'S A SONY."

Brut for Men.

If you have any doubts about yourself, try something else.

After shave, after shower, after anything Brut® lotion by Fabergé

right, sometimes even full circle, but intercutting this with close-ups of the heroine, and making sure that, if Alice is performing at the center of a circular bar, there should be plenty of blurry customers' backs temporarily blocking the camera's vision. He also knows how to pull back his camera from Alice at her home piano, dolly out through the window and across a hedge, then change to a lateral motion and track along with Tommy slinking away and administering a naturalistically brattish kick or two to the sand. Beyond that, when he is trying to convey the farcical chaos of the café or the lyricism of an Arizona ranch, he is as stereotypical and bathetic as all our good old Hollywood hacks.

Yet those hacks at least employed cinematographers better than Kent L. Wakeford, to whom and to that boring actor Harvey Keitel Scorsese is absurdly faithful. True, Keitel fits the role of Ben Eberhart well enough—but how dreadful he was in *Mean Streets*; and Wakeford does make the Southwest look washed-out and sleazy, which may be his intention. But I somehow cannot trust a cameraman who, for no good reason, will make an entire tree come out blue. Like Keitel, he seems merely to have a crudity that sometimes fits the setting. Some of the other performances, notably Diana Ladd's as Flo, are very able in their straightforward ways, but Alfred Lutter's Tommy may be even more slap-provoking than required, making us feel, inappropriately, as hostile toward Alice as toward a tympanist pathologically unable to hit his kettledrum.

Ellen Burstyn (who, one hears, had an uncredited hand in the script) plays Alice impeccably, lifting both the wisecracking and the tear-shedding out of the Roz Russell and Jean Arthur movies that begot them into something very like contemporary reality. What she deserves is an equally meaty role, but one whose meat has been kept under proper refrigeration. As David, Kris Kristofferson seems unable to cope with all that placid serenity, and comes to life only in his one angry scene. There is also, typically for Scorsese, a sound track bursting with the pop songs of yesterday and today as if there were no tomorrow; but the garishness of Toby Rafelson's production design is faultlessly on target. Altogether, though, the film has a heart conceivably bigger than a bread box, but a brain surely smaller than a bread crumb.

An even more misguided operation is *Shampoo*, co-scripted by its star, Warren Beatty, and Robert Towne, scenarist of *Chinatown* and *The Last Detail*, and directed by the latter's director, Hal Ashby. The movie concerns forty-eight hours in the life of George, a Hollywood celebrity hairdresser and superstud, to whom his grateful women clients give both heads and head, not to mention their hearts, but who heeds only his pleasure and his ambition to acquire his own hair salon. In the former pursuit, he is foiled half the time—the film shows or implies four instances of coitus interruptus, and four of fulfillment; in the latter, he is frustrated completely, neither his bank nor his potential Maecenas staking him to the needed capital. The bank turns him down because doing Barbara Rush's head seems insufficient collateral, the millionaire businessman, Lester, because he discovers that George is making it with his wife (annoying!), teen-age daughter (amazing!), and mistress (too much!). You may safely conclude that one of the film's themes is the sexual corruption of Hollywood at the time of the action: Election Day, 1968.

Here the other, more portentous, theme rears—to invoke an appropriate metaphor—its ugly head. Thus at a fancy dinner party at Le Bistro, given for a Republican Senator and other choice guests, people are watching the election returns on television. Bits of speeches by Nixon and his henchmen are seen and overheard—all about an open Administration and greater integrity—and the screen is awash with facile irony. There is supposed to be a connection between these acquisitive rich people and the Nixon debacle, as if the poor had not voted for Nixon, and as if most campaign promises did not ring hollow and ludicrous seven years later. Still, the idea of responsibility for what may have been our worst President ever is worth developing and examining; but nothing is achieved by just tossing it out and letting it lie there. Next we go to a party where they are not watching the election on TV, but where successful hippies are tripping amid booze, pot, strobe lights, naked bathing, merry copulation; yet the film never stops to ask whether these orgiasts are more, less, or equally to blame for the Nixon years to come.

Everything about *Shampoo* is vague, attitudinizing, and lacking in true insight. Not one of its characters is worthy of sympathy, and George's final heartbreak leaves us doubly cold because we cannot believe in it, and do not give a damn about George. Even his supposedly fabulous heads look no better than the preposterous hairdos worn by stars on Oscar night, and should this be intentional, it still wouldn't make George any more endearing. When he tells us that he cannot envision a future with his current main girl friend—a dumb, budding actress dumbly but not very buddingly played by Goldie Hawn—yet insists that he could spend his life happily with a former girl friend who is now Lester's kept woman—rather too lackadaisically played by Julie Christie—we cannot see much difference between these equally two-dimensional creatures, or why, if the latter is so superior, George let her go in the first place.

Let me give examples of two characteristic, recurrent flaws. One: obviousness. At the hippie party, the camera catches in the background a young mother boozing at the bar while nursing her baby—a nice piece of observation if kept subtly at the fringes. But no, here it is immediately in close-up, so that every idiot gets the point. Two: sloppy inaccuracy in details. At Lester's party, the Senator makes a political speech that consists largely of his doing an Indian chant at inordinate length. This quickly ceases to be funny or believable even as a hyperbole. The Senator then switches to singing *Tamo daleko*, a Dalmatian folk song, which deprives him of any ethnic credibility: a Dalmatian Indian, what's that supposed to be?

There are some better jokes here and there, but nothing incisive and biting enough to make *Shampoo* a genuine satire; having neither satirical trenchancy nor some kind of sympathetic immersion in its characters, the film has no raison d'être. Well, yes; George confesses to his finally wised-up girl to relations with his clients. "Let's face it, I f——ed them all. That's why I went to beauty school. It makes me feel I'm going to live forever." It just might be that the beauty schools of America subsidized this pretentious movie that manages to be simultaneously slick and inept, and that enrollment, especially by heterosexuals, in our beauty schools will climb to a record high.

Actually, the relationship of that rather rare bird, a heterosexual hairdresser, to his glamorous but shallow Beverly Hills clients might have made an interesting movie, but not the way Beatty & Co. merely skimmed along its surface. Of course, from the moment in the opening nearly pitch-black sequence (in which two bodies can be dimly discerned fornicating) when the first loudly uttered word is a monosyllabic obscenity, our enlightened audience is in stitches, which may yet make *Shampoo* a huge success. I just wonder whether that makes the audience responsible for the Ford Administration?

Vittorio De Sica, who died last November, is represented posthumously by his penultimate film, *A Brief Vacation*. It would be nice to be able to report that this charming man, gifted actor, and once outstanding film maker (*Shoeshine*, *The Bicycle Thief*, and, especially, *Umberto D.*) regained at the end that cinematic power that had been steadily seeping away from him. Not so, alas. *Two Women* (1961) remains his last distinguished film, though I also liked, in its simpleminded way, *Marriage Italian Style* (1964). After that, it was the deluge of mediocrity and worse; still, that inept film, *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*, managed to please a lot of people, though it considerably worsened the feeble, overrated novel it was based on. The present film has a screenplay by Cesare Zavattini, one of the biggest names associated with Italian neorealism and De Sica's collaborator on his best films, but, like the director, a man whose originality and vitality have been severely sapped.

A Brief Vacation, based on a story by Rodolfo Sonego, concerns Clara, a poor young working mother from Milan, who out of her measly factory wages must support her children, her invalided husband, his loafing exjailbird of a brother, and an obtuse, grasping mother-in-law. When her lungs become afflicted, a government physician sends her, over the protestations of her wickedly selfish family, to Sandalo, an Alpine resort, for however many months it will take her lungs to clear up. At a well-appointed sanatorium, where rich paying guests and a variety of sick workers, including some committed Marxists, mingle among idyllic surroundings and all the creature comforts, Clara perks up—not only pulmonarily, but also psychologically, humanly. She even has a fleeting love affair with a poetic young worker, but after two months is found healthy again and sent back to—what? The same old penury and drudgery, or something better? The film ends with her looking from the window of her Milan-bound train at huge red graffiti racing by; they are Maoist slogans, and her expression is mysteriously ambiguous.

De Sica and Zavattini were both men of the left, and their profound sympathies for the common people, free from ideological straitjacketing, filled their best work with a gallant, passionate populism that could move even the most inveterate elitist. But what has happened to these men over the years, besides aging? In an autobiographical essay of 1963, Zavattini wrote: "Signor Rossi said my finding everything beautiful prevented me

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from drawing useful considerations from reality." This is relevant here: although Clara's family are a nasty lot, the implication is that toil and deprivation are to blame. Clara, on the other hand, and her gentle lover, Luigi, as well as all other abused workers promoted by sickness into the leisure class, are shown as thriving, learning, progressing from cheerful vacationers into dedicated self-improvers. Clara reads Manzoni and Tolstoy, inherits some fine clothes from a fashion model who befriended her, and is on her way to becoming a signora. It is all a bit too easy and too beautiful, and in their younger, tougher days, Zavattini and De Sica would have done it differently—would not have settled for an ambiguously bittersweet ending.

But never mind the ending; everything would have been harsher, sadder, more sardonically, mirthlessly funny, and more truthful. Compare the sharply etched characters in *Umberto D* with the clichés and caricatures that drift through this film: the quasi-emancipated model who sinks to her knees before her greasy millionaire the moment he comes to fetch her; the flighty little debutante who falls madly in love with every young doctor, causing the immediate transfer of the unfortunate fellow; the rich, recklessly merry, shockingly outspoken chanteuse who is trying to conceal her fast-approaching end (rather overplayed by Adriana Asti); and all the rest. What are they but figures from a comic-strip version of *The Magic Mountain*? And what of the fact that evil coincidence dogs Clara throughout the film? And how about the casting of the too beautiful, too aristocratic Florinda Bolkan as Clara? And of the sickeningly sweet Daniel Quenaud as Luigi?

The late Charles Thomas Samuels' 1971 interview with De Sica ended on a shattering note. Said the then sixty-nine-year-old director: "All my good films, which I financed by myself, made nothing. Only my bad films made money. Money has been my ruin." The factory scenes in *A Brief Vacation* have an authentic, abrasive asperity; later on, in Ennio Guarnieri's deliquescent cinematography, the snow-clad Alps look virginally seductive. But those are slim pickings compared to what De Sica and Zavattini could have given us if they had come up with a fictionalized but honest retrospect at De Sica's career: the story of a superior film maker who can sell only his trash. It could have been a far better film than *8½* (to say nothing of *A Brief Vacation*)—truer and much more important. ###

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ROGER KAHN

It is not so much a book as a tract. Variously it whines and blusters and moves a reader and doth protest too much It is called *Nice Guys Finish Last*, a brilliant phrase from thirty years ago, now repeated to banality Rather, to me, it is a ceremony in a dark old man.

Leo Ernest Durocher Good God, he was an earth force He knew his game, which was baseball, as well as baseball can be known, and how to bed a beautiful woman and how to shed a beautiful woman, each with sure and certain hope of resurrection He could cajole and charm and talk to you as though you were the most important person in his life and a moment (or a day) after, turn and sneer and curse and lie and rattle your brainpan with foghorns of invective But he is sixty-eight now and an old man The years tear at his relevance and his immediacy and his virility as sharply as the vulture tore at Prometheus' liver

He has wanted for a long time to set down his life, but be was conflicted—he is a profoundly conflicted man—and also badly advised. Frank Sinatra, or a Hollywood accountant, told him to grab for eighty percent of the take, because, someone said, what the hell was a writer worth? It was Leo's life wasn't it? Any ribbon changer could make any Durocher book a best seller. Durocher listened and damaged a relationship with Ed Linn, the best of collaborative sportswriters, which had begun when Leo extracted fifty thousand dollars from the late weekly *Saturday Evening Post* for a twenty-thousand-word reminiscence

Linn wrote the piece for a separate fee, with the understanding that he and Durocher would split the proceeds of an ensuing book. "That was not the deal," Durocher barked at me when I was sports editor at the *Post*, "and if Linn said it was, he's crazy I told him eighty/twenty, but the hell with that and the hell with him If you'd do it with me, maybe we could go sixty/forty Maybe even fifty-five/forty-five. They say you write a ton" (Ah, thank you, Leo, but writing is not a craft of poundage)

In addition, Durocher would not pose for a cover photo. Why? Spencer Tracy had told him to watch out for magazine photographers They waited for you to cut a piece of roast beef, the actor said, and shot pictures while the food was going into your mouth After ten minutes of suggesting that the *Post* wanted an *attractive* cover, I dumped that fragment of the mess onto the managing editor He hired Lawrence Schiller, who returned with suitable photos lacking both roast beef and the newsstand bait of, say, the then alluring cleavage of Elizabeth Taylor.

"I got paid," Linn, a man of fierce pride, said across a drink twelve years ago "I've got the tapes Damn near a whole book is on 'em I'll give you what I've got. Now why don't you get paid? Make the best deal you can The money's good and you can knock out the book in three months"

I thought, whom does Leo the Great consult for advice on an autobiography? Sinatra and Tracy, who have composed zero autobiographies between them I thought, get in on a deal where the terms could change at each of a hundred phone calls? I

thought what a generous friend is Mr Ed Linn I said, "No thanks, Eddie I can't do that sort of thing as well as you Hang in. Something will work out"

Dissolve for twelve years, now the twinkling of an eye, until it is four o'clock one morning and I have finished the final galley, numbered 287, of a set of long galleys bound in yellow and black, called *Nice Guys Finish Last*, composed by Leo Durocher with Ed Linn Something has worked out The thing is hypnotic. It is windy in places and screams for detail on Babe Ruth's watch (possibly purloined by Leo Durocher), and on Durocher's divorce from the actress Laraine Day Once in a while you cry out, "Oh, shut up, Durocher" But *Nice Guys Finish Last* has sweep Wretched poverty in Springfield, Massachusetts, sixty years ago, and what that worked on a child. The joy called baseball as it was to farm boys who became major-league stars in the dust-bowl years, the 1930's. A surrealist blackout on Durocher's finest day in baseball Then, at the start of this decade, a ball club goes out of control, lusting to garrote its manager Durocher knows he has lost control. He responds not only with horror, but with defiance Finally, the generation war ends, as it often does, with a bitter, graceless abdication. *Damn, if they hadn't changed the rules, I'd still be king. Why don't I have Willie Mays anymore and how come he ain't young? Where are the broads of yesteryear and all my enemies?* Buried, Leo, that's where they are; dead or old or weak or alcoholic. Some long to see tomorrow's sunset Some long to see no sun at all.

Let me tell you more about Leo Durocher Without taking a note, he could recite every hit, every out that was a ball game. Eidetic memory, I've heard this called, and some are pleased to have it for poetry Leo had it for baseball and he knew that he had it and was shrewd enough to work it to create a memory bank, before that phrase despoiled the language. No one played out of position on a Durocher team, or rather, no one played out of position twice

He knew how to please Did someone have an ugly wife? Leo could flirt with her Did Mays need to be told repeatedly that he was the best ballplayer on earth if he was to play as well as he could? Yes, Willie did need that, and Durocher often told Mays a simple truth "Nobody can play the game as good as you do, Willie. Nobody in the world."

He knew bow to threaten Was a sportswriter in debt and terrified of unemployment? Durocher insinuated, not quite saying, that he'd spent ten minutes with the man's editor at Toots Shor's and that they had agreed the writer was becoming an embarrassment by criticizing the managing of Leo Durocher Truth? Perhaps. Most likely not But how could the rabbit writer know? Frightened by Leo Durocher and by Durocher's fictive managing editor, he stopped criticizing

If the man was important enough, Durocher took a harder step "I'm going to lock the door of this room," he would say, "and we're going to have a go Maybe I win and maybe you win, but I guarantee you one thing. I tell you this Even if you win, you walk out of here with blood all over you. Maybe you'll never look

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as good as you do now." He did this with smaller men, equals and giants. If he ever felt physical fear, and in the book he says he has, I don't know anyone who has seen him show it.

His fundamental sense, his immortal longing, proceeded from something Jack Dempsey told me once. "Whoever you are, I got to beat hell out of you quick, because otherwise, you'll beat hell out of me in the ring." Durocher looked on life as a large prize ring.

In Phoenix once, a young executiva of the Giants confessed that he had fallen in love with a redhead who had settled gracefully into a deck chair across the pool. The man stood higher than Durocher in the command chain. A potential threat.

"You really love her?" Durocher said.

"I'll marry her if she'll have me."

"Don't bother, kid," Durocher said. "I know her. She's last year's stuff."

During his marriage to Laraine Day, he was working at baseball one spring training while Ms Day was finishing a Hollywood picture. Nobody had conceived of "Ms." then and in the sexuality of that time, you imagined that each feminine Hollywood star possessed a pubis that was a perfect, hairless downslide to delight. (Presidential elections. You believed in Presidential elections then, too.)

While Laraine worked and Durocher worked, he struck up a friendship with another Hollywood star who was shooting on a location near the Giant camp. She was nationally famous for sexuality, although she was not Marilyn Monroe. I think he loved Laraine then, and perhaps now—Laraine moves across many more pages than does his present wife—and I was surprised to hear him grumble casually that he would have to stop seeing one famous movie queen, because his wife, another famous movie queen, was joining him the next day.

"How do you do it, Leo?" I said, from the wilderness of a puritan background and youth. "I mean, you're bald and you're not that young. How?"

"Kid," Durocher said, placing a powerful, paternal hand on my shoulder. "When you pick one of 'em up at 7, make sure you put your hand on their snatch at 7:05. *Seven oh five!* Now, one of two things can happen. Sure, they can knock your hand off. All right. It's 7:05. Plenty of time to call another broad. But suppose she don't knock your hand off. Well, then you know you're in and you ain't gonna waste the evening." He inhaled. "Kid. You'd be surprised. Some damn famous broads don't knock your hand off." What hideous, glorious, male chauvinist existentialism.

Durocher does not talk that way in *Nice Guys Finish Last*. He uses The Word a few times, but the full withering blast of his vocabulary—I have never heard his equal at profanity—lies whispering between the lines. What he does, or what Linn has done, is portray Durocher with enough warts showing so that one can imagine all the others. This is set against a backdrop of a game run by emperors (Branch Rickey) and clowns (Horace Stoneham) and played by wild, lusty characters who, except for Mays, had one common failing. They did not appreciate the full, fruity genius of Leo Durocher.

Truly, Leo Durocher came out of a poor, devout Catholic home where there was never enough money for a Christmas tree. At six, he was an altar boy, but he failed to finish high school, mostly because he hit a teacher with a window pole. School taught him, he says, ("I didn't go to school just for the lunches") and he learned in poolrooms, and by the time he surfaced, as shortstop with the Babe Ruth Yankees, he was gutsy and fully formed in outline. On a salary of $6,000, he bought twenty-five-dollar shirts, and his costumes won him the nickname of "Fifth Avenue." They also helped sink him into debt. Negotiating for a better contract, he told the general manager of the Yankees to go enjoy himself. The witticism made him a member of the Cincinnati Reds.

He kept moving. On to St. Louis with the Gashouse Gang, whose manic farm boys, Pepper Martin and Dizzy Dean, return to life and youth in *Nice Guys Finish Last*. Martin, called the Wild Horse of the Osage, played third base without a protective cap, jockstrap, socks or underwear.

One summer Durocher managed the Dodgers to their first pennant in a generation. He ran with a wild Hollywood crowd in winter. Always, he fought and scratched and made enough enemies so that one season he was expelled from baseball "for conduct detrimental to the game." He married Laraine Day, the dewy-faced nurse of Dr. Kildare movies, swaggered back to baseball and left the Dodgers to manage the Giants.

After Bobby Thomson hit his home run in the 1951 play-off and beat the Dodgers with this most exciting of all hits, Durocher possessed only a frozen mental picture. Fans jumping for the ball. After that he had no memory at all. He thought he rushed to his wife's side to kiss her. (It took movies to convince him he did not.) He remembered turning somersaults out of exuberance. (He had not.) At the crowning moment of his baseball life, self-awareness was torn from him and replaced by fantasy. The true memories came not from his being there, captain of a band of heroes, but from movies of his being there. His own mind has robbed him of his greatest triumph.

Afterwards, he managed the Cubs, who became contenders but never won, and at length turned against him. At last, he went to Houston, where he tried, quite properly, to make Cesar Cedeño, the center fielder, check the dugout regularly to make sure that he was playing in the right position. With the whole team auditing, Cedeño told Durocher exactly what Durocher told *his* general manager at the Yankees long ago. Durocher summoned up the old invective. Cedeño ignored him. At that point, Leo Durocher recognized that he was through.

I think now of an ironic mix of scenes. Durocher cursing the Yankee general manager and being moved to less austere teams, where he could run his heedless ways. Almost half a century later, Durocher, now the establishment, is himself cursed out. But he can't trade Cedeño. Ballplayers as good as Cedeño are in short supply. As long as they hit and field and do not fornicate on second base in the Astrodome, a manager has to put up with everything else.

"Whatever happened," Durocher complains, "to sit down, shut up, and listen?" Well, maybe some did once, but not Durocher. The aging altar boy stood, waving his arms and telling off judges, bosses and ballplayers. He sat silently only when tied down and gagged. What he means is, "Whatever happened to sit down, shut up, and listen to Leo Durocher?"

Time is what happened, Leo. You gave it a good run but time got past you. They'll listen again with this book and some sentimentalists will feel sorry for you, which means nothing. Others will rage at what they hear. As I've known you for twenty-three baseball seasons, Leo, that's sure as hell going to make your year. ##

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Many years ago—it must have been at least five—a round-faced kid named Philip Nobile presented himself in Esquire's offices with a proposal for an article on Terence Cardinal Cooke, Archbishop of New York and Military Vicar from Rome to the Armed Forces of the United States. Since at that time American participation in the Vietnam war was running right along at a fierce rate, it seemed a good idea to follow the first chaplain around and see what kind of doctrine he was preaching to the troops; on the other hand, since the archbishop's offices are in the next building down the street from Esquire, it was hard for us to believe a story was brewing that close to our own backyard, and if it was, we didn't want to hear it from a round-faced kid. Anyhow, Mr. Nobile didn't get his assignment, and went away, and nobody here thought much about him until he surfaced in 1972 with an amazing book-length manuscript on *The New York Review of Books*, an inquiry of unbelievable thoroughness and industry into the premier intellectual journal of our time. We were so impressed that we printed as much as we could in the April, 1972, issue and signed the author to an ironclad contract as a contributing editor. Thus encouraged, Nobile forgave us for not being interested in Cardinal Cooke and went on to produce articles for Esquire on cancer, impotence, Gay Talese and Dan Rather.

In this issue Mr. Nobile reappears somewhere along the spectrum that began with *The New York Review*, this time with a minute and passionate examination of the performance of The New York *Times* during the Watergate era (*EXTRA! An exclusive report on how The New York Times became second banana*, page 85). People interested in journalism in our days, who include, since and because of Watergate, everybody at all interested in our republic, must deal in one of two ways with the New York *Times* paradox, which is, briefly stated, that the nation's greatest and most talented newspaper got licked repeatedly on the Watergate story. "I was very impressed with the degree of cooperation I got from *Timesmen*," Nobile told us; "I had many hours of conversation over a period of several months. Newspaper people are usually garrulous anyway, but Watergate is perceived as a failure. I had thought people would be reticent and not see me, but most *Times* people outdid themselves, from the managing editor on down."

In his spare time left over from Esquire, Mr. Nobile conducts a weekly syndicated newspaper column called *Uncommon Conversations*, and writes books—most recently *Intellectual Skywriting* (1974), an even more exhaustive version of his original article on *The New York Review*. Still, he advises us, his original aspiration to do an Esquire piece about a bishop remains unfulfilled. We will try to do something about it someday.

Erica Jong (*Notes on Five Men*, page 69) is a writer that if you don't know who she is it's going to be awfully hard to tell you. Her comic novel *Fear of Flying*, published in 1973, is as of this writing America's number one paperback, with more than two million copies in print, outselling candidates like *Jaws* and *All the President's Men*, and the author herself is America's number one female culture hero, at thirty-three the Wisest Woman in the West. Consequently, Esquire thought she'd be the one to elucidate the faces in John Bryson's photographs of the It boys, and we're glad she agreed. Look on her words, ye ordinary, and despair.

Blair Sabol (*I Was an Ikette for a Night*, page 77) is a contributing editor of *Vogue*, and appears in these pages for the first time since May, 1971, when she was coauthor with Lucian K. Truscott IV of *The Politics of the Costume*. At that time, you could tell what was in people's minds by what was on their backs, and Blair Sabol wrote for *The Village Voice* and was coeditor of her own un-fashion magazine, *Rags*. Now we're back to normalcy and clothing teaches us, once more, chiefly what's in the pockets of the wearer; nevertheless, the author's attention to costume remains acute and precise, as befits anybody willing to appear in the pictures on pages 77 and 78. Al Reinert (*Doctor Jack Makes His Rounds*, page 114), who is writing for the first time in Esquire with this issue, is a Texan. Usually to say this is to say a lot, but in Mr. Reinert's case it's even more, since as an Army child he had never actually lived *anywhere* until he took up residence in Texas in 1966. Why? "I had a baseball scholarship to go to college." Now he lives in Houston, where he describes himself as "mostly unemployed," and is a regular contributor to the *Texas Monthly*. ##

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(Continued from page 30) maker, a buffer, a mother, and worst of all a director ex officio who affixed herself beside the movie camera and judged each take only in terms of what was good or bad for Muni. When a star gets power, this kind of dreadful insecurity leads from a wife sitting on a set, nodding or shrugging, to a time when a six-week schedule stretches to seventeen, as it did with *The Last Angry Man*. And then it ends. Altogether.

The bottom line with any actor, of course, is whether the final result is worth the kind of agony which infects everyone else. Clearly for Jerome Lawrence, Muni's performances made it all worthwhile. Fine. Fine for Jerome Lawrence, that is, and more than fine for Miss Bette Davis who as a singular wielder of power in her own time will hear nothing bad about an actor in such a situation of power. "Today actors don't know what a star is!" Miss Davis tells Lawrence in a taped interview on her experience with Muni. "A star is not just a big name that supposedly can act—*a star is in charge* of the whole project." (Italics hers.)

With all due respect to Miss Davis, I must say that she is wrong. Today actors *do* know what a star is, but fortunately, because the film business is in total chaos, there are very few stars. And a lucky thing for all of us. In *my* book, besides loving most actors and paying tribute to the best of them, I will rebut Miss Davis with stories so chilling . . . But let me try to put it in real perspective.

You are a prisoner in Auschwitz, all hope gone. One day you are hanging from some barbed wire, and a lady dressed in a lot of feathers appears on the other side of the fence. Through dimming eyes you perceive a smile. My God! It's Barbra Streisand, a woman you love, whose work you regard with awe. And also a woman who knows what a star is. "Hi, there," she says. "My name is Barbra Streisand, and I'm going to make a film, a rock version of *A Star Is Born* for which a major distributor is putting up several million dollars. As a star I'm in charge of everything, and miraculously I've discovered a great talent, my hairdresser, whose name is Jon Peters. Jon will produce the picture, as well as supervise the script and be the director. For a while we thought he would also costar, but he hasn't the time. So I want you to take the role."

And what *you* say is, "Thank you, Miss Streisand, but under the circumstances I prefer to stay in Auschwitz." ##

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MEDIA

(Continued from page 37) ambassador who sat next to me at the Salvation Army luncheon the other day, told me that if I really wanted to get the right man, I should put an ad in my column saying, 'Wanted Intelligent, handsome, lean, tall, romantic type with kindness and money' Well, now that I've said it, let's see if my octogenarian friend is right "

From time to time, something sneaks into the *Pictorial* that has to do with the outside world, and when it does, it is usually in Liz Smith's column Miss Smith writes for the publication as if she were addressing a group of—well, a group of people who winter in Palm Beach She interrupts her column of easygoing gossip and quotes to bring her readers little chautauquas; last year's were about Richard Nixon ("Hope all you people who couldn't stomach poor old Hubert are happy these days," one of them concluded) and this year's are about oil and the Middle East ("So here are the most fascinating and frightening statistics I've read recently, from *The New Republic* You remember *The New Republic*—it's liberal, left, and riddled with integrity, but even so, don't ignore the statistics").

The rich are different from you and me, we all know that even if some of the people in Palm Beach don't But it is impossible to read the *Social Pictorial* without suspecting that the rich in Palm Beach are even more different. One of my friends tells me that Palm Beach used to be a rather nice place and that now it's become a parody of itself; I don't know if she's right, but if she is, the *Social Pictorial* reflects this perfectly If there were more communities like it, I don't think I would find the *Palm Beach Social Pictorial* so amusing But there aren't, so I do

The *Palm Beach Social Pictorial*, P.O Box 591, Palm Beach, Florida. By subscription $8 a year #

RECORDINGS

(Continued from page 24) thought it, and that's just too much nostalgia), the first-act cutting and some of the rescoring tightened the piece very rewardingly. And the two high points of the score—Cleopatra's big arias—were as they had been, among Barber's finest accomplishments The recording brought to mind was one Leontyne Price made of these arias a few years ago on RCA, Schippers conducting, our great lady at her grandest On the other side are the Barber *Knoxville* songs, also with Price, also lovely. #

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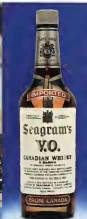

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The State of the Union

by Gore Vidal

Wherein the author attempts the most daring lecture of all. Subject: who are America's real enemies?

"How can you say such awful things about America when *you live in Italy?*" Whenever I go on television, I hear that plangent cry. From vivacious Barbara Walters of the *Today* show (where I was granted six minutes to comment on last November's elections) to all the other vivacious interviewers across this great land of ours, the question of my residency is an urgent matter that must be mentioned as soon as possible so that no one will take seriously a single word that that awful person has to say about what everybody knows is not only the greatest country in the history of the world but a country where vivacious Barbara Walters et al. can make a very pretty penny peddling things that people don't need. "So if you no liva here," as sly fun-loving Earl Butz might say, "you no maka da wisecracks."

Usually I ignore the vivacious challenge: the single statement on television simply does not register; only constant repetition penetrates — witness the commercials. Yet on occasion, when tired, I will rise to the bait. Point out that I pay full American tax—fifty percent of my income contributes to the support of the Pentagon's General Brown, statesman/soldier and keen student of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. Remind one and all that I do spend a good part of my time in the land of the free, ranging up and down the countryside for months at a time discussing the state of the union with conservative audiences (no use talking to the converted), and in the process I manage to see more of the country than your average television vivacity ever does. In fact, I know more about the relative merits of the far-flung Holiday Inns than anyone who is not a traveling salesman or a Presidential candidate.

Last fall I set out across the country, delivering pretty much the same commentary on the state of the union that I have been giving for several years, with various topical additions, subtractions. In one four-week period I gave fifteen lectures, starting with the Political Union at Yale and then on to various colleges and town forums in New York, New Jersey, West Virginia, Nebraska, Missouri, Michigan, Washington, Oregon, California. . . .

October 29. Bronxville, New York. A woman's group. Ten-thirty in the morning in a movie house where Warhol's *Frankenstein* was playing. Suitable, I decide. In the men's room is a life-size dummy of a corpse that usually decorates the lobby. Creative management.

Fairly large audience—five, six hundred. Very conservative—abortion equals euthanasia. Watergate? What about Chappaquiddick? Our dialectic would not cause Plato to green with Attic envy.

I stack the cards of my text on the lectern. Full light on me. Audience in darkness. Almost as restful as the

creative stillness of a television studio. I feel an intimacy with the camera that I don't with live audiences. Had I played it differently I might have been the electronic Norman Thomas, or George Brent.

I warn the audience: "I shall have to refer to notes." Actually, I read. Could never memorize anything. No matter how many times I give the same speech, the words seem new to me . . . like Eisenhower in 1952: "If elected in November," the Great Golfer read dutifully from a text plainly new to him, "I will go to . . . *Korea*?" The voice and choler rose on the word "Korea." No one had told him about the pledge. But go to Korea he did, resentfully.

I reassure the audience that from time to time I will look up from my notes, "in order to give an air of spontaneity." Get them laughing early. And often. Later the mood will be quite grim out there as I say things not often said in this great land of ours where the price of freedom is eternal discretion.

For some minutes, I improvise. Throw out lines. Make them laugh. I've discovered that getting a laugh is more a trick of timing than of true wit (true wit seldom provokes laughter; rather the reverse). I tell them that although I mean to solve most of the problems facing the United States in twenty-seven minutes—the time it takes to read my prepared text (question time then lasts half an hour, longer if one is at a college and speaking in the evening), I will not touch on the number one problem facing the country—the failing economy (this is disingenuous: politics is the art of collecting and spending money and everything I say is political). "I leave to my friend Ken Galbraith the solving of the depression." If they appear to know who Galbraith is, I remark how curious it is that his fame is based on two books, *The Liberal Hour*, published just as the right-wing Nixon criminals hijacked the Presidency, and *The Affluent Society*, published shortly before we went broke. Rueful laughter.

I begin the text. Generally the light is full in one's eyes while the lectern is so low that the faraway words blur on my cards. I crouch; squint. My heart sinks as flashbulbs go off and cameras click: my second chin is not particularly noticeable when viewed straight on but from below it has recently come to resemble Hubert Humphrey's bullfrog swag. Do I dare to wear a scarf? Or use metal clamps to tuck the loose skin up behind the ears like a certain actress who appeared in a television play of mine years ago? No. Let the flesh fall to earth in full public view. Soldier on. Start to read.

"According to the polls, our second principal concern today is the breakdown of law and order. Now, to the right wing, law and order is often just a code phrase meaning 'get the niggers.' To the left wing it often means political oppression. When we have one of our ridiculous elections—ridiculous because they are about nothing at all except personalities—politicians declare a war on crime which is immediately forgotten after the election."

I have never liked this beginning and so I usually paraphrase. Shift lines about. Remark that in the recent Presidential election (November 7, 1972) sixty-two percent of the people chose not to vote. "They aren't apathetic, just disgusted. There is no choice."

Sometimes, if I'm not careful, I drift prematurely into my analysis of the American political system: there is only one party in the United States, the Property party (thank you, Dr. Lundberg, for the phrase) and it has two wings: Republican and Democrat. Republicans are a bit stupider, more rigid, more doctrinaire in their laissez-faire capitalism than the Democrats, who are cuter, prettier, a bit more corrupt—until recently (nervous laugh on that)—and more willing than the Republicans to make small adjustments when the poor, the black, the anti-imperialists get out of hand. But, essentially, there is no difference between the parties. Those who gave Nixon money in '68 also gave money to Humphrey.

Can one expect any change from either wing of the Property party? No. Look at McGovern. In the primaries he talked about tax reform and economic equality . . . or something close to it. For a while it looked as if he was nobly preparing to occupy a long box at Arlington. But then he was nominated for President and he stopped talking about anything important. Was he insincere in the primaries? I have no idea. I suspect he was just plain dumb, not realizing that if you speak of economic justice or substantial change you won't get the forty million dollars a Democratic candidate for President needs in order to pay for exposure on television where nothing of any real importance may be said. Remember Quemoy? and her lover Matsu?

Once I get into this area, I throw out of kilter the next section. Usually I do the Property party later on. Or in the questions and answers. Or not at all. One forgets. Thinks one has told Kansas City earlier in the evening what, in fact, one had said that morning in Omaha.

Back to law and order.

"An example: roughly eighty percent of police work in the United States has to do with the regulation of our private morals. By that I mean, controlling what we drink, eat, smoke, put into our veins—not to mention trying to regulate with whom and how we have sex, with whom and how we gamble. As a result, our police are among the most corrupt in the Western world."

Nervous intake of breath on this among women's groups. Some laughter at the colleges. Glacial silence at Atlantic City. Later I was told, "We've got a lot of a very funny sort of element around here . . . you know, from Philadelphia, originally. Uh . . . like Italian." I still don't know quite what was meant.

"Not only are police on the take from gamblers, drug pushers, pimps, but they find pretty thrilling their mandate to arrest prostitutes or anyone whose sexual activities have been proscribed by a series of state legal codes that are the scandal of what we like to call a free society. These codes are very old of course. The law against sodomy goes back fourteen hundred years to the Emperor Justinian, who felt that there should be such a law because, as everyone knew, sodomy was a principal cause of earthquake."

"Sodomy" gets them. For elderly, good-hearted audiences I paraphrase; the word is not used. College groups get a fuller discussion of Justinian and his peculiar law, complete with quotations from Procopius. California audiences living on or near the San Andreas fault laugh the loudest—and the most nervously. No wonder.

"No one can blame the policeman. He is the way he is because Americans have never understood the Bill of Rights."

"Cynically one might allow the police their kinky pleasures in busting boys and girls who attract them, not to mention their large incomes from the Mafia and other criminal types, *if* the police showed the slightest interest in the protection of persons and property, which is why we have hired them. Unhappily for us, the American police have little interest in crime. If anything, they respect the criminal rather more than they do the hapless citizen who has just been mugged or ripped off.

"Therefore, let us remove from the statute books all laws that have to do with *private* morals—what are called victimless crimes. If a man or woman wants to be a prostitute that is his or her affair. It is no business of the state what we do with our bodies sexually. Obviously laws will remain on the books for the prevention of rape and the abuse of children, while the virtue of our animal friends will continue to be protected by the S.P.C.A."

Relieved laughter at this point. He can't be serious . . . or is he?

"Let us end the vice squad. What a phrase! It is vice to go to bed with someone you are not married to or someone of your own sex or to get money for having sex with someone who does not appeal to you—incidentally, the basis of half the marriages of my generation."

Astonished laughter at this point from middle-aged women . . . and by no means women liberationists. I speak only to, as far as I am able, conservative middle-class audiences off the beaten track—Parkersburg, West Virginia; Medford, Oregon; Longview, Washington. If the women respond well, I improvise; make a small play: "Marvin may not be handsome but he'll be a *good provider* . . . and so Marion walks down the aisle a martyr to money." Encouraging that "nice" women are able to acknowledge their predicament openly. I got no such response five years ago.

"Let us make gambling legal. Those who want to lose their money gambling should have every right to do so. The principal objectors to legalized gambling are the Mafia and the police. *They* will lose money. Admittedly a few fundamentalist Christians will be distressed by their neighbors' gambling, but that is a small price to pay for the increased revenue to the cities, states and Federal Government, not to mention a police force which would no longer be corrupted by organized crime.

"All drugs should be legalized and sold at cost to anyone with a doctor's prescription."

Intake of breath at this point. Is *he* a drug addict? Probably. Also, varying degrees of interest in the subject, depending on what part of the country you are in. Not much interest in Longview because there is no visible problem. But the college towns are alert to the matter as are those beleaguered subs close to the major urbs.

"For a quarter of a century we have been brainwashed by the Bureau of Narcotics, a cancer in the body politic that employs many thousands of agents and receives vast appropriations each year in order to play cops and robbers. And sometimes the cops we pay for turn out to be themselves robbers or worse. Yet for all the legal and illegal activities of the Bureau the use of drugs is still widespread. But then if drugs were entirely abolished thousands of agents would lose their jobs, and that would be unthinkable."

Around in here I take to discussing the findings of one doctor who had recently been on television warning of the perils of pot. Apparently too much pot smoking will enlarge the breasts of young males (Myra Breckinridge would have had a lot to say on this subject but I may not) while reducing their fertility. I say, "Isn't this *wonderful*?" using a Nixon intonation, and recommend that we get all the males in the country immediately on pot. The women laugh happily; a sort of pill for the male has always been their dream. Equality at last.

I play around with the idea of Southern Senators doing television commercials, pushing the local product: "Get your high with Carolina Gold." I imitate Strom Thurmond, puffing happily.

"How would legalization work? Well, if heroin was sold at cost in a drugstore it would come to about fifty cents a fix—to anyone with a doctor's prescription. Is this a good thing? I hear the immediate response: Oh, God, every child in America will be hooked. But will they? Why do the ones who get hooked get hooked? They are encouraged to take drugs by the pushers who haunt the playgrounds of the cities. But if the drugs they now push can be bought openly for very little money then the pushers will cease to push.

"Legalization will also remove the Mafia and other big-time drug dispensers from the scene, just as the repeal of Prohibition eliminated the bootleggers of whiskey forty years ago."

I feel I'm going on too long. My personal interest in drugs is slight. I've tried opium, hashish, cocaine, LSD, and pot, and liked none of them except cocaine, which leaves you (or at least me) with no craving for

more. Like oysters. If in season, fine. Otherwise, forget them. Pot and opium were more difficult for me because I've never smoked cigarettes and so had to learn to inhale. Opium made me ill, pot made me drowsy.

"The period of Prohibition—called the noble experiment—brought on the greatest breakdown of law and order the United States has known until today. I think there is a lesson here. Do not regulate the private morals of people. Do not tell them what they can take or not take. Because if you do, they will become angry and antisocial and they will get what they want from criminals who are able to work in perfect freedom because they have paid off the police.

"Obviously drug addiction is a bad thing. But in the interest of good law and good order, the police must be removed from the temptation that the current system offers them and the Bureau of Narcotics should be abolished.

"What to do about drug addicts? I give you two statistics. England with a population of over fifty-five million has eighteen hundred heroin addicts. The United States with over two hundred million has nearly five hundred thousand addicts. What are the English doing right that we are doing wrong? *They* have turned the problem over to the doctors. An addict is required to register with a physician who gives him at controlled intervals a prescription so that he can buy his drug. The addict is content. Best of all, society is safe. The Mafia is out of the game. The police are unbribed, and the addict will not mug an old lady in order to get the money for his next fix."

Eleanor Roosevelt maintained that you should never introduce more than one "new" thought per speech. I'm obviously not following her excellent advice. She also said that if you explain things simply and in proper sequence people will not only understand what you are talking about but, very often, they will begin to realize the irrationality of some of their most cherished prejudices.

One of the reasons I took the trouble to spell out at such length the necessity of legalizing drugs was to appeal not to the passions of my audience, to that deeply American delight in the punishing of others so perfectly exploited by Nixon-Agnew-Reagan, but to appeal to their common sense and self-interest. If you *give* an addict his drugs, he won't rob you. The police won't be bribed. Children won't be hooked by pushers. Big crime will wither away. Some, I like to think, grasp the logic of all this.

"I worry a good deal about the police because traditionally they are the supporters of fascist movements and America is as prone to fascism as any other country. Individually, no one can blame the policeman. He is the way he is because Americans have never understood the Bill of Rights. Since sex, drugs, alcohol, gambling are all proscribed by various religions, the states have made laws against them. Yet, believe it or not, the United States was created entirely separate from any religion. The right to pursue happiness—as long as it does not impinge upon others—is the foundation of our state. As a modest proposal, this solution to the problem of law and order is unique: *it won't cost a penny.* Just cancel those barbarous statutes from our Puritan past and the police will be obliged to protect us—the job they no longer do.

"Meanwhile, we are afflicted with *secret* police of a sort which I do not think a democratic republic ought to support. In theory, the F.B.I. is necessary. For the investigation of crime. But in all the years that the F.B.I. has been in existence the major criminals—the Mafia, Cosa Nostra—have operated freely and happily. Except for the busting of an occasional bank robber or car thief, the F.B.I. has not shown much interest in big crime. Its time has been devoted to spying on Americans whose political beliefs did not please the late J. Edgar Hoover, a man who hated Commies, blacks and women in more or less that order."

This generally shocked and never got a laugh. Needless to say, my last lecture was given before the F.B.I.'s scrutiny of "dissidence" became public; not to mention the C.I.A.'s subsequent admission that at least ten thousand Americans are regularly spied upon by that mysterious agency whose charter is to subvert wicked foreigners not lively homebodies.

"The F.B.I. has always been a collaborating tool of reactionary politicians. The Bureau has also had a nasty talent for amusing Presidents with lurid dossiers on the sex lives of their enemies.

"I propose that the F.B.I. confine its activities to *organized* crime and stop pretending that those who are against undeclared wars like Vietnam or General Motors or pollution want to overthrow the government and its Constitution with foreign aid. Actually, in my lifetime, the only group of any importance that has come near to overthrowing the Constitution was the Nixon Administration."

A number of cheers on this. When I am really wound up I do a number of Nixon turns. I have the First Criminal's voice down . . . well, pat. I do a fair Eisenhower, and an excellent F.D.R. Am working on Nelson Rockefeller right now. No point to learning Ford.

"So much, as General Eisenhower used to say, for the domestic front. Now some modest proposals for the future of the American empire. At the moment things are not going very well militarily. Or economically. Or politically.

"At the turn of the century we made our bid for a world empire. We provoked a war with Spain. We won it and ended up owning the Spanish territories of Cuba and the Philippines. The people of the Philippines did not want us to govern them. So we killed three million Filipinos, the largest single act of genocide until Hitler."

Much interest in this statistic. Taken from Galloway and Johnson's book, *West Point: America's Power Fraternity.* Recently I got a letter from a Filipino scholar who has been working on the subject. She says that no one will ever know the exact number killed because no records were kept. But whole towns were wiped out, every man, woman and child slaughtered. The American Army does admit that perhaps a quarter million were killed during the "mopping up." The spirit of My Lai is old with us.

"The first and second world wars destroyed the old European empires, and created ours. In 1945 we were the world's greatest power, not only economically but militarily—we alone had the atom bomb. For five years we were at peace. Unfortunately those industries that had become rich during the war *combined* with the military—which had become powerful—and together they concluded that it was in the best interest of the United States to maintain a vast military establishment.

"Officially this was to protect us from the evil Commies. Actually it was to continue pumping federal money into companies like Boeing and Lockheed and keep the Pentagon full of generals and admirals while filling the pork barrels of congressmen who annually gave the Pentagon whatever it asked for, *with* the proviso that key military installations and contracts be allocated to the home districts of senior congressmen." Tough sentence to say. Never did get it right.

"Nobody in particular was to blame. It just happened. To justify our having become a garrison state, gallant Harry Truman set about deliberately alarming the American people. The Soviet was dangerous. We must have new and expensive weapon systems. To defend the free world. The cold war began. The irony is that the Soviet was not dangerous to us *at that time.* Millions of their people had been killed in the war. Their industries had been shattered. Most important, they did not have atomic weapons and we did.

"So, at the peak of our greatness, we began our decline."

Absolute silence at this point.

"Instead of using the wealth of the nation to improve the lot of our citizens, we have been wasting over a third of the federal budget on armaments and on the prosecution of secret and/or undeclared wars. We have drafted men into the Army in peacetime, something the founders of this country would have been appalled at. We have been, in effect, for thirty-three years a garrison state whose main purpose has been the making of armaments and the prosecution of illegal wars—openly as in Vietnam and Cambodia, secretly as in Greece and Chile. Wherever there is a choice between a military dictatorship—like Pakistan—and a free government—like India—we support the dictator. And then wonder why we are everywhere denounced as hypocrites.

"This is not good for character. This is not good for business. We are running out of raw materials. Our currency is worth less and less. Our cities fall apart. Our armed forces have been, literally, demoralized by what we have done to them in using them for unjust ends.

"In a third of a century the only people who have benefited from the constant raid on our treasury and the sacrifice of our young men have been the companies that are engaged in making instruments of war—with the connivance of those congressmen who award the contracts and those generals who, upon early retirement, go to work for those same companies.

"What to do? A modest and obvious proposal: cut the defense budget. It is currently about a quarter of the national budget—eighty-five billion eight hundred million dollars. Unhappily both Ford and Rockefeller are loyal servants of the Pentagon. *They* will never cut back. They will only increase a military budget that is now projected for the end of the decade to cost us one hundred fourteen billion dollars a year. This is thievery. This is lunacy.

"Conservative estimates say that we can cut the budget by ten percent and still make the world free for I.T.T. to operate in. I propose we aim to cut it by two thirds in stages over the next few years. I propose also a reduction of conventional forces. We need maintain no more than an army, navy, air force of perhaps two hundred thousand highly trained technicians whose task would be to see that anyone who tried to attack us would be destroyed.

"A larger army only means that we are bound to use it sooner or later. To attack others. We have learned that from experience. Generals like small wars because there is a lot of money being spent and, of course, they get promoted. I might be more tolerant of their not unnatural bias *if* they could actually *win* a war, but that seems beyond their capacity. They prefer a lot of activity, preferably in an undeveloped country blasting gooks from the air.

"I would also propose phasing out the service academies. And I was born in the cadet hospital at West Point where my father was an instructor."

To relieve the tension that has started to build, I wander off the track. Describe how I was delivered by one Major Snyder. Later Ike's doctor. "It's only gas, Mamie," he is supposed to have said to Mrs. Eisenhower when the President was having his first heart attack.

"The law against sodomy goes back to the Emperor Justinian, who felt that sodomy was a principal cause of earthquake."

"The academies have created an un-American military elite that has the greatest contempt for the institutions of this country, for democratic institutions anywhere. Over the years West Point graduates have caused grave concern. On two occasions in the last century the academy was nearly abolished by Congress. I do not think, despite the virtues of an Omar Bradley, say, that the system which has helped lock us into a garrison state ought to continue."

Often, at this point, I recall an evening at my family's house shortly after the second war began. A group of West Point generals took some pleasure in denouncing that Jew Franklin D. Rosenfeld who had got us into the war on the wrong side. We ought to be fighting the Commies not Hitler. But then F.D.R. was not only a kike, he was sick in the head—and not from polio but from syphilis. Anyway, everything could be straightened out—with just one infantry brigade they would surround the White House, the Capitol, remove the Jew . . .

My lecture tour ended just as General Brown made his memorable comments on international Jewry and its fifth column inside the United States. I've since heard from several people who said they'd not believed my story until General Brown so exuberantly confirmed what I'd been saying.

"The motto of the academy is 'Duty, Honor, Country.' Which is the wrong order of loyalties. Worse, the West Point elite has created all around the world miniature West Points. Ethiopia, Thailand, Latin America are studded with academies whose function is to produce an elite not to fight wars—there are no wars in those parts of the world—but to *limit* democracy.

"West Point also trains many of these past and future oligarchs—like the present dictator of Nicaragua, Somoza. Retired West Pointers also do profitable business in those nations that are dominated by West Point-style elites.

"Finally, the best result of ceasing to be a garrison state would be economic. Until the energy crisis, the two great successes in the world today were Japan and Germany and they have small military establishments. The lesson is plain: no country needs more military power than it takes to deter another nation from attacking it.

"Now none of these proposals is of much use if we do not reduce our population. The U.S. is now achieving a replacement rate of population. This is a startling and encouraging reduction of population but there are still too many of us and we ought to try by the next century to reduce our numbers by half. The problem is not lack of room. In area we have a big country, though we are gradually covering the best farmland with cement and poisoning the lakes and rivers.

"The problem is our way of living. With six percent of the world's population we use forty percent of the world's raw resources. This unnatural consumption is now ending. We are faced with shortages of every kind and we will have to change the way we live whether we want to or not.

"Obviously fewer Americans means less consumption and more for everybody. How do we stop people from breeding? First, by not constantly brainwashing the average girl into thinking that motherhood must be her supreme experience. Very few women are capable of being good mothers, and very few men of being good fathers. Parenthood is a gift, as most parents find out too late and most children find out right away. So a change in attitude will help; and that seems to be happening.

"More radically, I would say that no one ought to have a child *without* permission from the community. A sort of passport must be issued to the new citizen. How these passports will be allotted I leave to the wisdom of the democracy. Perhaps each girl at birth might be given the right to have one child with the understanding that if she decided to skip the hard work of motherhood she could pass that permission on to a woman who wanted two or three or four children.

"For those who gasp and say that this is interfering with man's most sacred right to add as many replicas of himself as he likes to the world, let me point out that society does not let you have more than one husband or wife, a restriction which I have heard no conservative complain of, even though any Moslem would find it chilling, and Mrs. Richard Burton would find it square."

Mrs. Burton is thrown in, cheaply, to reduce the tension that is mounting. Most members of the audience believe that the right to have as many children as they want is absolute; and to limit population by law seems a terrible imposition. Yet most of them take for granted that the government has the right to control most aspects of our private lives (remember the legendary prisoner of Alcatraz who served time for going down on his wife?).

During the question-and-answer period someone invariably says that I have contradicted myself. On the one hand, I would allow free drugs, prostitution, gambling, and all sorts of wickedness while, on the other, I would restrict the right to have children—well, isn't that interfering with people's private lives?

The answer is obvious: adding a new citizen to a country is a public not a private act, and affects the whole community in a way that smoking pot or betting on horses does not. After all, the new citizen will be around a long time after his parents have departed. Doesn't it then make sense that if there is insufficient space, food, energy, the new citizen ought not to be born?

"In an age of chronic and worsening shortages, I would propose that all natural resources—oil, coal, minerals, water—be turned over to the people, to the government."

Two years ago when I made this proposal, the response was angry. The dread word "communism" was sounded. Not to mention "free enterprise," "American way." Now hardly anyone is much distressed. Even die-hard conservatives have fallen out of love with the oil industry.

"But since none of us trusts our government to do anything right—much less honest—national resources should be a separate branch of the government, coequal with the other three but interconnected so that Congress can keep a sharp eye on its funding and the courts on its fairness. The President, any President, on principle, should be kept out of anything that has to do with the economy.

"Much of today's mess is due to Johnson's attempt to conquer Asia without raising taxes, and to Nixon's opportunistic mucking about with the economy at election time. These Presidential ninnies should stick to throwing out baseballs, and leave the important matters to serious people."

The hatred Americans have for their own government is pathological, if understandable. At one level it is simply thwarted greed: since our religion is making a buck, giving a part of that buck to any government is an act against nature.

At this point, without fail, a hot-eyed conservative will get to his feet and say that it is ridiculous to nationalize anything since it is not possible for a government agency to operate efficiently or honestly.

I then ask: isn't this a democratic society? and aren't those who do the government's work not an abstract enemy to be referred to as "them" but simply ourselves? Are you trying to say that we are, deep down, a nation of crooked fuck-ups? (Naturally, I euphemize.)

The point still does not penetrate. So I shift ground. Agree that the United States was founded by the brightest people in the country—and we haven't seen them since. Nice laugh. Tension relaxes a bit.

I agree that most people who go into government are second-raters. The bright ones go into the professions or into moneymaking. This flatters the audience. I suggest that we ought to "change our priorities." Businesslike phrase. Perhaps our schools should train a proper civil service. Train people who prefer payment in honor rather than in money. England, France, Scandinavia attract bright people into government despite low salaries.

This deeply disturbs the audience. First, you must never say that another country handles anything better than we do. Second, although the word "honor" makes no picture at all in the American head, "money" comes on a flashing vivid green for go.

Someone then says that socialist Sweden is a failure because everybody commits suicide, the logic being that a society without poverty will be so boring that death is the only way out. When I tell them that fewer Swedes commit suicide than Americans, they shake their heads. *They know.*

The next questioner says that England's National Health Service is a flop. This is not true but he would have no way of knowing since the newspapers he reads reflect the A.M.A.'s dark view of socialized medicine. Incidentally, England is always used as an example of what awful things will happen to you when you go socialist.

I point out that England's troubles are largely due to the energy crisis and an ancient unsolved class war. I mention England's successful nationalization of steel some years ago. I might as well be speaking Greek. The audience has no way of knowing any of these things. Year after year, the same simple false bits of information are fed them by their rulers and they absorb them, like television commercials.

I do find curious and disturbing the constant hatred of government which is of course a hatred of themselves. Do these "average" Americans know something that I don't? Is the world really Manichaean? Perhaps deep down inside they really believe that we are all crooked fuck-ups, and murderous ones, too (thank you, Lieutenant Calley, President Johnson). After all, the current national sport is shoplifting. For once, I am probably too optimistic about my country.

"Now those who object to nationalizing our resources in the name of free enterprise must be reminded that the free enterprise system ended in the United States a good many years ago. Big oil, big steel, big agriculture avoid the open marketplace. Big corporations fix prices among themselves and thus drive out of business the small entrepreneur. Also, in their conglomerate form, the huge corporations have begun to challenge the very legitimacy of the state.

"For those of you who are in love with Standard Oil and General Motors and think that these companies are really serving you, my sympathy. I would propose, however, that the basic raw resources, the true wealth of the country, be in our hands, not in theirs. We would certainly not manage our affairs any worse than they have.

"As for the quality of our life, well, it isn't much good for most people because most people haven't got much money. Four point four percent own most of the United States. To be part of the four point four

"Let us pray that that somber Bastille known as the consumer society will fall, as the *first* American revolution begins. It is long overdue."

you must have a net worth of at least sixty thousand dollars."

This projected figure is from the I.R.S., and I find it hard to believe. Surely individual net worth is higher. In any case, recent figures show that most of the country's ownership is actually in the hands of one percent with, presumably, a much higher net capital.

"This gilded class owns twenty-seven percent of the country's real estate. Sixty percent of all corporate stock, and so on. They keep the ninety-five point six percent from rebelling by the American brand of bread and circuses: whose principal weapon is the television commercial. From babyhood to grave the tube tells you of all the fine things you ought to own because other people (who are nicer looking and have better credit ratings than you) own them.

"The genius of our ruling class is that it has kept a majority of the people from ever questioning the inequity of a system where most people drudge along, paying heavy taxes for which they get *nothing* in return while I.T.T.'s taxes in 1970 went down, despite increased earnings."

For any Huey Long in embryo, I have a good tip: suggest that we stop paying taxes until the government gives us something in return for the money we give it.

"We get freedom!" vivacious Barbara Walters positively yelled into my ear during our six minutes on the *Today* show. To which the answer is you don't have freedom in America if you don't have money and most people don't have very much, particularly when what they do make goes to a government that gives nothing back. I suppose vivacious Barbara meant that they are free to watch television's God-awful programming which they pay for when they buy those shoddy things the networks advertise.

"I would propose that no one be allowed to inherit more than, let us say, a half million dollars, while corporate taxes obviously must be higher.

"We should also get something back for the money we give the government. We should have a national health service, something every civilized country in the world has. Also, improved public transport. Also, schools which do more than teach conformity. Also, a cleaning of the air, of the water, of the earth before we all die of the poisons let loose by a society based on greed.

"Television advertising should be seriously restricted if not eliminated. Although the TV commercial is the only true art form our society has yet contrived, the purpose of all this beauty is sinister—to make us want to buy junk we don't need by telling us lies about what is being sold.

"Obviously, the bright kids know that what is being sold on the screen is a lot of junk but that is corruption, too, because then everyone who appears on the screen is also thought to be selling junk and this is not always true, even at election time.

"Fascism is probably just a word for most of you. But the reality is very much present in this country. And the fact of it dominates most of the world today. Each year there is less and less freedom for more and more people. Put simply, fascism is the control of the state by a single man or by an oligarchy, supported by the military and the police. This is why I keep emphasizing the dangers of corrupt police forces, of uncontrolled *secret* police, like the F.B.I. and the C.I.A. and the Bureau of Narcotics and the Secret Service and Army counterintelligence and the Treasury men—what a lot of sneaky types we have, spying on us all!

"From studying the polls, I would guess that about a third of the American people at any given moment would welcome a fascist state. This is because we have never been able to get across in our schools what the country was all about. I suspect that the reason for this failure is the discrepancy between what we were meant to be and what we are—a predatory empire—is so plain to children that they regard a study of our Constitution as just another form of television commercial and just as phony. This is sad. Let us hope it is not tragic. The means exist to set things right."

Now for the hopeful note, struck tinnily, I fear. But the last "solution" I offer is a pretty good one.

"In the end, we may owe Richard Nixon a debt of gratitude. Through his awesome ineptitude we have seen revealed the total corruption of our system. From the Rockefellers and the Kennedys who buy elections—and people—to the Agnews and Nixons who take the money from those who buy, we are perfectly corrupt. What to do?

"How do we keep both the corrupting Kennedys and Rockefellers as well as the corrupted Nixons and the Agnews *out* of politics?

"I propose that no candidate for any office be allowed to buy space on television or in any newspaper or other medium. This will stop cold the present system where Presidents and congressmen are bought by corporations and gangsters. To become President you will not need thirty, forty, fifty million dollars to smear your opponents and present yourself falsely on TV commercials.

"Instead television (and the rest of the media) would be required by law to provide prime time (and space) for the various candidates.

"I would also propose a four-week election period as opposed to the current four-year one. Four weeks is more than enough time to present the issues. To show us the candidates in interviews, debates, uncontrolled encounters in which we can actually see who the candidate really is, answering tough questions, his record up there for all to examine. This ought to get a better class into politics."

There is about as much chance of getting such a change in our system approved by Congress as there is of replacing the faces on Mt. Rushmore with those of Nixon and company. After all, the members of the present Congress got there through the old corrupt route and, despite the probity of individual members, each congressman is very much part of a system which now makes it impossible for anyone to be elected President who is not beholden to those interests that are willing to give him the millions of dollars he needs to be a candidate.

Congress' latest turn to the screw is glorious: when paying income tax, each of us can now give a dollar to the Presidential Election Campaign Fund. This means that the two major parties can pick up thirty million dollars apiece from the taxpayers while continuing to receive, under the counter, another thirty or so million from the milk, oil, insurance, etc. interests.

"Since Watergate, no one can say that we don't know where we are or who we are or what sort of people we have chosen to govern us. Now it remains to be seen if we have the power, the will to restore to the people a country which—to tell the truth—has never belonged to the ninety-five point six percent but certainly ought to, as we begin our third—and, let us not hope, terminal—century."

I ended the series with a noon lecture at a college in Los Angeles . . . not U.C.L.A. They told me this so often that now I've forgot- *(Continued on page 137)*

Notes on Five Men

by Erica Jong

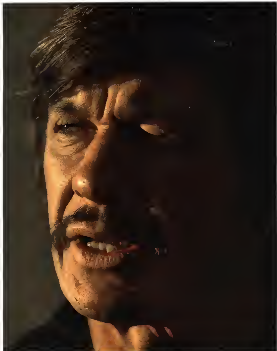
Let's get it straight at the outset: I know none of these men as men. All I know about them is the image they project to me as a female moviegoer curled into her own fantasies in the womblike dark of the movie house. On the rare occasions I've met movie stars, the first thing that has always struck me was how much shorter they were than I expected. That enormous screen blows up one's expectations as well as the celluloid images it projects. But these are five men who apparently trigger the fantasies of millions. So let me attempt to free-associate a bit from one woman's point of view.

After sitting through *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* no less than six times at the Radio City Music Hall when I was a high-school student, nobody has to explain Paul Newman's charm to me. It was the scene where he kissed Maggie the Cat's (Liz Taylor's) bodiless nightgown that made me cream in my jeans every time. So near, yet so far. At fifteen, I *understood*. Or thought I did. All his winking at Redford in *The Sting* never did *that* for me. Oh for a man who'd hug my nightgown when he couldn't hug me! And oh for some more movies with enough females in *them* to warrant nightgowns! Anyway, thank you, Paul Newman, for *that* particular objective correlative.

He looks like a wily street kid, the kind who'd survive any war or famine. Tender, tough. You feel he'd sell his grandmother for an idea—if it was an idea whose time had come. Still, he's hard to type. Pacino has what Keats called "negative capability"—that knack for slipping into other souls: the earmark of a great artist. Witness his transition in *The Godfather* from sensitive Michael Corleone to Mafia chieftain. Will he ever slip into my soul, that is the question.

Photographed by John Bryson

Who has the bluest eyes: Newman or McQueen? It's difficult to say, but McQueen's twinkle more. He makes me think of all those leathery-necked cowboys at remote truck stops in Nevada. Does he wear pointy boots? And does he take them off when he screws? I have never had experience with boot men, so I can't tell. He seems to have a lot of teeth—a set and a half at least—and I like that. Men who bite are okay, as long as they bite with their own teeth. Gently.



The Ur-Wasp manque. Where would Redford be without his moles? They make him almost human. If he had a pimple, I might even believe he was real. A sweet man, a martyred star, thoroughly beautiful, and (to me) virtually sexless. He is the best kind of star: he doesn't act like one. But on the screen, I never forget he is Redford. His Gatsby was so wrong it sent me back to reread the book. No decent novelist would invent *anyone* that blond, that beautiful, that beamish, that perennially boyish. Only God (who is a second-rate novelist, after all) would dare.

Sometimes I think he is the hero of all the Polack jokes. Sometimes I think people love him like they love s-m novels. Yet, in his films, he has the animal grace and magnetism of a younger Brando. One part Neanderthal. One part Super Daddy. One part little boy lost. Truly a man of parts. Why did people stand up and cheer when he killed those muggers in *Death Wish*? Defending the honor of the bourgeoisie? God knows we bourgeoisie could use it. Charles Bronson is the only man in the world who can murder twelve men and still seem sweet.

THE CORPSE

by Richard Selzer

Commonplace food!
Turned meat! Spangled leftovers!
Blue-plate special served too late!
Celebrated waste! Vexatious trash!
Gentlemen, you are the dish vermin eat!

Shall I tell you once more how it happens? Even though you know, don't you?

You were born with the horror stamped upon you, like a fingerprint. All these years you have lived you have known. I but remind your memory, confirm the fear that has always been prime. Yet the facts have a force of their insolent own.

Wine is best made in a cellar, on a stone floor. Crush grapes in a barrel such that each grape is burst. When the barrel is three-quarters full, cover it with a fine-mesh cloth, and wait. In three days, an ear placed low over the mash will detect a faint crackling, which murmur, in two more days, rises to a continuous giggle. Only the rendering of fat, or a forest fire far away, makes such a sound. It is the buzz of fermentation! Remove the cloth and examine closely. The eye is startled by a bubble on the surface. Was it there and had it gone unnoticed? Or is it newly come?

But soon enough more beads gather in little colonies, winking and lining up at the brim. Stagnant fluid forms. It begins to turn. Slow currents carry bits of stem and grape meat on voyages of an inch or so. The pace quickens. The level rises. On the sixth day, the barrel is almost full. The teem must be poked down with a stick. The air of the cellar is dizzy with fruit flies and droplets of smell. On the seventh day, the fluid is racked into the second barrel for aging. It is wine.

Thus is the fruit of the earth taken, its flesh torn. Thus is it given over to standing, toward rot. It is the principle of corruption, the death of what is, the birth of what is to be.

You are wine.

SHE: *Is he dead, then?*
HE: *I am sorry.*
SHE: *Oh, God.*
HE: *I should like to ask . . . because of the circumstances of your husband's death, it would be very helpful . . . to do . . . an autopsy.*
SHE: *Autopsy? No, no, not that. I don't want him cut up.*

Better to have agreed, madam. We use the trocar on all, autopsied or merely embalmed. You have not heard of the suction trocar? Permit me to introduce you to the instrument.

A hollow steel rod some two feet in length, one end, the tip, sharp, pointed; to the other end there attaches rubber tubing, which tubing leads to the sink; near this end the handle, sculpted, the better to grip with; just inside the tip, holes, a circle of them, each opening large enough to admit the little finger or to let a raisin pass. This is the trocar.

A man stands by the table upon which you lie. He opens the faucet in the sink, steps forward, raises the trocar. It is a ritual spear, a gleaming emblem. Two inches to the left and two inches above your navel is the place of entry. (Feel it on yourself.) The technician raises this thing and aims for the spot. He must be strong, and his cheeks shake with the thrust. He grunts.

Wound most horrible! It is a goring.

The head of the trocar disappears beneath the skin. Deeper and deeper until the body wall is penetrated. Another thrust, and he turns the head north. First achieved is the stomach, whose stringy contents, food just eaten, are sucked into the holes. A three-inch glass connector interrupts the rubber tubing. Here one is spectator as the yield rushes by. Can you identify particular foods? Beets are easy, and licorice. The rest is merely . . . grey.

Look how the poker rides—high and swift and lubricious. Several passes, and then the trocar is drawn expertly back until the snout is barely hidden beneath the skin. The man takes aim again, this time for the point of the chin, he says. Then he dives through the mass of the liver, across the leaf of the diaphragm, and into the right chambers of the heart. Black blood fills the tubing. Thrust and pull, thrust and pull, thunking against the spine, the staves of the ribs, shivering the timbers, the brute bucking as it rides the magnificent forearm of the Licensed Embalmer in high rodeo.

The heart is empty. The technician turns the tool downward, into the abdomen once more. Now are the intestines pierced, coil upon coil, collapsing their gas and their juice to the sink. It is brown in the glass connector. Thunk, thunk, the rod smites the pelvis from within. The dark and muffled work is done: the scrotum is skewered, the testicles mashed, ablaze with their billion whiptail jots. All, all into the sink—and then to the sewer. This is the ultimate suck.

The technician disconnects the tubing from the sink, joins the tubing to a pump. He fires the motor; preservative fluid boils up, streams into the trocar, thence to thorax and abdomen.

The trocar is doubly clever.

HE: *Urea combines with the phenol to make plastic. We, in effect, plasticize the body.*
SHE: *I do not want him plastic.*
HE: *It's only a word.*
SHE: *Jesus, words.*
HE: *There is the problem of the mouth.*
SHE: *Jesus, problems.*
HE: *It is all words, all problems. Trust me; I see. I . . . am . . . a physician. I really know, don't you see?*
SHE: *All right, then. The mouth. Tell me.*

Our technician forces the mouth shut, holds it there, assessing. Buckteeth are a problem, he says. Sometimes you have to yank them to get the mouth closed. He removes his hand, and the mandible drops again. Now he takes a large flat needle. It is S-shaped, for ease of grasping. A length of white string hangs through the eye of this needle. He draws back the bottom lip with thumb and forefinger. He passes the needle into the lower gum. Needle and string are pulled through and out, and the lip allowed to rest. Next, the upper lip is held away, and the needle is passed up into the groove at the crest of the upper gum, thence to the left nostril, through the nasal septum into the right nostril, finally plunging back into that groove and once again to the mouth. This stitchery will not be seen. Pledgets of cotton are inserted to fill out a sag here, a droop there, lest the absence of teeth or turgor be noticed.

What? No penny enslotted here for Charon? No bite of honey cake for mad Cerberus?

No. Only cotton.

About this invented fullness the jaws are drawn to as the string is tied. One square knot is followed by two grannies. Prevents slippage, Death's tailor says. Gone is all toothy defiance. In its place, there is only the stuffed pout of anything filled too much. Now the plastic caps are inserted beneath the eyelids—pop, pop. And here—hold still—we are ready for cosmetica.

The case is opened importantly. It is of alligator hide, imitation of this. Within are shelves for the jars, slots for the brushes, as many as the vanity Death's whore requires. The technician selects three jars. Red, yellow, blue; daubs a bit of each on the palette; mixes, turns, and wipes—until the color of your skin is matched. More blue for Negroes, says he, less yellow and more blue for them. He has said something unarguable—and is now quiet. Many a sidelong glance later, he is ready. He steps to the head of the table and applies the paint, massages the color into the skin of face and hands. This is what shows, he says. And one must do, but not overdo, he says. At last our fellow approves. How lovely the morning, pockless glow! It is a wholesome look—a touch of evening blue in the hollows of the lids. Oh, yes, art is truly bottled sunshine.

Who, but a moment ago, was huffing rider of the belly is now artist, configuring Death, shaping it. He has rebuilt a ravaged chin, replaced an absent nose, he says. Give him enough plaster and a bit of paint and he can make a man, he says. I wait for him to lean over and blow into these nostrils. He can make anything except life, he says.

Thus combed and shaved (lemon-scented Colgate is nice) and powdered, the corpse gleams, a marquis upon ruched velvet, banked with fierce forced blossoms.

SHE: *Embalming belittles death.*
HE: *On the contrary, art dignifies. It is the last passion. For both fellows, don't you know?*
SHE: *But there must be some other way. As for myself, mind you, I prefer to be of use. I have made arrangements that my body be given to a medical school for dissection. I carry this little card that so states. In case of accident.*
HE: *A gesture in the grand style. You join a gallant band. So many are concerned with the appearance of the flesh, leaving ill-considered its significance. Well . . . its usefulness.*

Forty feet long, four wide, and seven deep is THE TANK. It is set into the ground at the very bottom of the medical school. If Anatomy be the firstborn of Medicine, then the tank is its sunken womb. Here at the very center of stench it lies, here is the bite of embalming fluid sharpest. Tears overwhelm the eyes. The tank demands weeping of this kind. It is lidded, covered by domed metal, handle at apex, like a casserole of chow mein.

Let me remove this lid. Behold! How beautiful they are, the bodies. With what grace and pomp each waits his turn. Above the fluid, a center rod, like a closet rod, suspends them in a perfect row, forty soldiers standing in the bath, snug as pharaohs, only heads showing, all facing, obediently, the same way.

Come, walk the length of the tank. We review these warriors who, by their bearing, salute us. Arteries have been pumped full of fluid. It helps the flesh to sink, lest feet float to the top in embarrassing disarray. Thus weighted, the bodies swim readily to erect posture. Upon each head, worn with a certain nonchalance, are the tongs, the headdress of this terrible tribe. The hooks of the tongs are inserted one into each ear, then sunk home by pulling on the handle. Each set of tongs is then hung from the center rod by a pulley. In this way the bodies can be skimmed back and forth during the process of selection, or to make room for another.

We end skin overcoats on a rack.

A slow current catches the brine and your body sways ever so slightly, keeping time. This movement stirs the slick about your shoulders. Iridescent colors appear, and little chunks of melt, shaken off in annoyance, it seems, bob up and down.

Does some flame far below, at the center of the earth, thus bring this tank to lazy boil? Or is it the heat from hell? Look. A dead fly floats, one wing raised in permanent effort at extrication. A fly? Well, of course. There is food here.

It is wine.

SHE: *I want nothing done. Let him be put in the ground as he is.*
HE: *You are distraught. Perspective. What you need is perspective. Listen. Outside the rain is falling, soft as hair. (A pause.) No toilette, then?*

Dead, the body is somehow more solid, more massive. The shrink of dying is past. It is as though only moments before a wind had kept it aloft, and now, settled, it is only what it is—a mass, declaring itself, an ugly emphasis. Almost at once the skin changes color, from pink-highlighted yellow to grey-tinted blue. The eyes are open and lackluster, some-

thing, a bright dust, had been blown away, leaving the globes smoky. And there is an absolute limpness. Hours later, the neck and limbs are drawn up into a semiflexion, in the attitude of one who has just received a blow to the solar plexus.

One has.

Even the skin is in rigor, is covered with goose bumps. Semen is forced from the penis by the contraction of muscle. The sphincters relax, and the air is poisonous with loosed sewage. Colder and colder grows the flesh, as the last bit of warmth disperses. Now you are meat, meat at room temperature.

Examine once more the eyes. How dull the cornea, this globe bereft of tension. Notice how the eyeball pits at the pressure of my fingernail. Whereas the front of your body is now drained of color, the back, upon which you rest, is found to be deeply violet. Even here, even now, gravity works upon the blood. In twenty-four hours, your untended body resumes its flaccidity, resigned to this everlasting posture.

You stay thus.

You do not die all at once. Some tissues live on for minutes, even hours, giving still their little cellular shrieks, molecular echoes of the agony of the whole corpus. Here and there a spray of nerves dances on. True, the heart stops; the blood no longer courses; the electricity of the brain sputters, then shuts down. Death is now *pronounceable*. But there are outposts where clusters of cells yet shine, besieged, little lights blinking in the advancing darkness. Doomed soldiers, they battle on. Until Death has secured the premises all to itself.

The silence, the darkness, is not for long. That which was for a moment dead leaps most sumptuously to life. There is a busyness gathering. It grows fierce.

There is to be a feast. The rich table has been set. The board groans. The guests have already arrived, numberless bacteria that had, in life, dwelt in saprophytic harmony with their host. Their turn now! Charged, they press against the membrane barriers, break through the new softness, sweep across plains of tissue, devouring, belching gas—a gas that puffs eyelids, cheeks, abdomen into bladders of murderous vapor. The slimmest man takes on the bloat of corpulence. Your swollen belly bursts with a ripping sound, followed by a long mean hiss.

And they are at large! Blisters appear upon the skin, enlarge, coalesce, blast, leaving brownish puddles in the declivities. You are becoming gravy. Arriving for the banquet late, of course, and all the more ravenous for it, are the twin sisters Calliphora and raucous Lucilia, the omnipresent greenbottle flies, their costumes metallic sequins. Their thousands of eggs are laid upon the meat, and soon the mass is wavy with the humped creamy backs of maggots nosing, crowding, hungrily absorbed. Grey sprays of fungus sprout in the resulting marinade, and there lacks only a mushroom growing from the nose.

At last—at last the bones appear, clean and white and dry. Reek and mangle abate; diminuendo the buzz and crawl. All, all is eaten. All is done. Hard endlessness is here even as the revelers abandon the skeleton.

You are alone, yet again.

HE: *Come, come, we are running out of time. How, at last, would you dispose of your husband? You must make a decision.*
SHE: *Why must I?*
HE: *Because you are the owner of the body. It is your possession.*
SHE: *Oh, cremation, dammit. I'm sick of this business.*
HE: *Brava! Man is pompous in the grave, splendid in ashes.*
SHE: *A smaller package to mail.*
HE: *You are doing the right thing, I assure you. The physiognomy does not endure in the grave. There is no identity. Cremation is tidy. I can see that you abhor the slough of putrefaction. Who wouldn't?*

To the prettiness again . . .

The good fellow slides you into the oven, and ignites the fire. If you are burned in your casket, an exhaust fan sucks away the wood ash, until there is only your body. He observes through a peephole at the back of the oven. Now he turns off the exhaust, and lets the flames attack the body. Three hours later, at two thousand degrees Fahrenheit, it is done. The oven is turned off, is let cool overnight. The next day a rear door is opened, and the ashes are examined. Intact pieces of bone are pulverized with a mallet. With a little broom the residue is whisked into an urn. The operator is fastidious, down to smallest bits of dust.

The modern urn is no garnished ossuary, but a tin can indistinguishable from that which holds coffee by the pound. It is unadorned. Pry open the lid and see the expensive white doily, of the best embossed paper, creased like a priest's napkin. Unfold it, and gaze upon the contents. Shocking! They are not ashes but chunks of bone, and recognizable as such. Some as big as your thumbnail, chalky, charred. A tin of cinders. Coals and calx—with the odor of smoke and the semen-smell of cooked bone.

SHE: *How do I know that it is my husband's ashes that you give me? That they are not his but some other's—an old woman's, a dog's?*
HE: *A vile and baseless suspicion. Now, in the matter of the cremains . . .*
SHE: *The what?*
HE: *Your husband's cremains.*
SHE: *His ashes?*
HE: *Yes. Many bereaved find it a soothing term, less harsh than . . . you know. . .*

But you are right to question.

Who knows the fate of his bones? His ashes? To what purpose tamp them into sad sepulchral pitchers? I have seen the cremation of two, even three, together. Later, the ashes were shoveled into cans in equal amounts, and labeled. Why not? Great religions have flourished on more spurious assumptions. The idea is not new. Were not the ashes of Achilles mingled with those of his lover Patroclus? Ah, you say, it is one thing to burn lovers, then fondly stir their ashes together; quite another to have one's urn-fellows selected at random.

Yet are not all our greatest intimacies merest chance?

HE: *Have you considered the disposition of the ashes?*
SHE: *The toilet?*
HE: *I am afraid, madam, that we have reached an impasse. You prefer neither cremation nor embalming. You are repelled alike by anatomical dissection, and the moist relentment of putrefaction. Why don't you admit that you are ashamed of death? You think it is a disgrace to be dead.*
SHE: *That's it. Yes. A disgrace. That's it exactly.*
HE: *Exactly, yes.*
SHE: *If you know everything, then what is your choice? For yourself?* *(Continued on page 137)*

I Was an Ikette for a Night

by Blair Sabol

There she is on the left
She went out there a Jewish princess
but she came back a klutz

So it's not every white girl's dream to become a screaming Ikette with Ike and Tina Turner's Revue. But, as fantasies go, I'll take the salty image of myself sassy-assing about onstage, swinging my shoulder-length strawberry-slush Dynel, shaking my silver-studded micro-minied hips, and stamping my copper-platformed feet to the raucous beat of *Honky Tonk Woman*. It may be that the Ikettes represent a form of processed trash, but they, more than the Raylettes, the Ronettes, the Bobettes, or even the Rockettes or the Cockettes, are known to be the ultimate in tightly programmed, live-action "back-ups." Ever since the act's 1968 cross-country tour with the Rolling Stones, when Tina actually upstaged Mick Jagger, and its subsequent appearance in the movie *Gimme Shelter*, Ike and Tina Turner's Revue has been filling campus auditoriums, rock halls and nightclubs. As one rock promoter says of the group, which is currently winding up a tour of Japan, "They can't sing, but they sure can sell side-dish sax with the flash of ass better than anybody. Basically the entire revue is tops in slick shtick. Tina and the girls have done the same tease for twelve years and that's why they've lasted so long." Even as side dishes, the Ikettes are the stars of the show while Tina writhes in her own special spotlight and Ike remains out of sight (and out of mind) in the shadows of the amplifiers.

Turning my Ikette fantasy into reality seemed feasible enough for two reasons. I knew their routines were based on the age-old Hullabaloo Boogaloo, the Pony, the Swim, and the Frug. We learned all that from Killer Joe and nights spent at the Peppermint Lounge. They are vintage 1960's steps. Then again, Ike and Tina Turner's Revue is a vintage 1960's act. You won't catch them performing the precise trickery of a *Soul Train* Robot or Roach or Hollywood Swing. "We aren't *that* black," answers Tina when asked about the Don Cornelius (producer/owner of *Soul Train*) school of dance. "*Soul Train*'s stuff is down-home black street dancing. I like to relate to my audience better with the original 'white' moves." Probably because the bulk of the I.&T.T. audience is white.

I figured I could handle the "Tina" choreography. Or at least fake it. I also knew that Ike and Tina had performed with white Ikettes in the past, albeit briefly. Bonnie Bramlett, of the now defunct and divorced Delaney & Bonnie singing team, was an Ikette for two nights in 1965 (no reasons were given for her exit), and white soul singer Kathi McDonald served a short stint before she went on to tambourine her talents behind Joe Cocker. I was curious about the life-span of an Ikette and found out that there have been over two hundred Ikettes in the act's twelve years of existence, most of them lasting from six months to a year. Twen-

Photograph by Mike Salisbury

This is the author. She's trying.

This is Ester. She's patient.

This is Marcy. She's scornful.

This is Yolanda. She's appalled.

ty-nine-year-old Ester Jones ranks as the longest-lasting Ikette, with her five years of gut 'n' grind service. Very few Ikettes have gone on to become stars or lead singers. Some of them end up as nameless recording session singers for Stevie Wonder or Marvin Gaye, others become bit players in movies like *Super Fly* and *Truck Turner*. Ike and Tina are famous for purposely picking losers for girls, explains one ex-Ikette, "simply because they are no threat to the act. And Tina can work and manipulate them better." Apparently once you make it as an Ikette, Tina remakes you and your entire personality into a Tina twin, with her same wig, red spatula fingernails, large high-glossed red mouth, and penciled sloe eyes.

Anyway, I decided to try to become an Ikette if only to see how Tina could possibly make a "nice Jewish girl" into a flaming "Hot Mamma." I finally got Ike and Tina to agree that I could be an "Ikette for a night" during their Las Vegas engagement. When I arrived from my home in New York at the Turners' Bolic Sound Studios in Inglewood, California, I was told that Tina was home, exhausted from completing her role as the Acid Queen in Ken Russell's movie *Tommy* and that Ike was "in seclusion." What's more, no one in the I.&T.T. organization had been informed of the advent of a white, Jewish, neophyte Ikette, and rehearsals were not set up. This was on Monday, and on Thursday we were due to perform in Galveston. *Galveston?* What happened to Las Vegas? I never did find out. Finally, Ester Jones, known as "Motha" Ikette and the group's trainer, rounded up the other current girls. The Ikettes as of July, 1974, were as follows:

Marcy Thomas: A twenty-four-year-old Diana Ross type who is appreciated for her fast, filthy tongue, blond-streaked wigs, and taut bubble-ass. She says Ike "auditioned" her and promised her he'd "eventually" record her own LP. Marcy is a nonstop talker, with the subject matter centering on and about herself. She's been with the act for six months, and the boys in the band give her four more months because of her "get stuffed" attitude. Marcy explains to me, "Look, man, face it, this act is 'Marcy Thomas and the Ike and Tina Turner Revue.'" You have to admire Marcy's supreme superiority complex in a company of gold-plated egos. Still, she's one of the few Ike choices who *can* carry a tune.

Yolanda Goodwin: With the troupe six weeks when I arrived, she has the quiet beauty of a Gauguin Polynesian. Soft-spoken and naïve, twenty-one-year-old Yolanda is married, has a seven-month-old baby and was a bank teller when one of Ike's secretaries told her about the weekly auditions. Ike did not try her out. Tina did and found her an "okay harmonizer." However, the band gives her two weeks more because she's "too stone-faced onstage" and "isn't wild enough in the hips." (The band underestimated the staying power of both Marcy and Yolanda, for they were still in the act as of last December and slated for the spring tour of Japan.) Meanwhile Yolanda lives in constant fear of Ike, but insists on staying on " 'cause I have nowhere else to go and I need the exposure."

Ester Jones: A professionally patient, warmhearted and pure-headed soul with a golden, rich voice. She copies Tina's mannerisms, right down to the ring with "love" spelled out in diamonds and the large wrist-wide gold-chain watch, but is blacker in personality. Three years ago, Ester and Claudia Lennear and Edna Woods made up the best set of Ikettes, according to Tina. "Ester is the hardest worker and the toughest dancer," says Tina. "There wasn't a routine she couldn't pick up in two seconds." Ester is also responsible for much of the choreography. Ester told me that the Ikettes earn only one hundred dollars for two shows a night and they all have to hunk together in one room. "Listen, last year it was worse. We got eighty-five dollars a night, and in the beginning it was thirty-five." Ikettes also must pay for their own shoes and are responsible for cleaning their own costumes. Ester quit momentarily when Ike once fined her fifteen dollars for being late onstage. (Ikette fines are famous, and they can range from twenty-five to one hundred dollars for such "inexcusables" as sloppily sewn hooks and eyes, snagged stockings, no toenail polish, talking too loud in hotel rooms late at night, tardy arrival at the airport, no-shows at rehearsals because of menstrual cramps. "Actually you can get fined for breathing if Ike decides he doesn't like you or if he happens to be on a downer.") Ester lives in southwest Los Angeles with her husband, while their three children live in Texas with her grandparents. "I sure as hell can't fly them up here and support them with the bread I make." Ester is in the studio three days a week but is never paid for auditions and rehearsals from four p.m. to six p.m. (singing) and then from six p.m. to ten p.m. (dancing) and sometimes ten p.m. till two a.m. for recording. "We only make money on the weekends, and with our usual fines that leaves me with a little more than two hundred dollars for three nights' work."

I explained to Ester, Marcy and Yolanda about my becoming an "Ikette for a night" and Marcy laughed. "And, girl, that's about as long as you is gonna last."

It took me two days, four hours a day, to learn the opening sixty-second theme. I arrived at Bolic Sound in my brown leotards and beige Guccis. Ester, Marcy and Yolanda were dressed in their red leotards and silver platforms. They took me through the paces for a rigorous forty-five minutes and then broke for ten. I never really caught on to the moves: couldn't do the "Swim from the hip" and couldn't karate-chop my arms tough enough. On the second day, Marcy walked out of rehearsal in violet fumes, dismissing me as "the dumbest, stiffest chick I ever did see. You ain't got nothin'. You can't even move your hips. We go side to side and you keep doin' that bump 'n' grind. White girls can't snap and jive. You keep doing all that cute soft shit. When *we* dance, man we're sharp and we *hit*. You ain't hittin' . . . You is *missin'*." Frankly, I agreed with her.

But Ester kept after me and only cut her cool with laughter at my Jerry Lewis fallen-arch style of Ponying and my Jackie Gleason knee-flap version of the Frug. The routines were even faster than I had imagined (it's not like boogying to the AM radio station in the privacy of your bathroom mirror), and I soon realized that if I didn't move on the exact count I'd be trampled by Tina and the girls. Onstage, it's everyone out for herself and no one is going to give you a clue or help you fake it. By Wednesday, I had it down, although Marcy became impossible and kept hassling over how she "couldn't stand lookin' at any of yus face no more." Yolanda felt my voice was "so off" that she insisted I just lip sync and she'd sing louder. Ester understood where I was "coming from" and just worked on making sure I knew what direction to flail my arms and at what time I do "the Squat."

Meanwhile, Tina was nowhere to be found. After three days of constant rehearsing, I finally got a call at one a.m. from Rhonda, the white, tight-lipped manageress, to say that Tina was rushed to the hospital with bleeding hemorrhoids. My heart skipped a beat. I had

Photograph on preceding page by Curt Gunther/Camera 5

Tina shows the author the wig that will transform Sabol's unruly mop into a five-pound mane of sultry seductiveness. It will also give her a headache, teary eyes and a runny nose from an allergic reaction.

never considered hemorrhoids could be the end result of becoming an Ikette. Rhonda announced that the gig was off for the weekend. I sighed in relief at what Galveston had been spared. Rhonda added that we would definitely go on to Spokane the following Friday, and we should continue rehearsing. Ester kept on working with me, and I proceeded to get worse. We'd dance in one of the sound studios while the entire I.&T.T. company sat in the glass-enclosed, soundproof booth howling and imitating me, as I later learned. At the time, I was nearsighted and innocent enough to assume they were cheering me on.

It was during the second week that I noticed the tiny TV cameras and audio devices in each Bolic Sound room corner. I also noticed that Ester and the girls only spoke intimately to me in the toilet (where there weren't any cameras or mikes) or on the street. Then I found out that Ike has the entire studio and his home monitored so he can sit in his apartment and watch and listen to his "kingdom."

The Spokane weekend was approaching and Tina was still in the hospital. Spokane was canceled. Now we aimed for the next week in Tucson. At this point we could have played anywhere between Grossinger's and the moon, and I couldn't have cared less. I had about had it with Marcy's mouth and Yolanda's yelps of, "Why do we have to rehearse with *her* again? Let her fall on her face. She won't get no fines."

By the third week of rehearsals my Gucci shoe buckles had broken off, and I managed to demolish a pair of Florsheim sturdy oxfords. I was damned if I was going to trip on Ike's gold shag rug one more time during the six sets of lunges I had to do in *Higher*, so I began attending the sessions in Adidas; nobody seemed to notice. By this time, Ester insisted I just do two songs and get off the stage. I wholeheartedly agreed, mainly because I knew of Ike's reputation for changing the whole act instantly onstage. Rhonda was still keeping us on the cosmic hold button as to whether we were going to Spokane after all or maybe to Little Rock or nowhere at all. Then, a new problem developed. Ike was suffering from an eye infection and had to go into the hospital to get his pupil lanced. There went Spokane or Little Rock. I finally met Ike for the first time on the day after his operation, when I mustered up enough courage to go up to him in the hallway and introduce myself as "the fourth Ikette." (People never introduce themselves in the I.&T.T. organization. Least of all to Ike. People walked around the studio for months unidentifiable to one another.) A deafening twenty-second silence followed as Ike raked my body with his one unbandaged eye and said impatiently under his breath, "Yeah, I know." He immediately cold-shouldered past me and disappeared into the purple and black depths of his office. I wanted to follow up with, "Yes, you remember me. I'm the one who's been starring on your monitor system from four p.m. to ten p.m. daily, Monday through Friday."

We had reached the fourth week, and I had still not rehearsed with the band or with my five-pound wig and five-inch heels. Tina called me to apologize for the delay. "We're finally off to Vancouver on Wednesday." Vancouver? "We would have gone out last weekend even though I was hurtin' soooo bad and I still am. Don't tell Ike that though. But when he got stuck with his eye I got an extra week off. See, if we don't sing we don't eat. So *(Continued on page 134)*

Photograph by Mike Salisbury

Elephant in Transit

A grave oversight rectified

For too long now, the world has been seemingly indifferent to how circus elephants get from one town to another Do you realize that not one of you has ever written us inquiring about elephant transport? As a corrective, we publish these pictures revealing that circus elephants travel by truck. They also reveal that elephants require a knee up to get into the truck and, once inside, have to scrunch a bit to fit. The packed pachyderm is one of twelve in the Clyde Beatty-Cole Brothers Circus under the direction of Captain Fred Logan. Photographer Jill Freedman, who followed the circus for two months gathering material for her forthcoming book, *Circus Days*, informs us that the herd travels four to a truck. Thus, if you look closely, you will see there is more than one elephant in the pictures.

The Rise of the Monosexual Movement

by Arthur Hoppe

Know thyself

"I dabbled with heterosexualism, homosexualism and bisexualism," confided Winifred (Winnie) Narsissis, one of the leaders of The Beautiful People, over a Campari and soda at Sardi's. "Eventually, each became an intolerable bore. It wasn't until I discovered monosexualism that I found myself."

Ms. Narsissis, former wife of the Greek shipping magnate, is but one of scores of monosexual jet-setters to emerge from their closets in recent months. The fashionable Jungian analyst Dr. Werner von Drang, whose patients include the Contessa d'Alamo and haute couture designer Henri de Siècle, sees monosexualism as "a perfectly normal reaction to bisexualism," which was all the rage in these circles last year.

"Bisexualism," said Dr. von Drang, "provided too many conflicts. One sees in monosexualism a classic example of the buffeted psyche turning inward to seek solace and regeneration."

Whatever the cause, monosexualism has spread rapidly from Gstaad, Biarritz, and the other spas where The Beautiful People gather. Initially seized upon by students at Columbia and Berkeley, it is now, surprisingly enough, making inroads among Middle Americans, many of whom were perhaps first made aware of this avant-garde trend by the well-publicized marriage of Milton Haberdash to himself. Haberdash, a twenty-nine-year-old Chicago management trainee, eloped alone to Las Vegas and persuaded Justice of the Peace Herbert Skrogh to perform the ceremony.

"It seemed kind of queer, but I couldn't find nothing in the law against it," said Justice Skrogh after Haberdash had vowed to "love, honor and cherish myself until death do me part."

Haberdash, a tall, slender young man with neatly cropped hair and a Zapata moustache, told The Associated Press he considered the ceremony "a real breakthrough" for monosexualism. He added, however, that he objected strongly to Justice Skrogh's use of the word "queer."

"It makes us sound like we're homosexuals or something," he said. "Actually, we prefer to be called 'soles' to distinguish ourselves from 'straights' or 'gays' or 'bies.' One thing we aren't is queer."

Haberdash, something of a militant, said his next step would be to demand the Internal Revenue Service allow him to file a joint tax return "like any other married man."

The astonishing growth of the movement since Haberdash's coming out can be observed in an increasing number of American communities. Sole bars are flourishing, usually in quiet neighborhoods away from the main stems. In Duke Humphrey's Tavern in Des Moines, patrons of both sexes sit on their stools listening to old-time sole-music favorites like *Me and My Shadow*.

"Once in a while a couple will come in here," says Duke Humphrey, a large, florid man who is a recent convert to monosexualism, "a couple of this or a couple of that. I serve them when I get around to it. I ain't prejudiced. But pretty soon they get the feeling they ain't wanted and they drift out to some topless joint. They don't belong in a place like this."

One senses a secureness and self-confidence among monosexuals. "It's like Hermione Wexler puts it," explained one young clothing salesman on quietly departing the tranquillity of Humphrey's. "If I want to score tonight, man, I *know* I'm going to score."

Ms. Wexler is unquestionably the high priestess of the monosexual movement. Her book, *Love Alone and Love It*, has sold more than three hundred thousand copies in hard- and soft-cover editions. She it was who coined the appellation "sole" and she it is who, when asked if monosexualism is really only autoeroticism, invariably answers, "Nonsense, many soles don't even own cars."

"In monosexualism," she writes, "we have no partner we feel required to satisfy. Consequently, we have no sexual hang-ups, no difficult sexual adjustments, no feelings of inadequacy, no jealous quarrels, no recriminations, no regrets. Soles never are guilty of rape, child molesting, pederasty or any other sexual crime. Unlike even married couples we hold to the highest moral plane by engaging only in strictly legal acts between a consenting adult in private."

Yet, she complains, monosexuals are subtly discriminated against. Heterosexuals, homosexuals and bisexuals view them with suspicion, she feels, simply because they are different. "What mother of a sole son," she asks, "hasn't said, 'Why don't you find yourself a nice girl and get married?'"

But given the fierce independence and imperturbable psychic stability of monosexuals, such implied criticism rolls off them like water from a duck's back. "After all," says Ms. Wexler, "we are the only group in the country which doesn't demand to be accepted; we merely want to be left alone—with ourselves." #

The New York Times

LATE CITY EDITIO

McGovern Gains Backing; State Will Vote Tomorrow

EXTRA!

An exclusive report on how The New York Times became second banana

by Philip Nobile

South Vietnamese Troops Raid 2 Enemy-Held Areas

HONG KONG RAINS TAKE MANY LIVES

Children's Book Writer Is Sla
In Landmark House in Villag

City Ballet Triumphs in Stravinsky Fete

The biggest and best newspaper in the country missed the century's biggest and best story How young Woodward and Barnstein, spurred by a cowboy executive editor and sustained by a stalwart publisher, caught The New York *Times*'s tit in a wringer is already journalism legend America's paper of record couldn't break into Watergate until *The Washington Post* had looted most of the goods. All The *Times*'s men failed ignominiously in imagination and nerve Nevertheless, their coverage was far better than the legend allows: a disastrous beginning overshadows an illustrious comeback in 1973 and 1974. It was also far worse Three years after, the dybbuk of Watergate continues to try The *Times*'s soul The kingdom and the power may be restored, but the glory is no longer forever

Defeat does not weigh lightly on the New York *Times* personnel Though not every reporter and editor who touched Watergate was burned, none is quite the same as he was before this grand embarrassment Nat Sheppard sold his horses Walter Rugaber's book has no movie deal Tad Szulc resigned Robert Smith transferred to Yale Law School. The F B I wants John Crewdson Seymour Hersh of My Lai, the secret bombing of Cambodia, and the C I.A.'s domestic spying operations, cannot be credited with Nixon's downfall Bob Phelps left for *The Boston Globe*. Max Frankel picked up a Pulitzer in Peking, not Washington Gene Roberts moved on to *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. A. M. Rosenthal, though he hardly needed Ben Bradlee's suggestion, still eats his heart out

Tracking The *Times* through Watergate and its aftermath involves a descent into journalism hell, where personality, politics, pride and ambition are condemned to battle, often for literally ephemeral gains Yet for lack of a few nails, the *Times* dynasty was overthrown in the Summer/Fall of 1972.

The first nail was lost the day of the break in.

Nathaniel Sheppard Jr.

Times Buries Its Stary Of Watergate Break-in

Nat Sheppard thought he had filed a page-one story to New York. He had run his minority-intern ass back and forth between the Watergate and the courthouse, posed as a detective to penetrate the scene of the break-in, gotten Watergate guard Frank Wills on the phone to confirm details, and typed up a long account of the mad second-degree burglary against an early deadline Sheppard didn't like working Saturdays in the *Times* Washington Bureau. Regular reporters—one national and one foreign—rotated on weekends But an intern with no status and no by-line invariably pulled this disruptive duty The Watergate business seemed too ridiculous on the wires to bother Fred Graham, the designated national byliner of the day. Graham, who later switched to CBS News, was always catching up on Supreme Court matters Even news clerk Steve Marmon, the lowliest of *Times* reportorial species, volunteered to chase the caper down. Instead, deskman Bill Robbins assigned Sheppard Meanwhile no less than ten *Washington Post* reporters were on the case. They dug up enough information for three separate stories totaling eighty inches of copy. *The Post* presciently front-paged Watergate in thirty-six-point-type headlines Robbins, whose daily beat is agriculture, didn't push New York to play up Sheppard's article. And New York, relying on Washington's judgment, was in a rush to close the first edition Nonetheless, avid readers of The Sunday *Times* of June 18, 1972, may have noticed a disjointed, thirteen-inch item under an eighteen-point headline remarking on a strange occurrence at the headquarters of the National Democratic Committee—that is, if the avid readers happened to turn to page 30 On Watergate, The *Times* was Wrong From the Start It would not catch *The Post* all year.

Soft Gavernment Line A Tradition in Bureau

The Washington Bureau, the Restonian jewel in the *Times* crown organization, did not come naturally to scuzziness in lofty places To appreciate this gentlemanly concept of news gathering requires some awareness of the history and philosophy of the bureau Not that its reporters winked at capital corruption, they simply didn't see it or didn't believe it if they did see it James Reston instructed his boys to be journalist-scholars They were expected to know their subjects as well as or better than the officials they covered This implied access Access guaranteed scoops, the R B I.'s of the trade And no paper in the land emberrassed The *Times* in that department during Reston's tenure as bureau chief under Eisenhower and Kennedy. The cordiality precedent was firmly writ in the bureau's collective unconscious by Arthur Krock, "The Washington Correspondent" (as Washington burasu chiefs are elegantly titled on The *Times*) between 1932 and 1953 Krock won two Pulitzers for Presidential interviews But when Franklin Roosevelt froze the old goat out of the White House in 1944, thus blocking access, Krock gallantly offered to resign his position

Reston learned well from Krock He convened a two a.m staff meeting the morning after J.F.K.'s assassination and calmly prophesied the schizophrenia of Lyndon Johnson's Administration "I can't stand this lying son of a bitch being President," lamented one of the assembled Yet Reston could, and he was shamelessly tolerant of subsequent lying sons of bitches like Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew For example, Agnew used him to float a page-one If-Indicted-I-Will-Never-Resign column in the midst of his undercover plea-bargaining If Reston was offended by being duped, he put it off the record. Agnew thanked him for not piling on.

Tom Wicker, Reston's immediate and short-lived successor, confirms the bureau's traditionally soft government line. "If The *Times* really had cause to remove me," says Wicker, who took over in 1964, "the best argument they could have made was that I was too slow to sense the necessity for hard reporting I learned too late, the way you always learn, the dangers of being too close to sources The premium was on phoning Johnson and having him answer your calls But I wouldn't call Henry Kissinger today if there were a gun at my head."

Bureau chiefs, however, must keep channels open to assure the flow of government-approved information. Even Kissinger's lies are news Max Frankel doesn't feel obligated to apologize for his friendly relations with Kissinger when he directed the bureau after Wicker, during Nixon's first term. Despite his obvious brilliance—comparisons to the young Walter Lippmann were draped around Frankel's neck—nobody ever perceived him as a tough Washington customer. "People around Johnson thought Frankel was a patsy," a former L B J aide comments on Frankel's hitch as White House correspondent. "He wanted to be liked. It was the greatest thrill in his life when Rusk returned his calls" But Frankel fought for the publication of the Pentagon Papers and hired Seymour Hersh. He could go both ways Heywood Broun once cracked that Walter Lippmann was "quite apt to score a field goal for Harvard and a touchdown for Yale in one and the same play" That's how Max Frankel played the game

Therefore, Watergate wasn't the bureau's kind of story It certainly wasn't bureau chief Frankel's story Whose story was it?

Times Covers Campaign; Rugaber Sits an Evidence

Most of the approximately thirty-five bureau reporters were well spoken for in the Summer of '72 Two conventions and the election loomed large on the schedule Besides, Watergate could have been a fluke National political reporter Christopher Lydon, a connoisseur of human motivation, initially wondered whether McGovern's own people weren't bugging Larry O'Brien to monitor his loyalty to the campaign And it wasn't as if The *Times* could immediately summon a trained cadre of investigative types. Unfortunately, Neil Sheehan was on leave to do a book Seymour Hersh would not tear himself from his exclusive General Lavelle material That left Walter Rugaber, the only other available body in the bureau with a taste for long-haul inquests

News editor Robert Phelps, the second-in-command to Frankel, appointed Rugaber captain of the ragtag Watergate team Diplomatic reporter Tad Szulc pursued the Cuban connection. Robert Smith had excellent sources in the Justice Department. John Crewdson, a twenty-six-year-old news clerk who stepped off the plane from London the Sunday Watergate broke, was pressed into utility service, Detroit correspondent Agis Salpukas watched over the district court Rugaber collated bits and pieces of information in a series of black loose-leaf notebooks Although The *Times* was handicapped by an appalling dearth of local police, prosecutor and F B I field office sources, *The Post*'s home-court advantage dissipated rather quickly The competition controlled the streets, but the real story was in the countryside where The *Times* had an equal shot Neither paper established supreme superiority for the first month. Except for a Szulc honer alleging Howard Hunt's flight to Spain, The *Times* stayed pretty even The ill-fated Rugaber put The *Times* ahead with two nifty ground-breaking pieces in late July He linked Bernard Barker to Gordon Liddy through Barker's phone bills and traced $89,000 in Barker's bank account to a lawyer/launderer in Mexico City The *Times* was thickening the plot while *The Post* stewed Katharine Graham's geniuses had dismantled Woodward and Bernstein (or "Woodstein") a few days earlier, But Rugaber himself got them back on the trail for good. This was the beginning of The *Times*'s end For Bernstein followed Rugaber's footprints in Miami and latched onto the pay-dirt $25,000 Dahlberg check that would blow Watergate wide open In just two and a half hours of frantic checking—Bernstein in Miami, Woodward in *The Post* newsroom—they confirmed that the mysterious signator was Kenneth H Dahlberg, CREEP's Midwest finance chairman, and that he had delivered the telltale check personally to Maurice Stans or Hugh Sloan Richard Nixon had strange company in his misery when the August 1 *Post* appeared. Wrong-Way Rugaber had brought the check back to Washington with him twelve days earlier, but ignored its import until it was too late The *Times* never quite recovered from this beastly stroke of bad luck in 1972

Walter Rugaber

Walter Rugaber is no dummy He did splendid excavation in the Arkansas prison unmarked-grave scandal of 1968 He also exposed shocking medical experimentation on Southern prison volunteers In Washington, Rugaber specialized in sexless institutional corruption rather than the more dramatic personal forms For example, his revelations about the non-enforcement of the Walsh-Healey Act, which supposedly provides for federal safety inspection of factories with government contracts, landed with a thud in The *Times* *Sub specie aeternitatis* is where the tall, slow-footed Rugaber prefers to labor This stuff counts for more than Abe Fortas' outside income and Walter Jenkins' Y M C A visits But nobody remembers Rugaber for God's work They just want to know how the hell he sat on the Dahlberg check

It was simple. Rugaber's Miami bonanza consisted of voluminous telephone records and five checks Over the weekend of July 22, he cleverly deciphered the former through reverse number-name directories at the Library of Congress Thus the marvelous Barker-Liddy story of Tuesday, July 25, and a follow-up the next day On Wednesday, two roads diverged in the woods of Watergate Should Rugaber hunt down the four Mexican checks or the Dahlberg check? A cursory search through the *Times* clipping file showed nothing on Dahlberg An officer at the Florida bank never heard of him either, However, the four Mexico City Banco Internacional drafts were issued in the name of Manuel Ogarrio, listed in the international lawyers directory, *Martindale-Hubbell*, as a resident of the same city The Mexican affair represented more money and foreign intrigue Plus Rugaber knew the suspect's whereabouts Logic and instinct demanded putting aside Dahlberg for Ogarrio. On Wednesday the twenty-sixth, he flew to Mexico City for a fair-sized enchilada But the senior Señor Ogarrio wouldn't receive Rugaber His son was trotted out instead to deny any knowledge of the checks Rugaber filed the still fascinating Ogarrio dispatch on Sunday the thirtieth for Monday's paper and headed for Miami the next day to renew the search for Dahlberg While Rugaber was in transit, Bernstein was in Miami stealing the story that launched a chain of government-sponsored investigations that eventually restored Richard Nixon to disgrace.

Rugaber admits the error Yet he says style rather than stupidity was the reason "I like to go at these things as carefully as possible For example, I often don't want to tell a guy why I want to see him In most cases, finding out who a guy is isn't enough With Dahlberg it was, but suppose he turned out to be another Ogarrio? The mistake was in not stressing Dahlberg to [news editor] Phelps, in not making certain that someone looked into the check when I was away."

Woodward, Bernstein Make Hay; Times Sleeps

August and September were relatively dry news months. The President was renominated, the General Accounting Office cited CREEP for apparent campaign violations, Attorney General Kleindienst promised "the most extensive, thorough and comprehensive investigation since the assassination of President Kennedy", the Watergate Seven were indicted, and The *Times* Washington Bureau slept. Owing to Woodstein's midnight-knock activities during this lull, *The Post* was able to drop two smart bombs. John Mitchell's secret fund (September 29) and massive election sabotage directed by White House officials and implemented by "ratfuckers" like Donald Segretti (October 10). On these stories, the last major investigative pieces of 1972, *The Post* built practically its entire church. How did Woodstein do it? With an esoteric reportorial technique—shoe leather. They spent evenings with their feet in the doors of scared CREEP secretaries. They inveigled CREEP treasurer Hugh Sloan to spill some beans in his own home in nearby McLean, Virginia. In short, Woodstein tried harder than The *Times*, which was messing around on the phone and combing through documents.

In retrospect, news editor Phelps feels his reporters finessed him. He didn't realize then that orders weren't obeyed. For example, Walter Rugaber never once went to McLean to acquaint himself with Sloan, for the moment the single best Watergate source. Rugaber doesn't know why he didn't; he now wishes he had overcome his revulsion for stakeouts. The clue lies in his accountant personality. "I don't think people are reliable witnesses. They only provide part of the picture. Records are so much nicer."

But it wasn't just a reporter's blunder. Where were the editors? Max Frankel was frequently out of sight doing "mood of the country" dispatches as part of the campaign coverage; he was also distracted by his imminent shift to New York to become Sunday editor. But Bob Phelps takes the cake for taking a five-week Alaska vacation starting at the end of August. Who was in charge of the bureau during this crucial spell? John Hemphill, a talented but powerless assistant news editor whose liver killed him in 1973. Making matters worse, two of the original team members withdrew from Watergate. There are grounds for speculating that their continued contributions could have saved The *Times*.

Tad Szulc drifted off after the Cuban angle dried up. Phelps didn't try to coax him back because Szulc was too much of a loner for the shared enterprise. Szulc accepts the characterization. He had been his own man too long. The *Times* twice nominated him for a Pulitzer—for his Bay of Pigs dispatches (which included the suppressed scoop of

Tad Szulc

the sneak attack) and his coverage of the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia. He specialized in troubleshooting missions abroad and purloining government papers in Washington. The C I A morning briefing file, for instance, was frequently part of his daily reading. "Tad was the only journalist in town who'd print information we didn't want in the press," says a former J F K adviser. But Szulc's star sank at The *Times* after his return from Prague in 1969. He coveted the title of diplomatic correspondent to distinguish himself from other State Department reporters in the bureau. Max Frankel, who vacated the purely honorific title upon ascending to bureau chief, rejected the proposal, and so did managing editor Abe Rosenthal. "I told Tad he was out of his element in the halls of State," says Frankel, "that he shouldn't go to his typewriter with just one snippet of information." Somehow Szulc gained a reputation for insufficient sourcing. "Tad's batting average was low," observes a former colleague. "If he came in with something late, you'd want to jump on it like a trampoline to see if it held up."

In June of 1972, Szulc says he came in with his version of Deep Throat—an anonymous fellow, now deceased, with direct links to CREEP. Like the Woodstein Throat Szulc's contact pointed a precocious finger toward Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Colson. "But Phelps and Frankel stonewalled me," claims Szulc. "When I suggested this line of inquiry, I was told not to go ahead." Not so, insists Max Frankel, "I never stonewalled Tad." Says Szulc, "The *Times* editors took the view that unless you could document certain things, you couldn't print them. The *Times* was afraid of denials. *The Post* had faith in what it was doing and we did not."

If The *Times* was unhappy with Szulc, he was disenchanted with them. "There was an extraordinary sense in the bureau of being run by New York. After Jimmy Greenfield became foreign editor and Rosenthal managing editor, reporters lost all autonomy. The news is prefabricated in New York. Maybe I was spoiled as a bureau chief in Madrid and Prague. Sy Topping never tried to run me when he was foreign editor. But under the new system stories are killed without even notifying the reporter. If you call New York for an explanation, you get somebody's assistant. It's the total arrogance of editors."

Szulc, forty-eight, put in twenty years on The *Times*. He might have stayed longer, as their diplomatic correspondent, or if C. L. Sulzberger's foreign affairs column were available. Rosenthal offered him the Miami Bureau and the whole Carribean. But Szulc could not be persuaded to remain where he was not fully appreciated. If he waited until he was fifty, he might not have the courage to free-lance. Therefore he resigned at the close of 1972. At present, Szulc's informed journalism appears, among myriad outlets, on the op-ed page of *The Washington Post*.

Young Reporter Nearly Saves His Own Paper

Robert Smith suffered from job frustration, too. He covered the Justice Department part time and excelled on investigative stories even though acting the detective was displeasing to him. Smith's youthful Boy Scout heart belonged to diplomatic reporting. He often counseled with Phelps about his stalled career. Smith settled on Yale Law School as a means to expand opportunities.

"If you want to know why The *Times* messed up Watergate," confided a knowledgeable bureau man, "ask Bob Smith." Yet Smith, thirty-four, refuses to speak on or off the record. A reliable *Times*man, however, surmises that Smith could have saved the paper single-handedly. According to the *Times*man, Smith was close to breaking Watergate long before *The Post*.

In 1969, Smith was an untried kid on the rewrite desk in New York. During the Harvard riots that year he went up to Cambridge for backup purposes. National editor Gene Roberts, also on the scene, was impressed by the rookie's performance. On a ruse, he decided to keep Smith occupied by assigning him to interview Harvard's incommunicado president Nathan Pusey. Roberts was well aware that even Reston had failed to get Pusey's attention. But nobody let Smith in on the joke. He dogged the poor fellow day and night. When the president stepped out on his porch to retrieve the morning milk, Smith was standing there. When he dined on campus, Smith was sitting at the next table. Harvard called The *Times* to have their fanatic pulled off. Smith was angry that Pusey finally chose to be questioned on *Meet the Press* instead of in The *Times*. But who do you suppose appeared in the *Meet the Press* studio to interview the president?

Robert M. Smith

Roberts and Frankel had been concerned about stories falling through the cracks in Washington. They were anxious to have three or four uncommitted horses like Neil Sheehan in the bureau to saddle up for difficult situations. Smith seemed to match the description—he once obtained an unobtainable sealed grand jury presentment against the late Rep. Hale Boggs.

"Bob is the world's most traditional and moral man," states the reliable *Times*man. "Going to the bathroom probably involves a philosophical decision. He was tormented by his persistence and agonized about going through life as a royal pain in the ass. But he was the fastest source man I've ever met." So fast that he beat Woodstein to Segretti by two months. On one of his last days at The *Times*, in August of 1972, he took a government official to lunch and pumped him on Watergate. "I'll give you one hint," the official said reluctantly, "remember this name—Donald Segretti." Smith feared to write it down in a public place. For the rest of the meal he repeated to himself—Segretti-cigarette, Segretti-cigarette. All he could do then was leave a memo on the strange encounter. "This was merely one of a hundred different clues," the *Times*man concludes, "that would have been followed up if Smith remained." (Smith, as it turns out, is returning to the bureau after graduation from Yale this spring.)

Administration Junkie Holds Paper's Attention

What was The New York *Times*'s management doing during Watergate 1972?

Only a finite number of editorial thoughts can occupy an editor's head at one time. National editor Gene Roberts, aided by one deputy and three assistant national editors, to whom the Washington Bureau, the regional correspondents, the science and education departments, the copydesk and the national editorial backfield all answered, was busy supervising The *Times*'s comprehensive election coverage. However, this extra worry did not compare to the attention paid to another contemporaneous story. For Roberts had something that looked bigger than Watergate. An unimpeachable source apprised The *Times* that a high Administration official was a junkie. The source (or S) claimed the junkie (or J) was hooked on ampheteminea. S often considered divulging the information. On the advice of a counselor, S gave testimony to The *Times*. Everything S disclosed was verified in every particular. But eleven reporters fishing for months couldn't corroborate J's habit. The *Times* located a Manhattan limousine rental agency that furnished J with a car on visits to the city. J had a favorite chauffeur. The *Times* rented a limo and took J's driver for a ride to nowhere. Finally, two reporters interviewed J's press secretary hoping to perceive some clue in the nature of the denial. The spokesman scrammed and immediately rang J's physician for a repetition of the denial. Although The *Times* never found a witness who saw J shooting up, the story did not die. It appeared instead under the front-page headline—AMPHETAMINES USED BY A PHYSICIAN TO LIFT MOODS OF FAMOUS PATIENTS (December 4, 1972). The M D. mentioned by The *Times* was Dr. Max Jacobson, a septuagenarian Dr. Feelgood in New York City, whose fancy clientele included President John Kennedy, Truman Capote, Eddie Fisher and "well over one hundred others in ranking positions in government, journalism, finance, industry, society and several entertainment fields."

"If we had latched onto one person who had seen J in Jacobson's office," reflects Roberts, "it would have been a hell of a story. That was a major diversion and may have been the reason we blew Watergate."

A. M. Rosenthal Offers Five General Excuses

There is no grand-scale cover-up at The *Times*. The guilty pleas on Watergate are collective. Everyone sincerely accuses himself more or less. Yet sufficient *ma*, *mais* are heard to make one wonder who's really responsible. Although several editors were in bed with Watergate, is it possible to identify the true father in this complex paternity case?

"Everybody's to blame," says Bob Phelps from his glass cubicle at *The Boston Globe*. "Certainly Bob Phelps, who was on the firing line, but also Max Frankel, who usually showed a lot of interest in big stories, Gene Roberts, who was working on the story from New York and Abe Rosenthal, who was running the paper." Confession does not suit Rosenthal. Incessant criticism of his stewardship has worn his thin skin down to the nerve endings. Scratch The *Times* and he hemorrhages. When Op-Ed page editor Charlotte Curtis ex-

cerpted Roger Morris' *Columbia Journalism Review* article containing unfavorable references to The *Times*, he chewed her ear off in a three a m. phone call But Rosenthal had been bending the elbow prior to rousing Miss Curtis from slumber After he calmed down he drafted a five-page riposte to the *Review* explaining that he rarely wrote letters in response to commentaries on The *Times* "When I do," the aggrieved party raged in the final paragraph, "I write them only when they are articles written by authors or printed by journals I respect. I am making an exception here as far as both Mr Morris and the Journal are concerned " Then he cooled off again and retracted his wrath in the published version of the letter (*C J.R.*, July/August, 1974) The managing editor doesn't apologize for his blood-spilling personality "I may die from apoplexy, but I'll never get an ulcer"

A. M. Rosenthal

Rosenthal embraces responsibility for Watergate, but doesn't squeeze it very tightly He would rather extend the discussion to the paper and the period as a whole The *Times* was more than the sum of Watergate. "I see The *Times* taking a beating on Watergate, but I also see it maintaining its character throughout When most other papers were abandoning Vietnam and foreign coverage, we kept on" Why don't *Times*-watchers contemplate the big picture for a change—the decisions affecting how much news is printed every day? Gay Talese's *The Kingdom and the Power*, a novelistic account of office politics and personalities, apparently missed the point "Jesus Christ, Gay," Rosenthal once said to his good friend after the book appeared, "that's not what The *Times* is You can fire eighteen men at *The Washington Post* and nobody cares, but you move one rewrite man here . The *Times* is about how we cover the news" Talese replied to Rosenthal, "Abe, when you write that book, do it your way"

But if one must perforce dwell on Watergate, Rosenthal proffers a detailed explanation (1) The *Times* did not recognize the story immediately and consequently a degree of defensiveness set in (the managing editor specifically absolves himself of the latter) (2) As Watergate began to build, priorities were not shifted fast enough from the elections (3) There was no real concept of investigative reporting on the story and how to go about it—too much emphasis on disbanding the team and creating new ones (4) There was a leadership problem—Bernstein and Woodward performed wondrously and so did their editors, Bradlee, Rosenfeld and Simons Editors have to work with this kind of story and, owing to failures and distance, the *Times* editors did not. And (5) Rosenthal spotted the holes, but didn't make the hard decision to replace certain individuals or shuffle others

Rosenthal cannot be more explicit without spitting in the *Times* soup He will not dump on colleagues But it is safe to infer that New York reserves the greater portion of guilt for Washington. "Certain reporters couldn't grasp the significance of the story and were disinterested," comments Dave Jones, Gene Robert's deputy until October 1, 1972, and now national editor. "For some reason Phelps and Frankel weren't able to organize the coverage adequately And Gene and I failed to get the kind of response we should have" Jones discreetly declines to emphasize that New York editors can't kick ass from three hundred miles north of Washington

Times Blunders Noted, Assessed by Ex-Editor

Gene Roberts believes contrition is bullshit "I don't understand why the hell Abe is so sensitive about Watergate," he says from the vantage ground of *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, where he became executive editor in October of 1972, and thereby escaped The *Times*'s shame "I guess you can give ten thousand reasons But as much as you masturbate over it, the story was blown The *Times* always has the most comprehensive political coverage It was quite proper for Max to be out on the campaign Demands in Washington constantly outpaced manpower *The Post* had the advantage because it happened right in their town during two conventions and a national election How far can you stretch thirty-five men? The same thing could happen again It's a miracle that The *Times* gets as many exclusives as it does And where the hell were the other six hundred Washington correspondents on Watergate?"

Roberts, a laconic, imperturbable Southerner, is an object of profound veneration among *Times* reporters "Those who are alienated feel he was the best editor on the paper after Harrison Salisbury," affirms an alienated alumnus If an election were held today for the managing editor's post, Rosenthal would probably be retired in favor of the man from Philadelphia Roberts was city editor of *The Detroit Free Press*, up from *The Raleigh News & Observer*, before arriving at The *Times* in 1965 After three years in Atlanta and a year in Vietnam, he was appointed national editor in 1969 New York and Washington were barely speaking in those days in the wake of the ugly battle over Wicker's successor as bureau chief Reston and his boys revolted, forcing the selection of Max Frankel A subsequent pact between Roberts and Frankel ended this painful episode in *Times* history "There was more shouting in one day between Wicker and New York than there was between Max and me in four years," Roberts comments

Above all, Washington appreciated Roberts for neutralizing Rosenthal. Since he had more national experience and could stymie his superior with long inscrutable silences, Roberts displayed an independence absent in Rosenthal cronies

Although Roberts attributes The *Times*'s Watergate blunder to fate, he predicts similar occurrences in the future unless the bureau's structural flaw is repaired "Every Washington reporter is on a beat. That's what makes them goddamn good Every day they tend their own garden. They hardly ever get beaten on a beat story I think it will take another generation to solve the structure that Krock and Reston built It's a ring-tailed bitch We didn't meet the investigative reporting priority"

But on the ultimate partition of guilt Roberts seems to lean toward Washington 'We staffed Watergate to the extent that *The Post* did Yet their people blitzed our people When you get to the question of authority, if you don't allow a bureau chief the latitude on who goes on a story, then what does a bureau chief do?'"

Turner Catledge quit The *Times* in 1941 for *The Chicago Sun*, but he was later re-hired and rose to managing editor One member of The *Times*'s upper echelon hopes history can be paralleled. "I tried to plant the notion in the publisher's mind that this was a repeat of Catledge Watch this guy. Roberts is someone to bring back."

Possible Negligence Is Attributed to Frankel

Two editors stood between New York and the losing investigative team If Max Frankel and Bob Phelps came out with their hands up on Watergate, few *Times*men would shout in unison an "I am Spartacus" defense. The New York contingent sportingly absorbs punishment, but their enthusiasm for flagellation is diminished by a suppressed belief in their own innocence Watergate wasn't New York's job

Memories of Watergate scarcely haunt Max Frankel He is the David Young of the *Times* plumbers Just as Young, Ehrlichman's and Krogh's accomplice in the Ellsberg burglary, escaped prosecution, Frankel has emerged from Watergate without the appearance of misfeasance Was it his fault for being designated the next Sunday editor in the Summer of 1972? Should he have guessed as he traipsed around the country as bureau chiefs are wont during Presidential elections that a government-felling scandal was afoot in Washington? Frankel does not presume his constant presence could have ransomed The *Times*'s predicament "With our very best efforts," he observes matter-of-factly, "we never caught up That's why I don't say if I had been there, everything would have been solved. There was a run of clues and sources that we didn't reach fast enough and probably got boxed out of. Usually you can take over any story by putting resources in. But *The Post* was uncatchable I'd have to know who their key sources were to tell you why" If Frankel had it to do all over again, he would yank every reporter with Washington contacts off the campaign —Robert Semple, James Naughton, R W Apple, Christopher Lydon, Jack Rosenthal—and throw them at Watergate. As for the bureau chief, he was tied to in and around the White House He once asked Henry Kissinger, with whom he lunched every two months, for help But Kissinger said he couldn't.

Frankel has a theory about The *Times*'s Watergate coverage that seems self-revealing "Perhaps the lack of dirty-mindedness was the essential." Reporter Eileen Shanahan elaborates Frankel's psychological interpretation "It was a failure of decency," she remarks "You see in the world what you see in yourself We'd never had an evil President before Well, at least Johnson probably woke up every morning and asked what can I do that's right today. Nixon never woke up and asked that"

Some of Frankel's staunchest admirers in Washington suggest their former leader is too easy on himself. They wonder how the Tiger of Peking—who filed thirty-five thousand prize words in a single week from the terre incognita of Red China—could tame his ravenous appetite for the whopper in Washington. "The daily news story had to project forward for at least twelve hours to survive all editions and future telecasts," he commented on his Chinese torture in the *Times* house organ "So it was always a matter of writing about yesterday from the vantage of an as yet unknown tomorrow, with events that had not yet occurred placed in the past tense for confirmation before edition time, and allowing for inserts on the unexpected between editions, while illuminating better than the cameras could the things that had already occurred in a dispatch to be read twenty-four hours after the occurrence had been seen at home in living color"

Why wasn't the same energy and intelligence duplicated on Watergate? Confederates state that Frankel did not rate the story highly. As an omnicompetent bureau chief and superstar reporter he should have marched into Watergate ahead of his troops But he bowed to authority too much, according to his subordinates Attorney General Kleindienst lunched at the bureau five days after the break-in One reporter remarked that John Mitchell had insisted that the burglars "were not operating on either our [CREEP's] behalf or with our consent" Did the A G think it significant that Mitchell did not say the raid proceeded without CREEP's foreknowledge? The reporter recalls that Frankel was not delighted with the question and shot him a we'll-have-no-more-of-that glance "Max and Bob didn't take charge," asserts an astute bureau person with no ax to grind, "and so depreciated Watergate. Phelps depreciated the story in fact According to office gossip, he felt *The Post* was overplaying it."

Would-be Bureaa Chief Tripped by Watergate

Bob Phelps, fifty-four, would be bureau chief today if he had finessed Watergate instead of being finessed After toiling as news editor for nine years under Wicker, Frankel and Daniel, he sorely desired to climb in the organization But The *Times* bypassed him for national editor and the Washington spot in 1972 Snatching the aged Clifton Daniel from the relative obscurity of its radio station to succeed Frankel was a vivid vote of no-confidence.

Bureau reporters remember fondly this conservative bird-watching boss He lavished time and affection on them His protective wings spread to the whole bureau Phelps was especially sensitive to anxieties of younger journalists In 1965, New York sent him to Washington from the metropolitan desk to show the independent Tom Wicker that Washington was still a colony But the carpetbagger soon acquired a capital accent. "What are we going to do about Wicker?" Catledge complained after Phelps settled in

"Stop second-guessing him," Phelps replied

"We've given him a chance," Catledge reasserted

"But not enough"

Wicker and Phelps developed a fast friendship as the news editor liberated the chief from administrative details and the diurnal New York nagging Phelps continued as a Washington advocate during the less turbulent Frankel regime In the bureau, he was sainted for stopping the barbarians at the gate. If he was not a creative story editor, he was terrific on smoothing out raw reportorial materials Although Phelps tore anti-Nixon posters off the bulletin board, refused to read *Times* editorials lest he be tempted to shade the news, and prided himself in knowing no congressman by his first name, no one in Washington has the slightest murmur about his stewardship

In New York, Phelps's virtues were sometimes viewed as defects Editors have two archetypes one kind eats little kids for breakfast and spits razor blades all day at the office, the other kind slaps reporters on the back and wants them to be happy Phelps was the second type. New York felt they paid the price for his morale-boosting He "dumped" on headquarters, that is, shipped up problems that could have been handled on his level so that he would not have to be tough in the bureau. Judging from the results, he was not equipped for the helter-skelter of Watergate. Phelps should have cashed in on the Dahlberg check and taken Rugaber for a ride to Hugh Sloan's house. At the beginning of Watergate, he called the *Post* editors cheerleaders for permitting unsubstantiated—albeit prophetic—stories in their paper "Bob is rational," a New Yorker says. "In this business sometimes you ought to be irrational."

Robert Phelps

Times Tries to Recoap; Green Beret Called Up

Watergate's autumn was the cruelest season for The *Times*. Los Angeles bureau chief Steve Roberts craftily palmed Segretti's phone records in Marina del Rey, yielding a couple of solid pieces on Segretti's calls to the White House

and attempt to join the McGovern campaign (October 18 and 19) But these scoops merely footnoted *The Post*'s blockbuster on Don's ratfucking a week previous. Actually, *The Post* was grateful. Republican stooges had been challenging their motives with great fanfare for several days and Woodstein couldn't shut them up with documentary proof. "The *Times* buttressed us in the nicest possible way," says *The Post*'s special Watergate editor Barry Sussman "Just as the White House was attacking us, The *Times* was weighing in with a follow-up That was a real service" The *Times* would have been thrilled to know

Two of The *Times*'s slickest operators—Wallace Turner from San Francisco and Nick Gage from New York—were deputized for Watergate duty. There wasn't much they could accomplish Then the paper overreached a bit when a bureau reporter recruited Major Robert K Brown of the U S Army Special Forces Reserve, a former Vietnam battalion intelligence officer who participated in the bloody Phoenix Program "When my unit was stationed around Saigon, we provided troops for them if they ran into anything hot," says the major In civilian life, Brown is a private detective, soldier of fortune and publisher of Phoenix Press, whose catalog offers such titles as *Silencers, Snipers and Assassins* and *Combat in Russian Forests and Swamps* Since Brown once wrestled alligators with the anti-Castro crowd in Florida, perhaps he could produce some news on the incommunicado Watergate bungler Frank Sturgis (ne Fiorini) To wit: The *Times* received twenty-three pages on "Agent Report" forms, consisting of eleven interviews with hostile sources. Apparently The *Times* wasn't excited by allegations of Sturgis' connection with the Pittsburgh Mafia

Seymour Hersh Enters; Signals New Tough Era

An iron curtain descended around Watergate during November and December. Nixon's landslide election buried the issue. Everybody clammed up The paper had little fit to print. Until Seymour Hersh entered Watergate, The *Times* was a pitiful, helpless giant rooting up dried tubers Hersh took two months to ready an exclusive that would put the paper back into business in January, 1973 However, even Hersh's landmark story was twice killed, the second time on the pleading of the principal source after the story had been set for the Sunday front page.

Seymour M Hersh is the franchise Although The *Times* rejected his application before My Lai and waited two years to finally hire him, Abe Rosenthal proudly refers to the thirty-eight-year-old Hersh as the most valuable journalism property in the country Even David Halberstam, arch critic of The *Times*, concurs Nonetheless it's not easy riding shotgun in the Washington Bureau Even the resourceful Neil Sheehan did not remain long in the slot Walter Rugaber quietly relocated on the consumer-affairs and agencies beat. It's not easy being Sy Hersh either His stories are often written in blood

Eugene L. Roberts Jr.

"How does he do it?" asks a dear friend rhetorically "He's not particularly winning or fatherly or trustworthy" He does it by nut-cutting Along with manic zest and extra smarts, Hersh gets by, according to several sources, on a repertoire of dirty tricks Not just Mickey Mouse pranks but real strong-arm stuff A *Times* editor who has witnessed his modus operandi sighs, "I'll say one thing—Sy is a bully" Abe Rosenthal doesn't care to discover what's beyond this euphemism, and there's plenty Perhaps one is not expected to be a gentleman from The *Times* when one is enmeshed in ungentlemanly affairs If the legacy of Reston's pipe-puffing chumminess and Frankel's "lack of dirty mindedness" bogged The *Times* down in Watergate, maybe an infusion of indecency was obligatory And Hersh would happily comply

David Halberstam and J Anthony Lukas appeared with Hersh on a television show in the Spring of 1972 Wasn't it curious, someone pointed out, that among these Pulitzer Prizers, two had forsaken daily journalism while the third was jumping aboard? Hersh, the odd man out, smiled Halberstam and Lukas, both Harvard/Reston alumni and reporters of distinction and respect, could afford to leave The *Times* The *Times* had done everything it could for them, But at thirty-five, Hersh was still a free-lance hustler despite three books, a clutch of prizes and *My Lai 4* royalties Not long ago, he had been stringing for the *National Catholic Reporter* and suffering the indignities of the unaffiliated What did Halberstam and Lukas, with their illustrious catered careers, know from the *National Catholic Reporter*? "Some men fall in love," comments former colleague Gloria Emerson, "but Sy found The New York *Times*"

Colleagues See Hersh Ego as Key to Success

It is Hersh's nature to bad-mouth his environment and upbraid the intellectual corruption of his comrades. Yet he regularly arrives at the bureau's eighth-floor office at 19th and L Streets before the other members of the foreign cluster, a corner grouping of diplomatic reporters including Bernard Gwertzman, Leslie Gelb and David Binder "Clifton, I want you to hear this," he said to the promenading bureau chief one morning "This is Philip Nobile, he's doing a piece on us for Esquire and it's going to be a gossipy bullshit thing . . ." Hersh likes rattle it gives him the verbal advantage. He's a spritzer, bobbing and weaving in and out of conversations, quickly changing directions in a stream of non sequiturs Hersh, deceptively boyish in horn-rims brushed by a cascade of straight blondish hair, is always on ("Sy is the brightest man I've ever known and the most exciting to be with," observes the platonically related Ms Emerson. "He's very human but you wouldn't call him up about lower back

pains or missing lampshades") In the bureau, Hersh is admired, envied, dismissed, loved, feared and despised. Hence his personality is continually on exhibition—"My mother used to say I had *shpilkes* and now they call it hyperactivity"—colleagues are tempted to analyze. "Sy is so successful yet he frets about other people's success," declares one. "Everyone has his own insecurities Sy probably expresses his more He staggers around the office with an oversized ego, which means he has no ego at all"

Why did Hersh come to The *Times*? Why remain? He pulls a manila folder from a file behind his desk It contains four inches of Watergate clippings. "There's your answer," he beams with deserved self-satisfaction "I was very black about those people in 1972 It was Vietnam and Nixon—a very black world. I never once thought I'd have difficulty saying what I wanted to say in The *Times*. I've had maximum freedom except that Watergate became a drag I expect I can do stories I'm interested in without a rigid beat Watergate was a beat There is inherent freedom in free-lancing but also inherent lack of clout I never knew who wrote for *Life*, but I know who writes for newspapers I could make more money free-lancing and I might someday But if I've got something important to say, I'd rather say it on page one of The *Times*, not on page six"

If only Hersh had not delayed his Watergate debut, Robert Redford might be filming *his* book instead of Woodstein's. The flap over General Lavelle's unauthorized bombing of North Vietnam was a beauty that hinted at the complicity of Henry Kissinger, a target he would love to bull's-eye But compared to Watergate? "Sy has to be working on the biggest story in the country," remarks a buddy. "His ego demands it. He knew about the cover-up and the money, but he wasn't willing to invest six months in a story he didn't think would be successful. He'd go in and out, but couldn't catch up, He wasn't willing to be second best"

Hersh's editors attribute his initial lassitude to the fact that Watergate was in the public domain He didn't break it himself It was someone else's story. After General Lavelle faded in the fall, Hersh had no excuse. He studied Rugaber's scrapbooks for two weeks in November, searching for an angle Frank Sturgis, one of the Watergate burglars, was it Disillusioned with his partners in crime, Sturgis was collaborating on a double-crossing confessional biography that would be released after a promised Presidential pardon. Somehow, Hersh refuses the details, the good soldier's tongue was inexplicably loosened in December Hersh rushed a wild five-part exclusive based on Sturgis' admissions But confirmation was ticklish, New York rejected the quintuplets "If I had to meet The *Times*'s standards, I never could have written My Lai," he lamented to Bob Phelps on the shuttle back to Washington "I believed that kid on My Lai and I know these guys are telling me the truth. There's no formula for sources" Apparently the story was sufficiently tightened into a single installment to be scheduled for Sunday, January 7, 1973 But Abe Rosenthal got a frantic call from Miami Saturday afternoon which convinced him to lift the second version from the front page. The *Times* finally unleashed the delayed bomb the next Sunday under the sensational headline—4 WATERGATE DEFENDANTS REPORTED STILL BEING PAID Through the apparently self-destructive graciousness of Sturgis, Hersh was able to disclose that (1) the Miami Four were being subsidized with $400-plus monthly payments by persons yet unnamed and (2) John Mitchell had been kept informed of their activities (Sturgis and his codefendants were then in the middle of their trial Blabbing on the record this way with Hersh—just as Sturgis was trying to sneak past Judge Sirica on a know-nothing guilty plea—seemed positively suicidal) Thus the suspected, but never proven, cover-up was shown to be proceeding And the scoop belonged to Hersh *The Post* had cautiously held up their own report on Hunt's attempt to coax his codefendants into guilty pleas. The tide was turning away from *The Washington Post*

Times Makes Comeback Bid; Hersh Triumphs

The *Times* shucked its loser image during Watergate 1973. After James McCord unplugged the case in his March letter to Judge Sirica, Hersh went on

Max Frankel

one of the great forced marches of investigative journalism. He importuned sources, steamrolled over colleagues and developed a high-tension rash while he took a lease on the front page in May and June. On different days, he had John Ehrlichman, the three original prosecutors—Silbert, Glanzer, Campbell—David Young, Dean's lawyers, Ervin committee counsels, etc. in his pocket (or he was in theirs, depending on who was using whom).

"Sy reminds me of a guy who goes into an Oriental market every day to buy and sell," comments another *Times*man "And he sells information He leaves the house with a little piece of string and returns with a big ball He's the best trader of information I know The sheer perseverance of Hersh assures a high batting average. He comes at you with so many moves I'm not sure he's that much smarter than the rest of us or whether he simply works up to capacity more But it's a game to him. He does it for his own internal needs. The former ambassador to Chile, Ed Korry, wrote a letter to Abe accusing Sy of threatening him personally"

In the Summer of 1973, the cover-up was collapsing and the rats were climbing over each other for safety Newspapers were the primary beneficiary of this stampede And Hersh was one of the better catchers in the rye. If a rat adamantly hung on, Hersh would step on his fingers "In this atmosphere of savage warfare among principals in the case," Chris Lydon remarked perceptively in The *Times* (May 1), "newspapermen in intense competition for the latest disclosure find themselves dealing with an almost infinite number of 'sources,' but getting few 'facts' that are either provable or disinterested"

Hersh's proximity to prosecutors Silbert et al backfired according to insiders "I thought Sy was far too easy on them," says a veteran bureau observer He means that the original prosecutors botched the first investigation by overlooking the role of higher-ups Woodstein distrusted them, yet Hersh became their public defender "Because of source journalism in Washington," remarks Charles Morgan of the D C Civil Liberties Union, "reporters are not only nice to their sources, but they wind up as their flacks I found that Sy Hersh promoted the prosecutors" Hersh resents the charge

But a prosecution source affirms their affinity "The difference between Hersh and Rugaber and Crewdson is the difference between a nuclear bomb and a musket Rugaber was sort of superficial His coverage was run-of-the-mill But Hersh has style At first you think he's flaky But he's operating at a fever pitch You want to talk to him about medicine, he talks about medicine He keeps things off the record, his ethical standards are very high

"Woodward and Bernstein were very hostile. They'd never open up But Hersh would exchange ideas For example, he'd say, 'Don't believe the C I A. They're full of shit. They lied' Woodward and Bernstein are takers They stole stuff off Silbert's desk [by reading documents] Hersh didn't do that."

The *Times* Watergate team ceased to function as a group in early 1973 Rugaber stepped aside to cover events in

Major Robert K. Brown (U.S.A.R.)

court and pecked away at his historical Watergate book John Crewdson reported on the Patrick Gray confirmation hearings and then floated around plucking off impressive exclusives. Chris Lydon, a witty displaced Bostonian whose Teddy's-Running-for-President story in February, 1974, has a special corner in the blooper Hall of Fame, slipped into the scene as a utility man He wrote some excellent dope articles about the machinations of Watergate figures and wound up as The *Times*'s Colson contact Lydon's legitimate page-one article on Colson's lie-detector test (April 8, 1973)—in which Colson denied foreknowledge of the break-in—irked some colleagues who felt Lydon was too gullible.

Hersh's presence on the story inevitably increased tensions Competition turned inward "After we regained first place," says a bureau member, "we stopped worrying about *The Post* and wondered about beating the guy across the room."

Did Hersh ever bump into his colleagues on his rescue mission? That is, were other *Times*men hooked into his franchise-saving sources? Hersh's expression turns quizzical One must be kidding to ask such a question Another *Times*man comments "Sy goes up a wall if he gets a sniff someone else is on his sources. The only good source is Sy's source today If he's your source tomorrow he's a horse's ass" According to a Washington source, Hersh once attempted to alienate the Lydon-Colson relationship Lydon had circulated his notes on a Colson interview around the office. Hersh noticed some fascinating off-the-record material in the notes and urged Lydon to pursue it They decided to try the good cop-bad cop routine on Colson, hoping he could be conned into going on the record under pressure Lydon was the conciliator and Hersh the heavy. Lydon opened the act with harmonious comments Hersh was supposed to support him in intimidating tones Instead, Hersh reportedly left Lydon twisting in the wind "Chris, these are good guys Don't hurt them We can't use it Don't write it."

Eventually, Colson merged with Hersh. They communicated indirectly. A Colson lawyer would call a Colson associate forbidding him to leak Hersh a certain matter Then Hersh would call the associate on precisely that matter "Sy flatters you," admits a romanced Colson sidekick "He nailed me by asking for my advice I like being puffed up and involved in intrigue . . . Woodward and Bernstein didn't write in depth So if you wanted to put out an angle, they couldn't be trusted as much Sy plays the game and Chuck felt safer with him."

Hersh Scored by Author For Alleged Pirating

Meanwhile back at the bureau, Hersh caresses his bulging Watergate folder. Flipping through the clips, he stops and rereads some headlines of fond memory "Look at this," he says, removing a handful of folded pages "This was a great week [May 20-26, 1973]. All great stories [five consecutive page-one pieces] I did this while Woodstein were out accepting prizes." Then he ponders the clip on the top of the pile—the Frank Sturgis scoop "I had trouble with this one It was Sturgis versus Mitchell and I respect The *Times* for it This is a seminal story, the first one about the cover-up" The magnificence of Hersh's Watergate premiere in The *Times* cannot be gainsaid When the zipper-lips from Miami weren't even conversing with their guardian angels, one broke the code of silence and sang to Hersh at his own tremendous peril Why? Why was the revised Sturgis extravaganza canceled at the last minute? Why is Hersh nervous about a probe of his probe? It is a sordid tale Investigative reporters are not ink-stained Franciscans. Their ends tend to justify their means They are, rather, Robin Hoods who, according to reporter Nick Cage's definition, "establish communion with a source to get information that the source shouldn't give" Perhaps communing with so many slimes (Hersh's word) warps the reporter's sensibility and he adopts the methods of the enemy.

Hersh would seem to agree. "What a lot of crap," he replied in *New York* magazine to the hypothesis that the investigative reporter has become America's new folk hero "This mythology grows up around everybody, and *we've been corrupted too* [emphasis added]" A reconstruction of the Sturgis episode should demythologize enough

Andrew St. George lives above a cleaning store in the unfashionable section of Dobbs Ferry, twenty miles north of Manhattan in Westchester County The flat is dark but warmly hospitable, despite the linoleum floors and inexpensive furnishings It is the home of a displaced person, not a settled man In fact, St. George, forty-seven, lost his house in a better part of town two years ago However, the displacement transcends geography St George, a beefy, garrulous polyglot, was once a distinguished foreign correspondent, a somebody in American journalism. In 1959, when Sy Hersh was working in a bar between college and the Army, St. George won the Overseas Press Club and Sigma Delta Chi awards for his photojournalism in *Life* and *Look* His exclusive pictures

and interviews with guerrilla leader Fidel Castro in the Sierra Maestra earned him a reputation for daring and savvy On the strength of six risky visits he had more "jungle time" with Castro than any other reporter

Danger and secrecy always intoxicated St George He acquired his habit during a five-year hitch in Army intelligence. Although he is a native Hungarian, he joined our side in Vienna in 1945, after dodging the Nazis in the underground He investigated war criminals in Hungary and later specialized in debriefing V.I.P. defectors Crash-landing in Cuba was an extension of youthful occupations. Although St George's enthusiasm for Castroism waned with the advent of Communism, he continued to appear regularly in *Life* with a variety of Caribbean adventures. His stories were syndicated internationally by the London *Daily Telegraph*. Then something awful happened in the early Sixties—word spread that he was C I A. St George traces the rumor back to an allegedly jealous *Time* stringer who drafted an incriminatory memo for the Time Inc. files The charge was impossible to shake The day J.F K. died, the foreign editor of *Life* phoned St. George's wife to say that he knew Andrew worked for the C I A and could he please help out In 1964, a *Look* editor refused the requisite expenses on a Peru

Seymour M. Hersh

assignment, saying, "We know you have other sources." Gradually, American outlets withered away Even a Vietnam commission was unobtainable from American publications.

St George could not cope with the mockery A series of unrelated tragedies intruded on his family He drank and did not perform especially well Adventures metamorphosed into misadventures His best material vanished into magazines like *True* and *Coronet* In 1972, the Fund for Investigative Journalism, the same group that supported Hersh on My Lai, subsidized St George's research into Papa Doc Duvalier's Washington payoffs But the real break occurred when Frank Sturgis reentered his life.

He and Sturgis had been Castroites together Sturgis, an assiduous gunrunner for the guerrillas, had once flown St George in over the trees When they met in Miami in October, 1972, Sturgis seemed anxious to talk He was fed up with taking orders and receiving less hush money from Barker. St George promised him a fortune from book, TV and movie deals if he would tell him the whole Watergate story. Sturgis was keenest about the movie He also trusted his old compañero A multimedia arrangement was signed with Donald Engel, St. George's literary agent, on November 1

After several interviews with Sturgis, St George wrote two tantalizing outlines that raised the Watergate curtain higher than it had ever gone before In mid-November, 1972, one outline went to Bob Loomis at Random House and the other to Lawrence Freundlich, editor in chief of Harper's Magazine Press Utter confidentiality was demanded Unbeknownst to St George, Random House was not only Hersh's publisher but Loomis was his editor Not long after the transfer of the outlines, Hersh phoned St. George—he would love to come up to Dobbs Ferry to discuss the outline St George reflexively put him off Hersh persisted Finally, St George met him in Washington in December where Hersh allegedly put in motion "the sort of wipeout he has himself so elaborately (and profitably) deplored at My Lai and elsewhere an operation conducted without regard to morality, custom, law, civility . . ." (From a letter to Lewis Lapham, February 14, 1973) A detailed exposition of the events leading up to the subsequent Sturgis scoop in mid-January is sketched in a memo St George wrote to Lewis Lapham, managing editor of *Harper's*, who was then working with St George on a Watergate article. By this time Random House's Bob Loomis had rejected the St George proposal and the book had been contracted with Harper's Magazine Press The *Harper's* article of concern to Lapham represented an excerpt from the book The memo is dated February 12, 1973 It is an indictment of Hersh and The New York *Times* from beginning to end

"As you know, I think there should be a written informal record of the precise circumstances under which Seymour Hersh, having pirated my Watergate book outline, attempted to deter me from making too much of a protest or a fuss about his proposed exploitation of it by naming you as the editor who had originally leaked my outline to The *Times*

". . . Hersh told me he had my outline and 'I could publish it tomorrow if I wanted' but he realized this sort of premature disclosure would greatly compromise the material and inflict grave personal jeopardy on my confidential Watergate source, Frank Sturgis Hersh offered a blackmail deal he would not 'expose' Sturgis as the Watergate figure who 'blew the whistle on the whole deal' and also 'protect the information' by using it only later, in part, in fact, only as part of a major series he (Hersh) was writing on the C.I.A —that was his *real* interest in my stuff, he wasn't really covering Watergate at all, Rugaber did that; he would 'protect' me in all these ways, if I made it possible for Hersh to talk to Sturgis himself in confidence *That* was what Hersh really wanted, he told me to have Sturgis repeat some of the information in my outline viva voce Not *too* viva a voce, of course, not on the record, not for attribution, nothing like that—Sturgis would be protected, too, we could be sure of that his material would appear only as the contribution of a 'source close to the defense' or under some such protective mechanism.

" . . Of course, my concern over the commitment to protect Frank Sturgis—and, of course, the urge to protect my own story so far as possible—made it difficult to deal with Hersh in legal terms there is simply no way to suppress some information by bringing it into the courts, and Hersh knew it Nevertheless, I finally raised the question about just how my outline had been compromised . . . When he feels under fire, Hersh tends to leap around wildly from one position to another, perhaps to confuse the opposition—and Hersh finally

said, with an air of spuriously resigned confidentiality, 'Well, yes, I'll tell you, it was that Lewis Lapham. You know how he is. Watcha gonna do?'

". . . In return for his 'word as a gentleman' (a quality which has been, for me, long a sort of corollary to being a *Times* writer), I arranged a strictly confidential conversation between Hersh and Sturgis in Miami. Of course in the end not just the use of your name but everything Hersh said turned out to be a fraud.

". . . Last week, I met Hersh again in Washington, having nothing much left to lose, I gave him hell . . . When called to account, Hersh titters, ducks and wiggles like a naughty terrier that knows it's too cute for a real beating. When I scolded him for using your name fraudulently, he pulled his head down, grinned and said, 'That wasn't such a good idea, was it?'"

Andrew St. George

St. George first learned the deal with Hersh was off on Saturday, January 6. Magnum, a photo syndicate, reached him in Miami with a request for his picture. From whom? The New York *Times*. Confused, scared and angry, St. George immediately roused Hersh on the phone in Washington. He envisioned the worst for the book and his collaborator who was to go on trial on Monday. He had convinced Sturgis that Hersh would not betray him in exchange for corroborating the outline. Sturgis always said he would be a dead man if his biography plan leaked before the trial. (He wasn't merely paranoid; there had been conversations in Miami about bumping off Alfred Baldwin, the radioman in the Howard Johnson motel across from Watergate, for spilling to the F.B.I.) According to St. George, Hersh told him to cool off. Sturgis was identified in his story, but the publicity guaranteed them a best seller. "I was an idiot to trust you," St. George protested, "but there was My Lai and that wasn't a lie."

Unassuaged, St. George rang Abe Rosenthal in New York and pleaded with him. Not only had Hersh annulled an ironclad promise, but even St. George couldn't absolutely ratify the truth of the outline at this stage. Rosenthal replied unsympathetically that he did not interfere with investigative reporters and their sources. But St. George planted sufficient doubts in the managing editor's head to have the article yanked. "If a source is telling me that a story is part true and part not, we should take another look," explains Rosenthal. "That's probably the reason the story was held up."

Hersh was frantic. His precious Watergate scoop, a two-month labor that would stick it to Woodstein, was foiled again. Originally, The *Times* shot it back for more corroboration. Now Andrew St. George stood in his way. But not for long. Eagle eyes at *The Post* noticed an announcement of a no-show piece in the index of the first edition (the announcement disappeared in the later editions). *The Post* realized The *Times* had something they didn't. Another round of confirmations ensued. (Hersh already counted on the pliancy of Sturgis' lawyer Henry Rothblatt, who bent the attorney-client privilege to substantiate the outline. Don Engel, St. George's lawyer/agent, ignored Hersh's threats to expose his role in the affair if he didn't open up.) The *Times* was sufficiently satisfied to headline the scoop the next Sunday. "I'm still not happy with the story," Rosenthal comments, "because there's too much St. George in it." Exactly. St. George's name receives twenty-three mentions, the outline thirteen, and Sturgis thirty-nine!

Impropriety Denied by Hersh; Rosenthal Mum

What is Hersh's reaction? "I don't know what this does to your Esquire article, but I never had the outline," he insists. "I bluffed him out of his pants. I pretended I had it all the time. He was so hot to get his name in The *Times*. The only time Sturgis talked to me was when Andrew St. George was upstairs taking a leak. I never received the outline of that book. I give you my goddamn word . . . I thought the article was fair. He thought it was terrible. He called up Rosenthal begging him to put it off. I hated to do it to that guy, but I never had the outline. He had the Watergate story and couldn't do anything with it. Why? Because he's Andrew St. George."

It is implausible that a veteran intelligence operator like St. George could have been fooled by such a childish ruse. "This isn't possible. Sy held the outline in his hand and showed it to me and quoted extensively from it. It was my typewriting, my sentences, and unmistakably my text. From the questions he asked I could tell it was the Random House outline. Naturally, Sy has every reason to lie because it's actionable. This was my literary property."

If Hersh bluffed St. George, he also bluffed his editor, Bob Phelps. "I assume he had the outline," remarks Phelps, "because he quoted from it." Bob Loomis denies Random House collusion but contradicts Hersh. "Sy knew I had the outline and asked for it. I said no. He said he'd get it elsewhere and he did. He told me he had the outline."

Loomis informed his author of these outline inquiries and in the space of a half hour Hersh was on the phone, exasperated that his effing word had not ended the mystery. But didn't he admit to Loomis that he had the outline? "People can't even remember what happened two days ago." Didn't he pass on the leak to Lapham in conversation with St. George? "Who knows what I told him? Lapham wouldn't have given it to me. I once denounced him at a meeting. He's so smug."

The Hersh-Lapham incident transpired at the Newport U.S. Naval War College during a symposium on the military and the media, coincidentally on the very day St. George sent his outline to Harper's. After Lapham's speech criticizing aspects of military reporting, Hersh censured him from the audience as a traitor to his class.

Lapham is predictably appalled that Hersh would try to pin the leak on him. "Hersh is a minor-league Savonarola. In the pursuit of his notion of the truth, there is no rule he wouldn't break, no one he wouldn't destroy."

When pressed further on St. George's allegations, Hersh reverted to condescension. "Don't make me say anything cruel about Andy . . . he's pathetic. He needs to be liked. I called him last week [on the C.I.A. domestic spying story] and he wanted to go through clips for me."

Hersh is correct about St. George. He is to be pitied for his misfortunes. However, the issue is St. George's credibility, not his prestige. A fascinating artifact survives from the period of their broken treaty. It is a copy of Hersh's book *Cover-Up* that was mailed to St. George a week after the cause célèbre appeared in The *Times*. The inscription reads: "For Andy St. George—who has integrity—even more than, sometimes, he thinks. With respect, Seymour M. Hersh."

Abe Rosenthal is unmoved by St. George's damning memo. Depending on the situation, The *Times* will burn a source. "Who the f—— is Andrew St. George?" he asks.

The Hersh-Korry Case: Is Times Changing?

Who is, we might just as well inquire, Edward M. Korry that Hersh should treat him scrupulously in The *Times*? Edward M. Korry, fifty-three, is a former ambassador to Chile who popped up in Hersh's September, 1974, series on the C.I.A.'s anti-Allende campaign. In the first installment, Hersh unveiled the top secret House testimony of C.I.A. director William E. Colby regarding his agency's $8,000,000 subversion of the Marxist regime of President Salvador Allende Gossens. "The testimony of Mr. Colby," Hersh deduced, "indicates that high officials in the State Department and White House repeatedly and deliberately misled the public and the Congress about the extent of United States involvement in the internal affairs of Chile during the three-year government of Dr. Allende." After reciting a litany of C.I.A. nasties against Allende (including bribery of Chilean congressmen), Hersh introduced the apparently disingenuous remarks of Ambassador Korry delivered under oath to a Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee: "The United States did not seek to pressure, subvert, influence a single member of the Chilean Congress at any time in the entire four years of my stay. No hard line toward Chile was carried out at any time." Then Hersh quoted subcommittee chief counsel Jerome I. Levinson (who is reliably reported to be Hersh's leak), charging that the subcommittee had been "deliberately deceived." Q.E.D.—Ambassador Korry is a perjurer. What did the ambassador say for himself in the article? Nothing. Despite the prejudicial nature of the piece, Hersh did not call his victim until two days and two stories later. Even then the ambassador could not persuade Hersh (in several conversations) or The *Times* (in a procession of letters to the editor) to correct the implication that he had aided in sabotaging Allende and lied through his teeth to Congress.

Finally, Hersh saw fit to rehabilitate Ambassador Korry sixteen days after the initial damage was done and exactly two weeks after he had been set straight. "The Nixon Administration, in what amounted to a change of its clandestine policies toward the regime of President Salvador Allende Gossens of Chile," he wrote in the lead, "officially authorized the Central Intelligence Agency to begin supplying financial and other aid to anti-Allende factions in mid-October, 1971, highly reliable intelligence sources said today." And then in the seventh paragraph, Hersh fesses up that Ambassador Korry wasn't even in the country when the C.I.A. started screwing Allende (in fact, as he had testified, Korry had been soft on Allende). "A change of ambassadors took place on Oct. 12, 1971, with Edward M. Korry, a Kennedy Administration appointee, being replaced by Nathaniel M. Davis . . ."

Ambassador Korry believes he might have received a better shake if he had brought Hersh the head of Henry Kissinger. He accused Hersh in a letter to Abe Rosenthal of attempting to extort from him information harmful to the Secretary of State. This Hersh irately denied. (In a remake of the St. George affair, Hersh acquired a copy of a Korry book outline on Chile and threatened to use it. But Korry wouldn't bargain and Hersh backed off.) Korry, a journalist before joining the diplomatic service, doubts the efficacy of The *Times*'s left-handed retraction. He states that his future plans in government and private life have been destroyed by the episode. Korry's bitterness is torrential. "I admired Abe Rosenthal for his book about Kitty Genovese, the girl who lay dying and nobody helped. Well, that's what he's doing to me and I was his friend for twenty years. All you ask is that they don't back into the truth in the seventh paragraph fifteen days later. Rosenthal, Sulzberger and [editorial page editor] Oakes are frightened by reporters like Hersh. Do you think that people who believe I killed Allende won't try revenge? My wife and two of my children received death threats every day when we were in Chile. I was number two on an assassination list after former President Frei. Do you think that these extreme leftists who read The *Times* don't think about this?"

"Sy did some interesting things with John Dean when Dean started leaking to *Newsweek*," avows another investigative reporter in Washington. "He let Dean know they were going to screw him if he didn't play ball." Robert C. McCandless, Dean's counsel, concedes the rough-and-tumble. "Hersh comes at you with a baseball bat but if you're big enough to play his ball game it's okay." Unlike Hersh, there are those sources and public figures who don't expect to compete according to bush-league rules, especially at The New York *Times*.

White House "Murder" Last Lead to Nowhere

Sometime after the Dahlberg check debacle, news editor Bob Phelps inaugurated a scorch-every-earthly-possibility policy. *The Post* had flogged The *Times* in the early innings because they ran out every fly. Now it was The *Times*'s turn to go for the far-out stuff. In addition to Hersh's activities, there was the Huston Plan scoop and then the case of the White House murder.

Phelps ordained John Crewdson the day after the kid returned to the bureau from a year's sabbatical at Oxford. Although Nat Sheppard wrote the initial dispatch on the day of the break-in and was equally available, Phelps presumed Crewdson's "conspiratorial mind" would prove handier. Thus Crewdson would get his by-line without the obligatory stopover in New York, while Sheppard, who devoutly wished the Watergate assignment, had to leave his farm, sell his four horses, and head for further apprenticeship in the North.

Crewdson, a graduate of Berkeley with Great Distinction in economics, was transfixed by charts and chronologies. The summer before Watergate he pored over the *Times* Kent State files, expecting the case could be solved by resifting the evidence. When the scientific approach flopped, he conspired with fellow news clerk Stephen Marmon to trigger a confession from one of the gun-toting guardsmen. Marmon actually phoned Sergeant Myron Pryor, pretended to be another guardsman, and said,

John M. Crewdson

"Well, we might as well turn ourselves in, the jig's up." But the Myron Pryor they called wasn't the right Myron Pryor.

Crewdson's investigative fortunes improved during Watergate 1973. Aided by golden sources in the Justice Department, he transmitted scoops to The *Times* beyond his juniority. The one that stung *The Post* the most was the unmasking of the Huston Plan on June 7, 1973. Tom Charles Huston, a young White House assistant, had drafted a covert domestic intelligence scheme in 1970. It urged various illegal tactics to combat Black Panthers, Weathermen, etc. President Nixon approved and then rescinded the plan after J. Edgar Hoover put his foot down on the Huston scheme. These documents were very hot in the Spring of 1973. John Dean was hawking his copy in a struggle for immunity. "A Gestapo mentality," drawled Senator Sam Ervin. But Crewdson was the only one who did anything about the Huston Plan. He finagled it from a source after a flawless execution of the good cop-bad cop routine, with Chris Lydon in a supporting role. It went like this:

Crewdson had the perfect wedge—a tip that "selective domestic assassination" was cited as an option in the plan. This outrageous suggestion pricked the source. Crewdson, a mammoth brooding type who seldom smiles, pressed further. He *knew* the stuff was in there. No, said Lydon, we believe you. Prove it, Crewdson squeezed. And the source proved it by obliging them with the documents

All This and Safire, Too

"The hiring of Bill Safire was a monstrous accident," insists a *Times* Washington Bureau colleague, referring to a chance meeting between Safire and publisher Punch Sulzberger at a charity dinner in late 1972. Safire informed Sulzberger about an offer from *The Washington Post*. Apparently, the *Times* publisher bettered it. Soon after Safire's appointment as a *Times* columnist, the highest reward in American journalism, The *Times* sicced reporters Nick Cage, Wallace Turner and Martin Waldron on him. According to a *Times* editor, the paper had received a tip about the alleged bad company Safire kept as a P.R. man for Tex McCrary Inc. (1955–1960) and Safire Public Relations Inc. (1960–1968). The investigation also included Safire's long career as Republican campaigner and his potential Watergate connections. "While there were serious questions about his dirty tricks in various campaigns," one of the reporters remarks, "he didn't have the killer instinct."

The natural resentment the bureau felt for the hiring of a Nixon hack instead of a genuine conservative like James Kilpatrick soon changed to contempt. "As Matthew Arnold says, one of the most difficult things is to bring thought to bear on politics," comments a *Timesman*, "and this is what Bill doesn't do."

"It's not breaking my ass that Safire's at The *Times*," cracks Ben Bradlee. He much prefers *The Post* conservative discovery George Will. "Safire works here, but he doesn't really belong," is the representative sentiment of his Washington Bureau colleagues.

The delirious actors celebrated in an ice cream parlor. Phelps compelled dictating the scoop over the phone lest they mislay their property en route to the bureau.

For his Watergate pains, Crewdson is currently under F.B.I. investigation for allegedly possessing the agency's files on Segretti and others.

In January of 1974, Phelps assigned E. W. Kenworthy, a gracefully aging reporter with a reputation for steady, impeccable work, to a Watergate angle so weird that no other newspaper in the country except the *Brattleboro Reformer* bothered to follow it up. MURDER IN THE WHITE HOUSE—declared Phelps after The *Times* got a tip from the Special Prosecutor's office about the suspicious death of a key White House secretary. Beverly Kaye, forty-one, complained of a sudden intense headache at her White House desk on December 20, 1973. She was carried to the nearby Executive Office Building where White House physician Dr. William Lukash recommended hospitalization. Mrs. Kaye died three hours later in George Washington University Hospital. The F.B.I. attributed the death to natural causes. Since the Special Prosecutor's office preferred to keep the F.B.I. off the case, The *Times* was asked to investigate.

Kenworthy had a previous experience with mysterious demise. A source on the I.T.T. case suffocated in a New York hotel before he could interview him. But the killing of Mrs. Kaye, despite a perfect motive, didn't quite connect for Kenworthy. He learned that she was with her boss, Stephen Bull, the guardian of the White House tapes, that October weekend in Key Biscayne when Rose Mary Woods made several wee-hour withdrawals from the tape safe. Prosecutors speculate that part of the eighteen-and-a-half-minute gap originated then and there. What did Beverly Kaye know and could she forget it?

Richard Kaye, the ex-husband who flaked out after separating from his wife, referred to a despondent letter Beverly sent to friends in New York a week before her death. Kenworthy obtained a copy. The tone and content indicated a woman in severe emotional distress. The year 1973 was "the most horrible year of my life"; she was in "mental agony" and wanted to "get out of the White House." Mrs. Kaye's correspondent told Kenworthy that the note was entirely out of character because Beverly was "always composed" and "never histrionic."

John Crewdson embarrassed himself around Washington looking for signs of foul play. Nixon press spokesman Jerry Warren called The *Times* reprehensible and Stephen Bull's lawyer denied Mrs. Kaye had any knowledge of the gap or that her death was job-related. A *Times* memo suggesting that a cerebral hemorrhage can be induced by a precision blow to the head or by injection was all the paper had to go on. The fact that the former husband had been an Air Force spook and that the brother-in-law, who went through the deceased's personal effects with Bull, is presently employed in government intelligence seemed purely accidental.

The question Who Killed Beverly Kaye? became What Killed Beverly Kaye? Perhaps the bad company she kept and the felonies she may have witnessed hurried her death. Kenworthy decided to visit the surviving mother in Brattleboro, Vermont. Norman Runnion, managing editor of the local *Brattleboro Reformer*, tagged along to break the ice. Mrs. Anna Bover received the inquiring reporters into her neat home in the poorer quarter of the city without the slightest apprehension. Although she was a simple woman, she had grown accustomed to her daughter's life at the summit. She mentioned that Beverly appeared fatigued during her August vacation in Brattleboro. "Bull relied on her too much," she said. Kenworthy hated to ask, but he wondered if he could see the funeral book. Still unaware of Kenworthy's drift, she gladly turned it over. Runnion distracted her as Kenworthy copied the names of the signators—Rose Mary Woods, Egil Krogh, Alexander Butterfield, Patrick Buchanan, Stephen Bull et al. "I felt like a shit," admits

Kenworthy, referring to his unsavory tactics.

Back in Washington he informed Phelps there was no story. But Phelps insisted on something, anything. Young Crewdson did three columns inside headlined—THE OTHER SIDE OF WATERGATE INQUIRY: INTERESTING LEADS THAT LED NOWHERE (March 3, 1974). Ned Kenworthy had refused the same offer. "I didn't have the right to use the letter of a dead woman." Good old Ned. He was yet another casualty of the emergent Watergate Complex.

The Watergate Complex: Post-Scandal Neuroses

WATERGATE COMPLEX n. *a journalistic disorder in which editorial obsessions are perpetually warring with reportorial defense mechanisms, often of a perverse nature; said to be characteristic of certain editors of The New York* Times *in New York and editors and reporters of its Washington Bureau, originating in the traumatic event of being violated by* The Washington Post *on Watergate coverage during 1972 and on occasions thereafter. New York symptoms consist of repeated second-guessing on Washington stories and paranoid allusions to* The Washington Post *while Washington editors and reporters, in reaction, develop castration anxieties that can be expressed in overt hostility or depression; it is not yet clear whether the pathology is susceptible to treatment, however, the prognosis for full recovery, despite intermittent flare-ups, is optimistic.*

Abe Rosenthal went to dinner at bureau chief Clifton Daniel's Washington home in the post-Watergate Autumn of 1974. A dozen or so bureau reporters were in attendance. Congressional correspondent James Naughton, an advocate of the bad-first-half-but-splendid-second-half theory of The *Times*'s Watergate game plan, asked Rosenthal if he had forgiven the bureau for its original sin. Many of Naughton's colleagues feel that the mistakes of 1972 were atoned for in subsequent coverage. The bureau's morale was down when it should have been up because New York, in the hardness of its heart, couldn't forget the shame of the past. Rosenthal didn't say it wasn't so. Instead he showered his audience with repressed emotions. The bureau wasn't hungry enough. If the second half was so terrific, how come *The Post* mortified The *Times* the day Nixon announced his resignation? On Thursday, August 8, 1974, *The Post* headlined the President's imminent crack up—NIXON RESIGNATION SEEN NEAR. Yet the best The *Times* could do was—NIXON REPORTED UNDECIDED ON RESIGNING. The *Post* copy was also much harder. Although the bureau's Marjorie Hunter scooped *The Post* with a Jerry Ford interview in which he denied having launched any transition plans, *The Post* published an exclusive transition-plan story by David Broder and Jules Witcover on the front page. New York tried to reach the Washington editors the previous night, but they were out to dinner and had neglected to leave their numbers! "Abe will go to his grave batshit over Watergate," comments one bureau member. "Everybody's developing neuroses and ulcers about it."

New York has scarce confidence in Washington, according to the bureau. Even today, *The Washington Post* is the standard. New York seems more interested in *Post* stories The *Times* missed than the reverse. If *The Post* blows up the Wilbur Mills saga, so must The *Times*. As soon as Rosenthal hears a rumor that *The Post*'s Maxine Cheshire is investigating Pat Nixon's jewelry, able-bodied *Timesmen* quit more important research to give chase. News editor Bill Kovach stomped out of a meeting last fall because assistant managing editor Seymour Topping and some reporters were rehashing Watergate instead of discussing the future of the bureau's Washington coverage. "I'm tired of dealing with children about yesterday," he said as he exited.

Times's Future Assessed; Both Hazy and Bright

"Philosophically, The New York *Times* is run by very cautious men," declares a Washington Bureau editor and Watergate Complex victim. "If Deep Throat had shown up at our office, we would have listened, thanked him and then sent him over to *The Washington Post*." This sentiment enrages the bony, gnomish Abe Rosenthal. He rises from a chair in a small Japanese-style chamber off his office on the third floor of the New York *Times* building. "The man is wrong and a fool and shouldn't be editing for The *Times*," he says, pacing the narrow width of the darkened room. "But there are some people on the paper who don't understand it. Maybe he's a coward himself. When Frank Serpico sat down here, we didn't tell him to run away. When Neil Sheehan came in with the Pentagon Papers, we didn't tell him to get lost. So I don't understand why he'd say that."

Rosenthal dismisses the image many *Timesmen* have of him: tormented, megalomaniacal, power mad. "Once you become managing editor, you become a caricature. People react to you differently. You become a figure rather than a reality." He believes he's the same man he was when he was a star foreign correspondent in India, Poland, Switzerland and Japan (1954–1963) and winning metropolitan editor in New York (1963–1966). Why should the qualities that allowed him to prosper in these assignments suddenly disappear? "If everything said about us is true, then we'd produce a piece of shit."

Although Harrison Salisbury, a retired associate editor and Rosenthal detractor, notices a significant decline in The *Times*, another Important *Timesman*, also a detractor, grants the case against Rosenthal isn't open and shut because The *Times* has improved under his six-year tutelage. But if the Important *Timesman* were to prosecute, he would argue that (1) Rosenthal is too much enthralled with the traditional policy of news writing which could be more aggressive and responsive, and (2) Rosenthal turns everything into an emotional crisis.

The Important *Timesman* suggests the best of all possible lineups to eliminate Rosenthal. "First, you move Abe up to vice-president and give him twenty-five thousand dollars more salary, make Seymour Topping managing editor—whatever else Topping is, he's a great administrator; keep Frankel where he is and bring back Gene Roberts as executive editor. Abe is the cork in the bottle. There's no law that he has to be managing editor until sixty-five." Then the Important *Timesman* pauses, as if recalling past encounters with a rival. "There are all these high-powered characters—Reston, Sulzberger, Catledge et cetera," he says impassively, "and Abe beat us all and he's still doing it. He's paid a hell of a price. He did it because he's better than us. But in another sense he's not as good, because we *wouldn't* have paid the price."

Beyond the Watergate onanism, the editorial crise, the Washington Bureau malaise, and the reckless modus operandi of Seymour M. Hersh, there is bad news for The New York *Times*. Its vocation as America's national newspaper could end in the foreseeable future. Many leading economic indicators are down. As of the third quarter of 1974, advertising linage was running 3,730,000 lines behind 1973. A four-percent rate increase prevented a decline in ad revenues, which were up only one percent on a volume of $140,780,000. And the paper earned a measly nickel per share in third quarter 1974 as against nineteen cents in third-quarter 1973. Although the consolidated revenues of The New York Times Company—a thirty-four-division newspaper, TV, radio, magazine, book, newsprint and educational services conglomerate—rose in income last year, the flagship didn't pull its expected weight. In the first nine months of 1974 The *Times* contributed forty-one cents a share compared to sixty-seven cents in 1973.

"To hell with profits," cried an insouciant shareholder at the 1973 stockholders' meeting. Other investors in The Times company, especially those who paid $61 for a share worth, as of this writing, $9.75, may not rest idly while the $26,000,000-plus *Times* news budget eats into heavenly returns.

Abe Rosenthal would like his obituary to read: "He kept the paper straight." If he's around a whole lot longer, he may want to change the gravestone headline to: "He kept the paper together." ###

CARTOGRAPHY

by James S. Reinbold

The truest map is blank

For many years my aunt rented out a modest but well-kept little house on Fiskegard. It was brick, painted pale yellow, had a slightly peaked tile roof, two front windows adorned with flower boxes, and an immaculate lawn.

The interior walls of the house were covered with white paint and the tenant had to be very clever if he wanted to hang pictures or mirrors, for my aunt strictly forbade the marring of the walls. Of course, my aunt screened prospective renters thoroughly. She demanded references, and subjected all persons to rigid interview, wherein she probed habits of cleanliness and sobriety.

My aunt never went out of doors, and it was therefore my task to collect rent and pay periodic visits to the house to make sure it was being kept up to standards and that the occupant was not indulging in any practice of which my aunt disapproved.

Two small children were once covertly added to the population of the house, and on occasion I found hidden candy bars and cigarettes and liquor. All these infringements naturally resulted in immediate termination of lease. There were no exceptions.

I found the routine of collecting rent and inspecting the house rather pleasant. Besides, it excused small absences from my aunt, who wanted me always nearby, owing to her chronic illnesses.

There had been many tenants in the house. Some stayed several years. Some stayed only a month or so. As for Matthew Essen, the cartographer, his stay was neither short nor long.

Matthew Essen was about seventy and bald. In fact, he showed no evidence of whiskers and his eyebrows were very blond, pencil-thin lines no more than an inch in length. He appeared at my aunt's door early in the afternoon wearing an old homburg and an overcoat that obscured his hands and reached down to the tops of his shoes.

"My name is Matthew Essen," he said to me. "I have come regarding the house."

"Please step in," I replied, and led him into the parlor where my aunt and I were having tea.

"Mr. Essen is here about the house," I announced.

My aunt smiled, put down her teacup, and pointed to a chair. Essen handed me his coat and hat and sat down. My aunt poured a third cup of tea and Essen accepted it gratefully. I went to the desk to fetch my aunt's glasses and the long list of questions. But for reasons still known only to her, my aunt waived the usual interview, and she and Essen set off into a conversation that had nothing to do with the regulations governing the house, the terms of the lease, the tenant's responsibilities, and my duties and powers. Instead, Essen promptly tumbled into rambling monologues about his niece's son-in-law, a mariner lost off Sable Island; about pygmies, Eskimos and Bedouins; about anticlines and volcanic eruptions. To be sure, all this led me to conclude Essen was senile. Regardless, my aunt was charmed. I have never discovered why. But she never took her eyes off Essen, and the tea in time grew cold.

Here and there in his nonsense Essen revealed certain personal details. He claimed, for example, to have just relinquished his chair at the university after fifty-three years. Now, in retirement, he wanted to live a solitary life, concerning himself with the compilation of a biographical atlas. He did not elaborate, but the apparent magnitude of the task was sufficient to overwhelm my aunt. Essen said he had often passed my aunt's house on Fiskegard on his way to and from appointments, and had always desired to live there. It was the ideal place to complete the atlas, he insisted.

My aunt was flattered, quite beyond all proportion. She put her hands to her cheeks and shook her head.

"To think that my little house," she said.

Essen smiled and then went on to speak about scores of living accommodations from the South Seas to the Arctic and about the respective advantages and disadvantages of them all.

Then, just before three, in the middle of a sentence, his tea untouched, Essen looked at his watch and said he must take his leave. His luggage and some personal items were scheduled to arrive at the house shortly, he said, clearly having presumed success in his mission, and he wanted to supervise the handling and placement of these pieces.

"Of course, Mr. Essen," my aunt said, and extended her hand.

Essen bowed and put his thin lips to her hand. I could see my aunt blush beneath her heavy rouge. Essen smiled mildly, and whispered, "My pleasure."

"There is the matter of the rent," I said, clearing my throat, and rising from my chair.

My aunt frowned at me. But before she could speak, Essen waved his finger in the air.

"Yes, yes," he said enthusiastically. "The rent. We cannot forget the rent."

He reached into his pocket and withdrew a wallet. I informed him of the monthly amount.

"Your son . . ." Essen began.

"Nephew," my aunt corrected, not without irritation directed at me.

"Pardon me. Your nephew *(Continued on page 132)*

Illustrated by Jean Paul Goude

Blue Pool

is the name of this picture. We call it that. The eminent photographer Guy Bourdin, who took it, calls it *L'énigme du petit poisson rouge*. We don't know. See the little red fishie? Enigmatic? Very. More enigmatic than the blue pool? We doubt it. All is *mystery*. This is the first in a series by M. Bourdin. Unless it isn't.

The Rosenberg Jury

by Ted Morgan

Once they listened; now they talk

1951. Jury and alternates leave courthouse after delivering verdict. Foreman Vincent Lebonitte, a Macy's sales manager, is second from left. The only female juror, Bronx housewife Lisette Dammas, is center.

The Rosenberg case won't go away. It lingers, like the smell left in a room after a corpse has been removed. Julius and Ethel, the only Americans ever sentenced to death for atomic espionage, were executed in Sing Sing's electric chair on June 19, 1953, the day President Eisenhower again turned down a plea for clemency. A work of fiction would have ended with their deaths. But life is not as orderly as fiction, and does not obey the necessities of form. I cannot think of another case in the annals of twentieth-century American justice that has received as much sustained attention over so long a period of time. The Rosenbergs have become the most internationally celebrated martyrs since Captain Dreyfus.

In a steady procession of books, revisionist writers kept the case alive. Their thesis was that the Rosenbergs had been framed, that theirs was a political trial, that there had been no atomic secret to steal in the first place, and that Judge Irving R. Kaufman, who presided over the trial, was blinded by the cold-war fog of the early Fifties. The best revisionists, such as Walter and Miriam Schneir in *Invitation to an Inquest*, were like art restorers cleaning an old master. They clarified dark corners, brought out the true colors, and filled in missing flourishes in the design. They labored over the canvas so thoroughly that a second painting was revealed under the first, of a later period, and they announced to the world that they had discovered a forgery. They were followed by counter-revisionists, such as Louis Nizer in *The Implosion Conspiracy*, who said, after working with basically the same material, that although the corners might need restoring and certain details in the composition were blurred, the old master was genuine.

In 1974, two television programs, one fictional and one a documentary, were shown nationally and served as further reminders that the Rosenbergs are still with us. They are with us not only as a case but also as a cause, in which a sizable number of persons continue to believe. Twenty-one years after their deaths, on June 17, 1974, Carnegie Hall was sold out for an evening devoted to the reopening of the case. Onstage, blowups of Picasso's sketches of Julius and Ethel, looking like saints without halos, dwarfed the participants. After so many years, the speakers could still summon a genuine sense of outrage. They talked about new evidence, and files the F.B.I. refused to open. The three thousand in the audience, including standees, were concerned enough to have paid between five and fifty dollars a ticket. They sat through an evening of speeches that flayed the dead horse of the Fifties, and a reading by a group of actors including Rip Torn, Jane Alexander, and Howard da Silva, of the Rosenbergs' death-house letters, which sounded so obviously composed with the thought of posthumous publication as to rob them of any true emotion.

The stars of the evening were Morton Sobell, the Rosenbergs' codefendant, who, having refused offers to take a plea, had been sentenced to thirty years in prison, and was released on parole after serving eighteen years, in 1969, and the Rosenbergs' two sons, Michael and Robert, who, after their parents' execution, took the name of the family that adopted them, the Meeropols. Here was twenty-seven-year-old Robert, blond and long-haired and taking after his mother, and here was thirty-one-year-old Michael, with his father's dark hair, moustache, and sensitive features, and they announced that they were dedicating their lives to seeking redress for their parents. It was as if they had been given a mandate not to let their memories rest. They were like children who had inherited a disputed piece of property and must spend long years in litigation to claim what they feel is rightfully theirs. Their birthright was "the Rosenberg case," and their claim of ownership depended upon their parents' vindication. That the property was theirs admitted of no argument. Their parents' innocence was a passionately held, unshakable conviction.

There were, however, twelve jurors, acceptable to the defense and prosecution, who had no special interest in the case, and who had found Julius and Ethel Rosenberg guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, on the basis of the evidence. They had some claim to expertise in the matter, having sat through a three-week trial and sifted the evidence to reach a verdict. Were the jurors rogues and villains who had made a mockery of justice? Were they unintentional, gullible accomplices in a conspiracy to frame the Rosenbergs? Were they decent people who had performed their civic duty to the best of their ability?

None of the writers, revisionist or anti-revisionist, had bothered to interview the jurors. One television program, produced by NPACT for the Public Broadcasting System, *The Unquiet Deaths of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg*, did interview five jurors, but their remarks were perfunctory and edited to fit the general thrust of the program—that the Rosenbergs did not get a fair trial. Now, after twenty-four years, how would the jurors feel, and what would they remember? Did they, viewing the case with hindsight, still believe they had reached a correct verdict? Did they have doubts? Did they sometimes feel they had sent an innocent man and woman to their deaths? Did they continue to be affected by the case, as so many others seemed to be? Were they at ease with their consciences?

Those were some of the questions I wanted answered when I began to look for the Rosenberg jurors. Of the eleven men and one woman, two were dead, two I could not find, three would not discuss the case, and five, including the foreman, I was able to talk to. From their recollections, matched against the trial record, some new elements have emerged and are reported here for the first time:

■ The jurors agreed from the start of their deliberations about the Rosenbergs' guilt. But one juror held out because he could not accept the possibility of a woman being sent to the electric chair. Because of that juror, the deliberations lasted nearly eight hours and went into a second day.

■ The jurors today feel their verdict was the correct one. Nothing they have read or seen has shaken their belief in the Rosenbergs' guilt. They feel they had no ax to grind, that they judged the case solely on the evidence, and that they did a good job.

■ The absence of a single Jewish juror has long been attributed to systematic prosecution challenges. The evidence shows that many apparently Jewish prospective jurors excused themselves from serving on the jury.

■ Judge Kaufman, if the memory of one juror serves, acted on one occasion during the trial in a way that could be called tampering with the jury.

■ The blunders of the defense did as much damage to the Rosenbergs as the case presented by the prosecution.

The twelve Rosenberg jurors were chosen from a panel of three hundred veniremen whose names were taken from lists of registered voters and who were summoned to the federal courthouse on Manhattan's Foley Square on March 6, 1951. Because this was an espionage case involving a possible death sentence, a record number of veniremen was called. They filled Courtroom 110, the largest in the U.S. Southern District of New York.

Judge Kaufman, the forty-year-old "boy judge," a short man with small eyes and sleeked-down black hair whose wife's maiden name was Rosenberg, gave the defense thirty challenges to the government's twenty, "in view of the fact that there are several defendants on trial."

Judge Kaufman told the panel that the purpose of his questioning in the voir dire was to bring out any bias or sympathy. "The minds of the jurors," he said, "should be the same as a white sheet of paper with nothing on it."

The clerk read the indictment. A husband and wife, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, were charged with conspiring to steal secret information about the atom bomb and passing it on to the Soviet Union. Their alleged espionage had begun in 1944, while the United States was still at war. According to the 1917 Espionage Act, drafted with disloyal German-Americans in mind, spying in wartime was a capital crime, but no one had ever been sentenced to death under the act. Morton Sobell, a radar expert, was charged with being a part of the conspiracy. The indictment listed twelve overt acts of involvement in the conspiracy. The principal witnesses against the Rosenbergs were Ethel's own brother, David Greenglass, and his wife, Ruth.

This was the first information the prospective jurors (P.J.'s) had been given concerning the nature of the trial.

As Judge Kaufman went down the list of general questions, jurors began to ask to be excused. Some said they could not give a fair opinion. Others said that, as World War Two veterans, they would be biased. A large contingent balked at serving in a capital case. "Your Honor, I am prejudiced somewhat against capital punishment," was an oft-heard phrase, insuring that the eventual twelve jurors would be men and women in favor of capital punishment.

So many jurors asked to be excused that Judge Kaufman commented: "I hope all these statements are being made in good faith and not in an effort to avoid what might seem to the jurors an unpleasant task." It was easy to be excused. All you had to say was that you could not keep an open mind, and you could leave the courtroom and what promised to be a long and difficult trial, and go back to your job and your family. It became clear that a number of P.J.'s with apparently Jewish names were asking to be excused. Perhaps they were reluctant to sit in judgment of a member of their own faith, with the implied possibility of bias. Whatever their reasons were, Ely Honig, Philip Frankel, Alfred Seymour Rocin, L. H. Hertz, Morris Haber, Samuel Begun, Hyman S. Scher, and Bernard H. Sakin, all asked to be excused.

The rounds of challenges began with the ranks of veniremen already thinned. Heading the government team was forty-five-year-old Irving H. Saypol, the U.S. attorney for the Southern District, the most important federal prosecuting post in the country. Square-jawed and tight-lipped, Saypol had won convictions

And the Rosenberg Kids

They never doubted their parents' innocence; now they intend to prove it

1953: Robby and Michael, with family attorney, bring valentines to parents on death row.

Twenty-two years later, the photograph survives. Manny Bloch is taking the Rosenberg children to their parents in the Sing Sing death house. There's a gun tower and barbed wire in the background. Six-year-old Robby is huddled under Bloch's arm, frightened, bewildered. Ten-year-old Michael strides a bit ahead of his brother and the lawyer. He's wearing a peaked cap with furry earflaps. His hands are in his pants pockets. He doesn't look afraid at all. "My mommy and daddy couldn't have done this." He knew because he had asked them, "Are you innocent?" "Of course we are," his parents told him.

Michael is now thirty-one and a teacher of economics at a small, private college in Massachusetts. Robby, twenty-seven, is studying for his doctorate in anthropology. Long ago, while they were growing up, Michael told Robby what his parents had said. *"Of course we are."*

"The thing that held us together, the thing that kept us going," Robby says, "was the fact that we felt our parents were right and that they were good people and they had been wronged." Michael agrees: "There was the knowledge, the secure feeling that there wasn't a shred of possibility that what everybody was saying about them was true."

Robby was too young to remember the worst of the long years, but Michael does. After their parents were arrested, the brothers were sent to stay with their maternal grandmother. She was "selfish, hardened by poverty." Michael is very bitter about her.

Mrs. Greenglass wanted her daughter Ethel to "cooperate," save herself as her son David had done. She wanted to make things "easier for the family," as Robby puts it. Michael's memory is less forgiving. "She didn't really want to take care of us. You know, from her point of view, it would have been smarter for her to treat us nicely, as a way of getting through to my mother. But, well, maybe that was just her beastliness coming out."

She shunted the boys to their other grandmother. "We would have gone to her sooner if she hadn't been sick." Robby remembers Grandma Rosenberg as well as Michael does. They alternate a litany of praise.

"She was a very courageous woman," Robby says.

"She believed in her son," says Michael.

"She went to the prison and she visited my father," Robby says. "She believed what he had to say and she supported him and she felt a family obligation to Michael and me. She did what she could. She had high blood pressure and she was sick even when she was taking care of us. I mean, it was a strain on her. The whole trial was a strain on her."

It was thought best to move the boys out of New York. Too many in the city knew who they were. Neighborhood children tormented them. So, they were placed with a family in Toms River, New Jersey. "We were there until it was discovered who we were," Robby recounts, "and then the school district didn't want us. They threw us out." "Because we weren't legal residents," Michael deadpans.

They returned to New York and lived with Anne and Abel Meeropol. He was a songwriter. She was active in leftist causes. After the Rosenbergs died, the Meeropols legally adopted the boys. "I think our second parents took on a real hard and a very thankless task," Robby muses. His brother objects: "They didn't do it for the recognition. They did it because they wanted to give love and they wanted to receive love, and they got that."

Adoption gave them new identities. Now they were Michael and Robby Meeropol. No one knew their secret—not in grade school, not in high school, not in college. When Robby joined S.D.S., his "primary worry was getting arrested and the possibility that, at some trial, the publicity would come out about my parents." It never happened.

The brothers hid from the world, not themselves. They were the sons of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg and they were not ashamed. "As teenagers, both Michael and I were worried about that," Robby begins. "But we didn't have any self-hatred," Michael concludes.

They told their secret to the women they married. "It was hard," Michael admits, frightening to take that risk. Later, they also told a very few close friends. Otherwise, they lived in anonymity. But, Michael says, "we spent all our lives knowing that sooner or later, it would have to end." It did—on June 19, 1973, the twentieth anniversary of the death of their parents.

On that day, they filed suit against attorney Louis Nizer for his book *The Implosion Conspiracy*. They signed their names and addresses to the court papers. Reporters reached them by nightfall.

"We had to do it," says Robby. "If we didn't, we couldn't have lived with ourselves." Nizer had quoted from the Rosenbergs' death-house letters to their sons. "That's our legacy! That . . . is . . . it!" Michael shouts. "Our parents left us nothing but their lives and a large part of their lives is in their letters." Worse, Nizer had contrasted the brothers with "the sorry case of their parents." "The implication," Robby rages, "is that we succeeded because we reject what our parents stood for. We had to force him to retract."

Today Robby (right) and Michael claim discrepancies in evidence will vindicate Julius and Ethel.

The battle soon became broader. "Once we were out in the open," says Robby, "we had no alternative but to reopen the case. I mean, here we are, standing up and affirming our parents' innocence, and the papers say, 'What are you going to do about it? Nothing?'"

Of course, reopen the case. There had been time bombs, ticking twenty years, set to blow the lid off. They had never doubted their parents' innocence. *"Of course we are."* "We knew it in our gut before we knew it intellectually," Michael says. He began studying the case when he was twelve. "I understood enough to realize it was an unfair trial. I read the transcripts much later. Then I was convinced."

He saw holes: Harry Gold testifying he stole secrets in Albuquerque on a day he was in New York; the console table that came from Macy's, not the Russians, the snapshots that were family portraits, not passport photos for fleeing spies; the scientist who said the only atomic secret worth stealing was the fact a bomb could be made, not the "caricature" of a bomb presented at the trial. Michael was convinced his parents had died innocent.

He had not been allowed to read about the electrocutions. His brother was too young to read. But the newspaper stories were very vivid. They described how smoke rose from Ethel Rosenberg as the current jolted through her. Michael read about her death when he was older. "It makes me angry," he says, then, his voice growing softer, "it makes me cry."

Robby has his mother's curly hair, round face, and soft brown eyes. Michael, with his steel-rimmed glasses and his moustache, is an eerie reminiscence of his father in the old newspaper photographs. He is nearing the age of his father when he died.

"You know," said Robby, "you think about it as having happened so long ago. But they would have been, now, fifty-five, fifty-six."

"Very vigorous, full of life," Michael added, "exchanging adult analyses and information with us."

"It would have been nice," Robby said. "Our memories were cut short before we ever had any real time with them."

"I play guitar, sing folk music," Michael noted. "My mother was a singer. It would have been delightful."

"For another twenty years from now, that could have gone on," said Robby. "Maybe even thirty."

It must hurt. "You get used to being yourself. It's your condition and you have no other standard by which to judge." Robby was defensive. "I don't know what the level of hurt is for everyone else. Everyone has things in their life that happen to them. Everything is relative. I mean, what is the level of pain? What is the level of hurt?"

Michael had another answer. "It hurts," he said. "It still hurts."

—Gerry Nadel

against Alger Hiss, William Remington, and the eleven Communist leaders tried under the Smith Act. *Time* magazine had dubbed him "the nation's number one legal hunter of top Communists." Among Saypol's five assistants was a slight, compulsively energetic young lawyer four years out of law school, eager to cut his teeth on an important case, Roy Cohn, who would go on to greater notoriety as an assistant to Senator Joseph McCarthy. Cohn recalled that "the prosecution had no special tactic for jury selection. We were so sure of the overwhelming nature of the evidence that nothing short of actual bias in favor of Communism would have made any difference. Of course, the government generally looks for law-abiding citizens, and the defense looks for oddballs and nonconformists. In the Rosenberg case, their shot was to hang the jury, to find one juror who would hold out."

The government systematically challenged, not Jews, but housewives. Not because they were afraid that a mother would refuse to vote a guilty verdict against Ethel Rosenberg, the mother of two, Roy Cohn recalled, but because "if you get housewives and mothers, if the jury is out late or is held overnight, they get nervous because nobody is feeding the kids."

Defending the Rosenbergs with only a modest fee from the court was the father-and-son team of Alexander and Emanuel Bloch. Manny Bloch, fifty, specialized in civil rights cases and had defended several Communists. His father, seventy-four, was a business lawyer specializing in the sale of bakeries. He had never practiced criminal law. Doing research for the Blochs was a young woman lawyer, Gloria Agrin (today she is Gloria Agrin Josephson), who recalled that "the defense's only concern was to eliminate people with obvious anti-Communist sentiments. In a sense we were looking for iconoclasts, people who could stand up to the influence of the times. When a black juror got on, we thought, well that might be helpful, but a black alone against eleven whites, it could go either way. We thought that with a woman on the jury, there might be sympathy there."

Neither side remembers any particular plan to challenge Jewish jurors. One of the few things Mr. Cohn and Miss Agrin agree on is that a Jewish juror "could go either way." "He could be like Judge Kaufman, who bent over backward to be severe," Miss Agrin said, "or he could be sympathetic."

At nearly one p.m. on March 7, 1951, both the defense and the government had only one challenge left. The last two of the original three hundred veniremen went into the three-tiered jury box to the right of the judge's bench and sat in the two remaining green leather swivel armchairs. They were Mrs. Lisette Dammas, a former switchboard operator whose daughter had married a member of the National Guard, and Charles J. Duda, a bookkeeper whose grandparents had been born in Czechoslovakia and one of whose relatives had served in the Navy. If Bloch used up his last challenge on either of these two, he would be forced to take whomever the court brought in as added panelists. He would probably face an all-male jury. He decided to stay with what he had; so did the government. The court declared the jurors "satisfactory all around." It had taken one and a half days to pick them. Judge Kaufman's reputation for efficiency was deserved.

Who were these twelve out of an original three hundred who had survived the screening process? The foreman, automatically designated by his being seated in the No. 1 chair, was Vincent Lebonitte, thirty, an assistant sales manager for the R. H. Macy branch in White Plains, and a graduate, like Judge Kaufman, of Fordham University, where he majored in psychology. He served in World War Two, in Patton's army, ending up as a military policeman in Germany.

Today, he is an agent for the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, and is putting four of five children through college. He has trouble defending his conservative views against his children, who seem devoted to shaking the foundations of his beliefs. He defended Agnew until "Agnew pulled the rug from under me" by pleading no contest to criminal charges and resigning. At fifty-four, Lebonitte is stockier than at the time of the trial, and his wavy hair has greyed, but he has the same bright blue eyes and the same dedication to the task at hand. On the bulletin board in the John Hancock White Plains office, his name leads the list on the pink performance schedule. "I believe in what I sell," he said. "Last year I had zero lapses. That means the business I get, I keep."

The other eleven were:

■ Richard Booth, a caterer for the Seminole tennis club in Forest Hills, Queens. He had been married twenty-two years. His wife was a housekeeper for a family in Long Island. They had no children. I was unable to locate Richard Booth.

■ Howard G. Becker was a forty-one-year-old auditor for the Irving Trust Company who lived in Mamaroneck with his wife and two children. He had started as a messenger at the age of seventeen, after graduating from Theodore Roosevelt High School in the Bronx, and worked his way up. "In those days," he said, "during the Depression, you stayed put." Just as he was due to be inducted, in 1944, fathers were deferred. "I was saved by the bell," he says. Becker started serving on juries in 1937 and "they still haven't let go of me. Our company did not frown on this, they expected you to do it as a civic duty, they didn't dock you on your pay."

Today, at sixty-five, Becker is a walking advertisement for the virtue of settled habits. He has just retired from the Irving Trust, where he had become an administrative assistant in the personal banking division; he lives in the same house in Mamaroneck. He is trim and youthful, with a full head of salt-and-pepper hair. His first wife died in 1958 of multiple sclerosis, and he remarried four years later, "at the ripe old age of fifty-one." He is a Lutheran, has served on his local church board. His wife teaches Sunday school and sings in the choir. He is enjoying retirement. He is the kind who knows how to keep busy.

■ Charles W. Christie was an auditor for the Tidewater Associated Oil Company, part of the Getty oil interests. Questioned by Judge Kaufman in the voir dire, Christie said: "My company has contracts with the government and I am also casually acquainted with a member of the F.B.I." Bloch asked the court to question Christie further. How long had he known the F.B.I. man? "Approximately two years," Christie said. "We are both members of a church organization . . . Sometimes we see one another once a week; other times we don't." Bloch did not challenge. Christie had two young daughters, and might be expected to show sympathy.

Today, Christie, white-haired and round-faced, is still with the oil company, working in their Delaware refinery. When I called him, he said he did not wish to discuss the trial. He had been interviewed by the NPACT team (producer Alvin Goldstein gave me access to the transcript), and their effort to "whitewash" the Rosenbergs had upset him. "I'm down on the media in general," he said. "The President gets up and talks for thirty minutes and immediately after some TV commentator tells you what you should think about it."

■ Mrs. Lisette D. Dammas, then fifty, was a Bronx working wife with a married daughter, and the defense was pleased to have a wife and mother on the jury. Six years ago, Mrs. Dammas' husband Rudolf died and she went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Grace Kraus, in Huntington, Long Island. The telephone was disconnected when I called, so I went to Huntington to see Mrs. Dammas. Her daughter answered the door and said: "My mother passed away in her sleep on the twentieth of March. She was seventy-three."

Had Mrs. Dammas ever wavered in her opinion that the Rosenbergs were guilty?

"My mother never wavered in her opinion in her life," Mrs. Kraus said with finality.

■ Harold H. Axley, forty-two at the time of the trial, was a partner in a Bronx bar and restaurant called Harley's. He grew up in a Southern Illinois railroad town, and spent the early Depression years working in Chicago for Western Electric. He moved to New York in 1936, where he met his wife Ruth. Axley spent the war years working on the Brooklyn piers in the Army Transport Service as a supervisor. "I had seventy-five men working for me," he recalls.

Axley was acceptable to the defense; he was not a veteran, and he had two daughters and a son.

Today, Harold Axley and his wife live in a spacious, pleasantly furnished mobile home near the Hickory Run State Park in Pennsylvania with their Shetland sheepdog Shawn. At sixty-six, Axley is fit and ruddy from outdoor life, with straight fine white hair, a fleshy face, and light eyes. He is a passionate golfer, and appears to be enjoying his retirement. When I went to see him, he was at the golf club. His wife called him there and said: "The reporter you're supposed to see has been waiting half an hour." (In fact, I had just arrived.) Axley hurried home, settled down in an armchair, and asked his wife for a highball. She pretended not to hear, and Axley had to talk without refreshment.

In the New York *Times* story on the Rosenbergs' conviction published on March 30, 1951, Axley was erroneously named as the one juror who had held out against conviction and caused the deliberations to go into a second day. He still wonders who could have leaked that bit of misinformation.

■ James A. Gibbons, forty-eight at the time of the trial, had been an accountant for the New York City Omnibus Company for twenty-eight years, and lived in the Bronx with his wife and two children. He belonged to Mike Quill's Transport Workers Union of America, C.I.O., and was active in union affairs, a possible reason for challenge by the prosecution that was overlooked.

When I called Gibbons, now a spry seventy-one and a retired widower still living at the same Bronx address, he said: "I've just passed away . . . when people call me about that case, that's what I say. I just want to let it lie."

I had reason to believe that Gibbons was the holdout juror, and I sent my wife Nancy to see him on the theory that a man who had wanted to save Ethel Rosenberg would not be rude to a woman. When Nancy rang the bell of his apartment in the Parkchester section of the Bronx, he repeated that he did not want to discuss the trial.

"I've come all the way from Manhattan," Nancy said, "I got up at six-thirty to put my children in school, I'm exhausted, would you be kind enough to give me a cup of coffee?" Gibbons was extremely courteous, opened the door, made coffee, and eventually admitted that he was the holdout juror. A short man with a thin rim of hair around a bald head, he was still excitable when he discussed the case. He kept moving as he talked, and folded sheets that had come in the laundry. He seemed divided between his wish to "let it lie" and an eagerness to disclose his role. He still seemed to feel that if he had held out successfully Ethel Rosenberg's life could have been saved and that this was a "burden" he still carried.

■ Emanuel Clarence Dean, the one black on the jury, worked for Con Ed demonstrating electrical appliances to a black clientele. He was single, fifty-seven at the time of the trial, and he lived in Manhattan on East Seventy-fifth Street. Dean died in 1968, leaving us to wonder whether he had felt any sympathy for the Rosenbergs, or whether, as the only black on the jury, he had decided to "go along to get along."

■ Chauncey C. Miller, at fifty-eight the oldest member of the jury, was secretary of the Board of Commissioners of Pilots, a New York State agency. He was married and had a son, and belonged to the American Legion. Today, Miller is eighty-one and lives with his son in Scarsdale. He declined to discuss the case.

■ Charles J. Duda, at twenty-nine the youngest member of the jury, was an auditor for Davis & Lawrence Company, a firm with offices in Bronxville that makes concentrates for soft drinks. Duda, the last juror chosen, had a wife and son, and had never served on a jury before, although he has served many times since. Today, at fifty-three, Duda is a widower, and has worked his way up to treasurer in his twenty-seven years with Davis & Lawrence. Duda is sharp-featured, with quick, humorous eyes, greying hair, and longish sideburns. Serving on the Rosenberg jury was his one brush with notoriety, and I got the feeling that he remembers it fondly, as an actor might remember an award-winning performance.

■ James Mitchell was an accountant with the firm of Harris, Kerr, Forster & Company, and lived in the Bronx with his wife and two children. He was a World War Two veteran who had served a year in China. He had worked for the post office in 1948 and 1949, and had been the subject of a loyalty probe. He retired some years ago and moved to Phoenix, Arizona, where I was unable to locate him.

■ James Tessitore, then forty-three, was an estimator for the Alco Gravure Division of Publications Corporation, living in Mount Vernon, with three daughters in parochial school and a working wife. Now sixty-seven, he has retired in Toms River, New Jersey, where the two Rosenberg sons spent part of their childhood. When I called him, he said: "It's a closed case. I don't want to talk." A woman's voice in the background shouted: "Just tell him there is nothing more to say." "I'm very busy," Tessitore said, "please don't waste my time."

These eleven men and one woman had three things in common: they were all willing to serve, they were in favor of capital punishment, and not one was Jewish.

It seemed odd that in a trial where the defendants were Jewish, the judge was Jewish, the defense lawyers were Jewish, and the prosecutor and one of his assistants were Jewish, not a single juror was Jewish. John Wexley in his book on the Rosenbergs wrote that the exclusion must have *(Continued on page 124)*

I Love Mustard

by James Beard

A culinary artist's guide to the consummate condiment

I recently sampled thirty or so of the mustards now on the American market and have reported on them at right. At no time in history have we had such a wealth available to us—French, English, German, Polish and domestic mustards, ranging from velvety mixtures of mustard flour, white wine or vinegar, salt and herbs, to crunchy blends made with unsifted seeds crushed to varying degrees of coarseness; mustards dark brown to bright yellow, fiery hot to sweet. We are the inheritors of a condiment that has evolved since prehistoric times. The Chinese grew mustard plants three thousand years ago, and in Europe mustard has been used for at least two thousand years. The Greeks and Romans, who knew it as *sinapis*, used it in powdered form to flavor meats and also prepared it as a paste in recipes remarkably close to those of the present day. It is said that the taste-corrupted Romans included it as an ingredient in the fishy, half-putrified, highly prized sauce called *garum*. And we know from Biblical referances that mustard was used in the Near East before the time of Christ.

Modern mustard did not come into general use until as late as the thirteenth or fourteenth century, when the ground seeds were mixed with unfermented wine or "must." Our word "mustard" comes from this root, just as the French *moutarde* comes from their word for must, *moût*. Yet there is a legend that *moutarde* came about in quite a differant way. As the story goes, in 1382 the Duke of Burgundy was so grateful to the city of Dijon for supplying him with soldiers in a successful military campaign that he granted it armorial bearings with the motto *Moult Me Tarde*—"I ardently desire." This was carved on the principal gate of Dijon, but the middle word was accidentally destroyed, leaving only *Moult Tarde*—"to burn much"—which was a source of amusement among visitors to the city. Since the people of Dijon were, and are still, the greatest traders in what was called *sénevé*, this seed was nicknamed *moultarde* whenever it hailed from Dijon.

The importance of mustard in French history cannot be overestimated. One of the popes at the court of Avignon appointed a nephew chief mustard maker. Louis XIV gave mustard a coat of arms, a silver funnel on a blue ground. And that elegant woman Madame Pompadour, at the height of her power, named Maille, one of the famous mustard makers, Vinegar Distiller and Mustarder to the King of France. Maille was also engaged by the rulers of Germany and Russia and eventually turned out twenty-four mustards along with ninety-two toilet vinegars, very much like our cologne waters, which became highly fashionable. Parisian mustard makers began to compete with the Dijon group and put out exquisite formulas of their own, including a health mustard, a mustard flavored with rose petals, and another with vanilla.

Dijon, dear to the hearts of all gastronomes as the gateway to Burgundy, survives as the mustard capital of the world, producing some eighty or ninety varieties. Some of the old mustard firms—Grey Poupon, Maille, Bornibus—have remained in business, and the shop of Grey Poupon is a curiosity to all visitors because of its incredible display of old mustard pots and its many pots for sale. In passing, let me say that people *collect* mustard pots. I know of two private collections that number into the hundreds, some of the pots exquisitely decorated, and ranging in size from minuscule to several gallons in capacity. Who would need a five-gallon mustard pot, you might ask. Well, people used to consume mustard in greater quantity than they do nowadays. In the accounts of a thirteenth-century Tudor household we find listed seven to ten gallons of mustard monthly, and we have a record of a dinner served by a duke of Burgundy in honor of a visiting king at which one hundred gallons of mustard were eaten.

One of the most interesting epi- (Continued on page 163)

James Beard's mustard selection—in order of preference

1. Maille Dijon Hot, with green pepper. For cold meats and grilled kidneys. Maison Glass, N.Y.

2. Maitre Jacques Grained From Dijon. Coarse, light, top-notch. For hot veal or fowl. Maison Glass

3. Grey Poupon Made in U.S.A. from the Dijon formula. A good everyday mustard. Generally available.

4. Pommery From Meaux. Coarse, very good flavor. Fauchon is similar. Fraser-Morris, N.Y.

5. Bornibus Tarragon French. Good, rather sharp. Fine for ham. A favorite in France. Bloomingdale's, N.Y.

6. Pikarome Dijon Very hot and smooth. Excellent quality. For cold meats. Cheese East, N.Y.

7. Beaver Russian Made in U.S.A. Hot and sweet. Beaverton Foods, Box 104, Beaverton, Oreg. 97005

8. Beaver Chinese Extra hot, a true Chinese mustard for Chinese food. From Beaverton

9. Beaver Old English Well-balanced flavor. Smooth and rather hot. Good with cold beef. Beaverton again

10. Beaver Dusseldorf Beaverton's best for all types of wursts. Pleasantly hot and smooth, horseradishy

11. Beaver American Tangy, excellent flavor. For hot dogs, hamburgs, cheese sandwiches. Beaverton

12. Bocquet Yvetot From Dijon. Smooth, well-rounded flavor but rather salty. Maison Glass

13. Devos-Lemmens Dijon Belgian. Pleasant, with a nutty aftertaste. Bremen House, N.Y.

14. Jaret Dijon Well blended, fine flavor. Available also in a salt-free version. Cheese East

15. Emprise Tarragon Wine For sauces and salads. Emprise, 1849 W. Stella Lane, Phoenix, Ariz. 85015

16. Colman's Good, hot, standard English dry mustard. Mix it yourself. Generally available

17. Gulden's Spicy Brown Made in U.S.A. An excellent example of ball-park mustard. National distribution

18. Gulden's Diablo A spicy, more piquant version of a ball-park mustard. Available everywhere

19. Mister Mustard A hot mustard made in Cincinnati. Only fair. Found throughout the country.

20. Roland Dijon The label says "extra strong" but this isn't hot; far too salty. Gimbels East, N.Y.

21. Moutarde au Poivre Vert Belgian. The peppers come from Madagascar. Hot. Maison Glass

22. Dessaux Fils Dijon Well rounded but rather salty. For cold beef and such. Cheese East

23. Hengstenberg Extra Hot Dusseldorf style in a tube. Not hot at all. Fine for sausages. Bremen House, N.Y.

24. Roland Champagne From France. Too many additives. Doesn't taste like mustard. Gimbels East

25. Kosciusko American made Polish-style mustard. Bland flavor. Available on the East Coast

26. Hengstenberg Sweet From Germany. Slightly grainy, tastes of relish. Too salty. Bremen House

27. A. Bauer's Düsseldorf A German-style everyday American-made mustard. Bremen House

28. French's U.S.A. salad dressing mustard, too strong on vinegar and spices. Generally available

Photographed by Onofrio Paccione

Doctor Jack Makes His Rounds

by Al Reinert

Silicone: still a growth industry for America's growing girls (and a few of its growing boys)

The room is dusty and ill-lighted, claustrophobic, the sort of room illegal operations are always performed in. Brenda is lying on the makeshift operating table, nervously fingering her skirt and the table edges. She is young, probably not more than nineteen, with rust-colored hair and freckles, and with small, tight breasts that rise gently from her chest. A needle is punched in just below the right nipple. Her arms flinch, she winces, but she says nothing. It's a long needle, three inches.

Doctor Jack releases the syringe, looking for a thin red film to be sucked back into the hypodermic vacuum; if he has hit a blood vessel, he must probe again. Seeing nothing, he withdraws the needle, leaving in its place a catheter, a flexible plastic tube like those used for blood transfusions. "Some doctors'll leave the needle in," he explains, "but it can cut up the tissue if you move it around even a little bit. This way you don't have to worry about slipping and you don't leave any scars." He screws another syringe on the catheter and injects two c.c.'s of Xylocaine into the breast.

"You're goin' to be a pretty little thing," whispers Doctor Jack, trying to calm Brenda while waiting for the anesthetic to strangle her nerve endings. "You just relax now and don't worry about a thing. Everything'll be just fine. You're goin' to be so happy." His voice is so soft it's scarcely audible, just a vaporous murmur that fondles the eardrum and smothers anxiety, the pluperfect bedside-manner voice: soothing, reassuring, firm. "There now," he murmurs, lightly pinching her breast, "do you feel that?"

She tries to answer, can't, shakes her head. Doctor Jack reaches over to a box containing a gross of five-ounce pharmaceutical vials, and carefully extracts one. It's filled with a clear, colorless liquid that resembles Johnson's baby oil with a higher viscosity: liquid silicone. He places the vial in the crook of Brenda's arm and connects it through a tiny hose to the needle valve and the hypodermic, then draws a syringeful of the silicone. Unscrewing the syringe from the valve, he squirts out some of it, expelling any air bubbles that might be trapped in the liquid.

Very slowly, he begins pumping the silicone into the breast, continually kneading and massaging to disseminate it through the tissue: carefully pressing here, rubbing a bit over there, squeezing a few drops at a time into the flesh and gently urging them toward their proper destination. "Every one of them's different, you know, even the two breasts on the same girl. Each time I need to decide where to insert the needle, gauge the right depth for it as well as the location, when to move it. It all depends on what you have to start with and the shape you're trying to get to, and that's never the same."

Counting each breast as an individual, a seperate entity with its own special shortcomings and possibilities—rather than in pairs, as the untutored are wont to do—Doctor Jack has, by his reckoning, transformed over five thousand of them, helped them to realize, as it were, their fullest potential. He performed his first injection a dozen years ago, back when he had his own orthopedic practice and a plastic surgeon he knew was experimenting with the then new technique. It was the kind of medical diversion that always appealed to him—Doctor Jack dabbled in psychotherapy, hypnosis, cybernetics, had investigated acupuncture long before James Reston and Ping-Pong made it fashionable—but silicone was merely a transitory interest, like the others, and he basically just watched its development.

Then, in 1966, he was arrested for giving an abortion to a friend of a friend, spent two years in a southern state prison and lost his license. After his release he tried peddling equipment for medical-supply companies, sold drugs for pharmaceutical houses, helped to build a hospital in Venezuela and eventually foundered on the suspicious shoals that always prevent ex-convicts from reaching job security. He'd started doing silicone injections soon after emerging from prison, mostly for friends and for free, but as more and more people sought him out, his sideline became, by 1971—the year it was outlawed—his steadiest source of income. Abandoning the pretense of both moonlighting and law-abiding, he took up the silicone trade full time.

Since then, Doctor Jack has built an itinerant practice that takes him annually into ten or more states to service a constantly increasing clientele. Always it's in rooms like this one, the back bedroom of a friend's apartment in Atlanta, furniture shunted out of the way to provide space for the portable operating table and the clutter of necessary paraphernalia. And always with patients like this one, dissatisfied with themselves or at least with their appearance, possibly insecure but nonetheless hopeful, arriving a little bit scared to lie nervously abed while he tinkers with their identities.

By now Brenda is getting restless, turning her head and flexing the muscles along her arms, neck, shoul-

Photographed by Pierre Houles

Dr. JACK SAYS...
I NEVER PLANNED FOR MY WORK TO GET AS BIG AS IT IS!

Warning: The Federal Drug Administration and the American Medical Association Consider Dr. Jack a Menace to Health.

ders, chest. "Now, honey, I told you to relax," warns Doctor Jack. "I can't work if you're going to get all jumpy and nervous." The same cottony monotone, this time subtly modulated with reproachful authority. She visibly loosens. "Does it hurt? I need you to tell me if it hurts." If she feels pain, he removes the silicone tube and applies a Xylocaine booster, waits for it to take hold.

Then back to work at the same gradual pace, introducing a few droplets at a time and gingerly pushing them home. He labors with single-minded concentration, rock-still but for the constant deliberate movement of fingers plying the soft breast flesh, molding it into some newer, bigger, (hopefully) grander version of itself. He never glances away from his work, never pauses to rest his hands, never ceases the low hypnotic bedside rattle: "Yes, darlin', this is goin' to turn out very well, you're goin' to be so proud . . ."

Having forgotten both needle and pain, Brenda is breathing easily now, staring vacantly around the room while waiting for her breasts to be remodeled. "Can I go topless down to the beach," she wants to know, "or is the sun gonna hurt 'em? I heard the sun wasn't good for 'em."

"All you're going to do is get them all covered up with freckles," he answers, without looking up. "Now why would you want to do that?"

"Uuhhhm . . ." She hadn't considered that.

"But you *should* keep them covered up when you go out in the sun," he adds. "At least for the first couple weeks. After that it's all right, if you remember to massage them afterwards." Overexposure to direct sunlight sometimes causes lumps of scar tissue to form.

"It's a lot like sculpting, I think," offers Doctor Jack. "I form a picture in my mind of what someone's breasts *could* look like, really beautiful breasts I mean, and then I try to shape them to fit the image I have. That's a creative act, isn't it?"

The vial is now half empty, and Brenda's right breast is proportionately that much larger. Doctor Jack asks her to sit up so he can better judge his progress. Bending over and scowling, he pokes, pinches and jiggles, then stands back and peers from critical angles; serious and intent, he says nothing. Brenda, however, leering at herself in wide-eyed amazement, is mightily impressed. "Oooooh," she purrs. "Wow." Only Doctor Jack's quick reflexes save the breast from premature massage.

Completing this midway inspection, he lays her back down and begins whatever adjustments and revisions have occurred to him. He reinserts the needle at an angle skewed considerably from the original, then repeats the process of catheter replacement and anesthetization, and once again sets about pumping and kneading, pumping and kneading. "You really need to be careful at this stage not to get carried away with yourself," he says. "The main reason there've been problems with silicone injection is because you can get over-pressurization. The silicone builds up pressure on the blood vessels and the capillary bed, so you need to stay within the safe margins. Given a few weeks, maybe a month, the skin and tissue will stretch so they can absorb more, but they can only hold so much at any given time.

"The hard part is knowing when you've hit those safe limits. It's different from person to person, everybody's tissue is different. How old they are probably has more to do with it than anything, and whether they're soft or muscular, had children or not. I don't really know how to explain it. Shit, I can't always tell beforehand how much somebody can take, but I know when I'm getting there. That's why you get problems with migrating and collapsing and stuff, some people don't know when to quit."

Brenda's been on the table close to two hours and she's getting impatient. "Does it always take this long?"

"Honey, you wouldn't want me to be in a big hurry now, would you?" Doctor Jack is nearing completion of her left breast, slowly balancing his handiwork with the modifications bestowed upon the right. "Usually it takes even longer," he adds matter-of-factly, "but your titties were so much smaller to start with that they couldn't take as much as most girls' can."

For over a year, Brenda figures, she's been trying to track down Doctor Jack to arrange an appointment. "I'd wanted it done," she says, "I guess since the first time I'd ever really seen a girl, you know, that'd *had* it done. Because, like, all my life I've had fairly small breasts and I'd always wanted, you know, big boobs. I guess every woman that has small breasts wants, you know, big boobs. Some girls'll just come in an' sneer about it an' say, well, you know, I got more 'n *that*, ha-ha-ha." She's an eager, cheerful talker once she gets started. "And really, it . . . if nothin' else it, well, not really gets on your nerves, it just really, you know, kinda hurts your feelings . . . I mean, like, you know, it's not *my* fault cause I got small boobs . . .

"You'd be surprised how many girls that, you know, their husbands will look down on 'em because they have small breasts or, well, maybe they had a baby for 'em and then, you know, their boobs just like . . ." She illustrates sagging breasts by collapsing her face. "An' the husbands'll say, like, you got a fried egg or somethin', you know, for breasts, they confuse . . ."

Loud burst of laughter from Doctor Jack, "Oh, come on . . ."

"You'd be surprised how much wives gotta go through for their husbands!" Brenda's running this conversation and nobody's going to derail it. "Some husbands they don't think nothin' about it, some say, just, you know, I don't really give a damn. But a lot of 'em, ya know, a woman can, well, get into a really depressed thing about her breasts, I know girls it's happened to.

"My husband, now he never said anything about my breasts, he says, you know, he's happy with 'em the way they were. Well, he says, now, I would like 'em to be bigger where you could wear, ya know, evening gowns 'n' stuff when we go out, and, like, the braless look an' everything . . . You know, it's just not my fault cause they're small. I mean, he loves me more for myself than he does my breasts, but, you know, he *would* rather for 'em to be bigger . . . A girl really, she's, uh, she feels more feminine because that's the most pride 'n' joy of a girl is her hair an' breasts . . ."

Doctor Jack has an insight. "I think it's such a big thing to women because it's such a big thing to men. If men weren't turned on so by big breasts, then . . ."

"Right, right!" shouts Brenda, congratulating him. "It's just like a man's, uh, you know . . . uh, part of his body. . . Like I was talkin' to my husband awhile ago. I said, well, you know, if you wasn't big an' you had the chance to do somethin' to make yourself bigger, wouldn't you do it? And he said, well, of course he would."

Liquid silicone is a compound of silicon and carbon, chemically inert and inclined to live peaceably with all manner of other compounds. *(Continued on page 160)*

Esquire's Bicentennial Landmarks

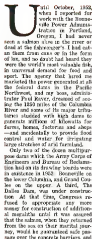
Number 2
The corner of 14th and E Streets San Bernardino, California

On March 9, 1972—a day that will live in infamy—the hamburger stand that occupied this property was demolished. For more than twenty years—far longer than the memory of any man alive today—Richard and Maurice McDonald sold hamburgers here in their original location, sheltered from barbarism by the benign San Bernardino Mountains (see background) and washed by the warm breezes roaring down from the Mojave Desert (behind mountains). Then, after Richard and Maurice sold their name to a Chicago franchise operator and retired, evil days fell upon their building: vacancy, kids, winos and bums. At last, as he must to all of us, the wrecker came. "They should put up a national monument," said an officer of the McDonald's Systems empire in Illinois. But they didn't.

Exit the Salmon

by Anthony Netboy

Pursued by the author



Until October, 1952, when I reported for work with the Bonneville Power Administration in Portland, Oregon, I had never seen a salmon alive in the river or dead at the fishmonger's. I had eaten them from cans or in the form of lox, and no doubt had heard they were the world's most valuable fish, in universal demand for food and sport. The agency that hired me marketed the power generated at all the federal dams in the Pacific Northwest, and my boss, administrator Paul Raver, dreamed of seeing the 1250 miles of the Columbia River and some of its major tributaries studded with high dams to generate millions of kilowatts for farms, homes, factories and shops—and incidentally to provide flood control and water for irrigating large stretches of arid farmland.

Only two of the dozen multipurpose dams which the Army Corps of Engineers and Bureau of Reclamation had on its drawing boards were in existence in 1952. Bonneville on the lower Columbia, and Grand Coulee on the upper. A third, The Dalles Dam, was under construction. At that time, Congress refused to appropriate any more money for construction of additional megaliths until it was assured that the salmon, when they returned from the sea on their marital journey, would be guaranteed safe passage over the concrete barriers, and that their progeny could readily descend to the ocean.

Raver suggested that I tackle this fish problem. I was told to write a report for public consumption with the theme that we could have fish and power too.

I went to watch the fish in the river. The fall Chinook and coho (called "silvers" on the Columbia) were running when I went up to Bonneville Dam, some forty miles above Portland, on a Sunday afternoon. When the dam was originally designed by the Corps of Engineers there had been no provision for getting the salmon to their spawning grounds. When sportsmen's groups and the fishing industry protested, the chief of the Corps of Engineers arrogantly replied, "We will not play nursemaid to the fish!" Had this view prevailed, the entire stock of salmon (and steelhead trout) in the Columbia River watershed above Bonneville Dam would have been wiped out. (Grand Coulee, built previously, had no fish ladders because it was too big, and thus about one fourth of the Columbia River's spawning grounds actually were eliminated.)

At Bonneville the Corps had to back down and fish ladders were installed on both the Oregon and Washington sides. That afternoon I saw for the first time the fat, agile salmon climb the steeplechase men had placed in their path, a series of curving, stepped-up pools down which powerful jets of water created an artificial attraction current. They seemed to know, as they approached the dam from the downstream side, that they were in an artificial environment but, driven by instinct to press ahead no matter what the obstacles might be, they swam back and forth until they found the ladders, and then, along with the lampreys, sturgeon, shad and other migratory fish, swam cautiously from pool to pool until they reached the white counting board. Only after the gatekeeper lifted the gate and counted them were the fish allowed to dash upstream and head for their spawning grounds, which might be a few miles or hundreds of miles distant.

From that day the salmon mesmerized me. I learned that the torpedo-shaped fish with silver bellies, dark backs and hook jaws were born in freshwater, perhaps in a creek a tall man could step across, or in a cold rushing mountain stream; that they left the river as smolts five or six inches long and one or two years old, and headed for the Pacific Ocean. Here, driven like Ulysses on a predetermined course, in foul weather and good, they fed voraciously, so that when they returned to the river to mate they weighed from six to a hundred pounds, depending on the species. How they navigated around the ocean was a mystery—and remains so. Scientists like Dr. Arthur D. Hasler of the University of Wisconsin believe they take measurements from the sun as birds do; others like Dr. William Royce of the National Marine Fisheries Service think the routes are imprinted on their chromosomes. Certain it is that when the mating urge strikes, they race for the home river and have no trouble finding it thanks to their uncanny sense of smell.

In the late 1950's and 1960's I saw a change of mood in Congress. Skepticism about getting fish over a number of high dams on the Columbia seemed to vanish. The result of Raver's assignment was a little book, *Salmon of the Pacific Northwest: Fish versus Dams*, in which I concluded that we could have fish and power too. Some congressmen may have read my work; at any rate, appropriations were forthcoming in cascading volume for federal dams, and non-federal agencies were permitted to take over stretches of the river and build their own hydro projects. I doubt, though, that any Indians read my book—they remained unconvinced, even though many were paid handsomely by the Federal Government for their fishing rights.

On April 20, 1956, when the fifty-mile reservoir behind The Dalles Dam was being formed, drowning out turbulent Celilo Falls where the red men had fished for centuries, the traditional First Salmon rites—a kind of aboriginal Thanksgiving—were held at Celilo Village. The Indians believed that the fish were spirits like themselves who lived in great houses under the sea. When the time came for the run, the fish dressed in garments of salmon flesh and returned to the river so men would have food to eat. After eating a salmon the Indians would return the bones to the river, because otherwise the fish might come back the next year without fins or some other organ, or they might not come at all—and this would be a calamity.

On that warm Sunday hundreds of Indians came from the Yakima, Warm Springs and other reservations for the traditional celebration. Tommy Thompson, the bronze-colored chief of the host area, presided. He was said to be a hundred and two years old. He sat at the head table in the longhouse while most of the people ate on mats on the earthen floor. Outside, salmon were being smoked on spits over log fires, tended by women, just as they were when Captains Lewis and Clark camped at this site in 1805 on their way to the Pacific.

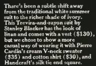
The chief blessed the fish and made an emotional speech. Before it was over the old man was weeping. He expressed sorrow over the impending loss of Celilo Falls, where he and his sons used to fish from rickety platforms with dip nets and spears. He described, according to the interpreter, the immense changes he (Continued on page 138)

Coolants

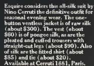
You can breeze through summer with Esquire's selection of cool, light suits for the man who must look dressy even when it sizzles. Here, Franklin Bober brings a new look to seersucker with a pale salmon double-breasted suit with peaked lapels and a vest ($150). Both the suit and the Byron Britton salmon shirt ($13) are of airy Dacron and cotton. The cotton summer tie is by Vicky Davis. Ivory-handled stick by Cartier.

You'll get lots of use from this outfit: Barney Sampson's pale green summer-weight wool-crepe suit ($275), a Gant cream cotton shirt ($14.50), Calicut open-weave acrylic-and-wool cream cardigan ($60) and Vicky Davis tie. Depending on the weather and occasion, wear it as shown or eliminate the jacket or the sweater.

Photographed by Alberto Rizzo



There's been a subtle shift away from the traditional white summer suit to the richer shade of ivory. This Trevira-and-rayon suit by Stanley Blacker has the look of linan and comes with a vest ($130), but we chose to sbow a more casual way of wearing it with Pierre Cardin's cream V-neck sweater ($35) and cotton shirt ($30), and Handcraft's silk tie end square.



Esquire considers this all-silk suit by Nino Cerruti the definitive outfit for seasonal evening wear. The one-button ventless jacket is of raw silk (about $300). The vest (ehout $60) is of pongee silk, as are the pleated and cuffed trousers with straight-cut legs (about $90). Also of silk are the fitted shirt (about $85) and tie (about $20). Available at Cerruti 1881, Paris.

(Continued from page 109) been deliberate: "How was it possible that not a single jury member or alternate was Jewish when more than thirty percent of the population of New York City happens to be of that faith or ancestry?"

Wexley and others who echoed this view overlooked the fact that the jurors were not selected from New York City but from the U.S. Southern District, which includes eleven counties in New York State going as far north as Columbia and Greene Counties, and only two of the five boroughs, Manhattan and the Bronx. The ethnic balance of the Southern District did not match New York City's. Of the twelve Rosenberg jurors, five lived outside the city, in suburbs such as White Plains, Dobbs Ferry, and Mount Vernon.

At the time, it did not occur to jury foreman Vincent Lebonitte that there were no Jews on the jury, "because there was so little inquiry into a man's background." But he remembers that when the death sentence was given to the Rosenbergs, "I felt good that this [the sentencing] was strictly a Jewish show. It was Jew against Jew. It wasn't the Christians hanging the Jews." He also remembers thinking that "any other judge would have been more lenient than Kaufman . . . the Jews hated the Rosenbergs for the disgrace they had brought upon their race. Kaufman wanted to make an example of someone who had disgraced the Jewish people."

As for capital punishment, the jurors I talked to still believe in it. "I did then and still do believe in capital punishment," Harold Axley said. "If someone killed my wife and child I feel they should be punished for it." "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," Vincent Lebonitte said. "I'm a soft individual, but I still find we are going to have to go back to it. Society will disintegrate unless people fear dying for the acts they commit."

One other thing: these twelve had not asked to be excused. You could almost say they wanted to serve. "It would have been easy to cop out," Vincent Lebonitte remembers. "The pet phrase during jury selection was: 'Your Honor, I feel I can't sit with propriety in this case because of prejudice.' When I got the number one chair I knew that meant I'd be foreman, and I was frightened out of my mind. I asked myself, should I stay or should I get out? I didn't feel up to it. Then I thought, if I beg off somebody else might be anxious to get a spot like this. I knew it had to do with a conspiracy to commit espionage. Suppose one of their cohorts was in the spot? Would they chicken out? I forced myself to stay."

Judge Kaufman had told the jurors that their minds should be like "white sheets of paper." This was like asking them to induce temporary amnesia. How else, whatever their goodwill, could they have remained unaffected by the climate of those intensely partisan times? By 1951, it was assumed that the Soviet Union was bent on the overthrow of the American system. Congress was obsessed with documenting the activities of the Communist party in the United States. Before the war, the party had been legal and open. Now, citizens were prosecuted for their membership, and the word Communist became so disreputable that the courts ruled it was libelous.

The plainsong of cold-war rhetoric echoed daily in the media. Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist party? The Fifth Amendment, intended as a protection against self-incrimination, came to be seen as a proof of treason. Through the revelations of Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley, a Soviet spy network was exposed, and the equation between Communist and foreign agent was established.

Fear of the Russians was also based on the fact that in 1949 they had successfully exploded their first atom bomb. The comfortable feeling that we alone had it gave way to the suspicion that they must have stolen the secret from us. Their backward technology and war-damaged industry could not have produced it without help from their spies. The magic device that insured postwar peace had been burglarized.

In February, 1950, the German-born physicist Klaus Fuchs, who had worked on the Los Alamos project in New Mexico, was arrested in England. He confessed and was sentenced to fourteen years. In May, two F.B.I. agents questioned Fuchs in his British prison, and three days later, the first American was arrested and charged with atomic espionage. He was Harry Gold, a thirty-nine-year-old bachelor chemist employed in a Philadelphia hospital, who admitted that he had met Fuchs eight times and acted as a courier between Fuchs and a Russian consular official. It was Gold who led the F.B.I. to the Greenglasses, and it was the Greenglasses who implicated the Rosenbergs.

Nineteen-fifty was the year of Senator McCarthy's rise to prominence and of the arrests of the first American atom spies. It was also the year the Korean war broke out, on June 24. When American troops were committed, the public mind felt more strongly than ever that international Communism was the enemy. The connection between atom spies and the Korean war was seen as: "They stole the bomb from us and now that they've got it they feel they can start wars whenever and wherever they like."

These three headlines from The New York *Times* of 1950 give some idea of the priorities that year: ATOM BOMB SHELTERS FOR CITY AT COST OF $450,000,000 URGED IF SOVIETS START WAR, ATOMIC BOMB ATTACK EXPECTED IN NEW YORK FIRST. GALLUP POLL MAJORITY FAVORS DEATH FOR TRAITORS.

In this context, and with the insistent drumbeat of pretrial publicity the Rosenbergs received, what did it mean to ask the jurors to keep a fair and open mind? Did it mean that they would be able to check their beliefs and opinions outside the courtroom, with their hats and coats? Or did it mean that an alleged Communist spy would have as much chance to a fair trial in the United States in 1951 as a heretic in fifteenth-century Spain?

The jurors I talked to felt they had reached their verdict solely on the basis of the evidence, in spite of their distaste for what the Rosenbergs represented. Several jurors knew nothing about the case when the trial began. "I'd never heard of these people before," Charles Duda said. "I never even knew they'd been arrested. It came as a complete surprise." "The first I heard of it was in the courtroom," Vincent Lebonitte said. "I had no idea what it was all about until the indictment was read," Harold Axley said. The media create the illusion that they saturate the country, but the extent of public indifference to important news stories is seldom measured.

Whatever anti-Communist prejudices the jurors brought into the courtroom must be weighed against Judge Kaufman's repeated warnings not to judge the Rosenbergs on the basis of their possible membership in the Communist party. To the jurors, the black-robed judge sitting on his high bench was a figure of absolute authority. They viewed him with . . . well, reverence is not too strong a word. Harold Axley felt that "Kaufman's running of the trial verged on perfection. He bent over backward to give both sides a chance. He was constantly telling us that Communism was not a factor. He harped on this, and I tried to dispel it from my mind."

Vincent Lebonitte recalled that "in my time a Communist was a monster, someone who was going to destroy me and my way of life. They were going to enslave us. This was strongest in my high-school and college years. A Communist had leprosy." Conditioned as he was by the thinking of his time, Lebonitte nonetheless feels that he judged the case "strictly on the facts presented." "The defense and the judge said that Communism was not on trial," Howard Becker recalls. "But I started to get the impression that Communism was on trial. Although it was never proved in court, I felt they were members of the Communist party. That doesn't necessarily mean they were spies. But after all, the Communists were out to overthrow the government."

The trial lasted most of March, from the sixth until the twenty-ninth. The jurors arrived in the morning, heard testimony, and went out for a quick lunch in the Foley Square neighborhood. Groups of Rosenberg sympathizers would come up to them on the courthouse steps and say: "You must remember that this is the mother of two children." In the afternoon they heard more testimony, and went home in the evening. Here again, as when they had been asked to suspend all their private beliefs, the jurors were being asked to behave in an unrealistic manner by not reading about or discussing the trial. As Harold Axley put it, "You can shut yourself off to a certain extent, but I'd be riding the subway, and I'm a guy

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DORAL

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that likes to read sports, you're bound to see a newspaper But I thought, I'm not going to let some writer impress me, every writer has a different slant, and I was there But anyone who tells you he can shut himself off completely during a trial has never served on a jury."

The jurors weighed the evidence, and responded to the people involved, the defendants, the witnesses, and the lawyers After twenty-four years, memories have blurred, but bits of the trial are still vivid, snatches of testimony, the attitude of a witness, a defense maneuver, some bit of courtroom action.

In broad outline, the Rosenberg trial came down to two totally contradictory stories The Greenglasses testified with a wealth of detail and connective tissue that the Rosenbergs had recruited them to spy. The Rosenbergs flatly and completely denied having been involved in any kind of espionage The jury had to decide whom to believe

But before deciding, they were told something about the nature of the material Greenglass had confessed he had passed on In 1951, we were still in the atomic dark ages. Practically nothing was known about the bomb except that it could kill and mutilate as no other weapon could. The jurors had to learn new words like "implosion." Jurors are customarily awed by experts In the Rosenberg trial, they were ready to believe whatever the experts told them. They were all the more ready to believe as a result of what seemed at the time an inexplicable defense tactic.

Early in the trial, David Greenglass had described how he prepared the material he turned over to Julius Rosenberg, which included a sketch of the atom bomb When a replica of that sketch was offered in evidence, Emanuel Bloch suggested that it be impounded so that the public could not see it.

"That is a rather strange request, coming from the defendant," Irving Saypol said.

Judge Kaufman agreed that the sketch would be sealed after it had been shown to the jury.

Bloch asked to speak to the judge out of the jury's earshot. "Even at this late day this information may be of advantage to a foreign power," he said "So I am satisfied that this be kept secret."

Judge Kaufman cleared the courtroom of spectators but allowed the press to remain.

The jurors had already heard a distinguished professor of physical chemistry, Walter S. Koski, who had worked on the Los Alamos bomb project and been in direct contact with David Greenglass. Koski said the sketch of the lens mold prepared by Greenglass accurately described the 1945 experiments in "the development of the atomic bomb." This was information no other nation had at the time, Koski added. It gave away the principle of the thing, or Nagasaki bomb, which was, Koski said, "the use of a combination of high explosives of appropriate shape to produce a symmetrical converging detonation wave."

And now, the defense counsel was asking that testimony be kept secret, thereby confirming the impression that the data involved were essential to national security. Emanuel Bloch helped convince the jury that the Rosenbergs had in fact stolen the most important secret of the atomic age.

Explaining Bloch's action, Gloria Agrin said: "He had a very real problem Saypol had told him at the start of the trial—if your clients do not confess they are doomed. We knew we were facing the death sentence Bloch wanted to show the court—we are just as patriotic as the others. He was trying to avoid the death sentence by lifting the stigma of treason. It was a courtroom decision, made on the spur of the moment"

The Blochs and Gloria Agrin did not know any more about the atom bomb than the jurors did. They had no reason to question the testimony of respected scientists who had worked on the bomb. Gloria Agrin thought the lens mold had something to do with cameras "Halfway through the trial," she recalled, "a college friend who had majored in physics explained to me what a lens mold was and how it might have been used in an explosion We had no way of judging how important the allegedly stolen information really was. We learned about implosion at the same time as the jury We had no background in physics or science We couldn't even get anybody to walk into our office and explain the indictment."

After the trial, many scientists affirmed that the concept of atomic secrecy was a fallacy. But at the time, said Gloria Agrin, "where were all these lovely scientists? Not one of them would speak up for fear of getting involved. Philip Morrison [co-holder of an atomic-bomb patent] did not speak up until a year later" Unable to find an expert for the defense who could have put the atomic-secret issue in more congenial perspective, Emanuel Bloch "almost had to take the government's word Was this rough half-assed sketch of Greenglass' of any use to a foreign power? We had no way of knowing"

Since the defense took the importance of the stolen secrets for granted, it should come as no surprise that the jury did too. Vincent Lebonitte remembered that when the court was cleared at Bloch's request, he thought: "This must be really important" Harold Axley believed the experts, "people who had no reason to give anything but the facts, they had no axes to grind, no reason to endear themselves with the government At that time, I didn't even know the term implosion existed, and they convinced us that it was important"

As the trial progressed, the jurors sized up the principal actors. Morton Sobell, who never took the stand, remained a cipher Of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, Charles Duda said: "I never saw any two people so devoid of any emotion. I don't think they changed their expressions once during the entire length of the trial They were stone-faced. You couldn't help but notice it."

Ethel Rosenberg struck Vincent Lebonitte as "a steely, stony, tight-lipped woman She was the mastermind. Julius would have spoken if she had permitted him He was more human She was more disciplined"

Greenglass seemed less than human "Here was a brother sending his sister to the gallows to save his own skin," Vincent Lebonitte said "Making his sister the goat. The defense brought that out time and again" Axley recalls that "Greenglass had a permanent grin on his face—it was not intentional. We studied him real sharply."

The thrust of the defense was to discredit Greenglass by portraying him as "repulsive." Here again, Bloch miscalculated the jurors' reactions When it came to choosing between the Rosenbergs' and the Greenglasses' versions of the same events, they chose the latter precisely because they could not believe that anyone could turn in their own flesh and blood and be lying in the bargain To do something that terrible to his own sister, they reasoned, Greenglass had to be telling the truth. The alternative was too shameful to contemplate Such was the reaction of decent family men to what was emerging as a family quarrel of frightening proportions

As Harold Axley put it: "Take young Greenglass Why would a boy go to this great length to testify against his sister and brother-in-law and build up such a preponderance of evidence against them, knowing it might mean their lives? I could not visualize this happening. I still can't. I felt that he could not have been lying about doing in his own sister."

James Gibbons said: "The most terrible and unforgivable thing in the whole case for me was a brother testifying against his sister. I couldn't understand it then and I don't understand it now Jealousy's just not enough—you just do not testify against a relative unless there is something In it"

Against the defense's expectations, Greenglass, by shocking the jury, established his credibility And if the jury believed the Greenglasses, the evidence pointing to the Rosenbergs' guilt was overwhelming. As Harold Axley put it "There were too many elements involved in close alliance Why would these people do all these things? There was a kind of fit to the thing, it all fit"

The Rosenbergs did not help matters when they repeatedly took the Fifth Amendment in reply to questions concerning alleged Communist activities As Charles Duda remembers, "They took the Fifth so damn many times They must have thought it would be very damaging not to take it" "They used the Fifth quite often," said Vincent Lebonitte, "to me it meant they were hiding something, even though it was their constitutional privilege."

By odd coincidence, when the Rosenberg trial was in its final week, Estes Kefauver's traveling crime committee moved into a Foley Square courtroom on a higher floor for eight

days of televised public hearings. Upstairs, famous underworld figures such as Frank Costello and Joe Adonis and Virginia Hill took the Fifth when they were asked about their ties to organized crime. The big-time bookie Frank Erickson took the Fifth on the grounds that answering "may intend to criminate me." Downstairs, the Rosenbergs were taking the Fifth concerning their ties to the Communist party. One day, according to Harold Axley, Judge Kaufman cleared the court and asked the jury to stay. Senator Charles W. Tobey, New Hampshire Republican and a folksy windbag who was a Kefauver committee stalwart, had come to visit. Judge Kaufman left the bench and went down the aisle to greet the older man. He introduced Senator Tobey to the jurors "I'm very glad to be here and meet you," Senator Tobey said. "We could use people like you upstairs." If Axley's memory is accurate (four other jurors whom I asked to corroborate the incident did not recall it), the connection between the gangsters and the Rosenbergs, all of them taking the Fifth Amendment, was impressed upon the jury. When I called Judge Kaufman, who is now chief judge of the U.S. court of appeals, to ask about this possible example of tampering with the jury, I was told by a clerk "Judge Kaufman makes it a rule not to discuss trials over which he has presided."

According to Gloria Agrin, "taking the Fifth was done at the Rosenbergs' insistence They were Communists but they were afraid that if they admitted it they would be questioned about their Communist connections, and be asked to implicate others, and be cited for contempt of court." How the Rosenbergs, who were defendants in a capital case, could have been worried about a hypothetical contempt citation, remains one of the trial's minor mysteries

In the trial's final days, there were two witnesses who particularly impressed the jurors because they were, Vincent Lebonitte said, "little bystanders with no ax to grind."

The Rosenbergs' maid, Mrs. Evelyn Cox, testified about a console table which Greenglass said the Rosenbergs had been given by the Russians, and which supposedly had a compartment for developing microfilm. The Rosenbergs said on the stand that they had bought the table at Macy's.

"I asked her [Ethel Rosenberg] where it came from," Mrs. Cox testified "It was such a pretty table and she said that a friend of her husband gave it to him as a gift. Then she added that he hadn't seen him for a long time and it was a sort of wedding present That is all the talk we ever had about the table."

It was enough to convince Charles Duda that the Rosenbergs were lying. "They said they bought it at Macy's," he recalled, "but they couldn't produce either a sales slip or the table Where did it go?"

After Mrs Cox came Ben Schneider, who ran a photography shop on Park Row, near the Municipal Building, specializing in passport pictures. On a Saturday in the middle of June, 1950, Schneider said, the Rosenbergs and their two sons had come in and ordered thirty-six passport photographs. Schneider remembered the Rosenbergs because of the size of the order and because their sons were unruly Julius Rosenberg had said something about a vacation in France

To the jurors, Evelyn Cox and Ben Schneider were simple people like themselves, telling their stories without guile To Vincent Lebonitte, ordering the passport pictures showed intent to flee It was another brick in the mounting tower of guilt. Both sides rested, and the jurors now heard five hours of summation "I had to constantly remind myself that all these effects were to impress us," Harold Axley recalled, "that this was their bag, the raising of voices, the lowering of voices, it was all for us."

It was on the afternoon of March 28, at 3 37 p.m., that Judge Kaufman began reading his ten-thousand-word charge. He told the jurors that they were not laymen taking part in a discussion, but sworn officials who had taken an oath to give a true verdict. He cautioned any one juror against monopolizing the deliberations. "Don't be afraid to change your view because of pride and opinion, If you are convinced that your original view is wrong," he advised "It would be silly for you to sit in a corner and sulk because someone does not agree with you Talk it out That is what deliberation means"

He said that as a collective body, their verdict had to be unanimous He explained that the burden was on the government to establish guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, and reminded the jurors that membership in the Communist party or evidence of flight did not constitute presumption of guilt. Finally, Kaufman said, "you are instructed that the question of possible punishment of the defendants in the event of conviction is no concern of the jury, and should not in any sense enter into or influence your deliberations . . . you cannot allow a consideration of the punishment which may be inflicted upon the defendants to influence your verdict in any way."

Kaufman finished reading his charge at 4 46 p.m The four alternate jurors, who had not been needed but who had attentively sat through the entire trial, were dismissed with thanks, and at 4:53 Kaufman said: "Very well, the jury will retire." They did not want to begin deliberations on an empty stomach, and went to an Italian restaurant off Foley Square for dinner Around 6 p.m. they were led into a room behind the jury box that was bare except for an oblong table and twelve armchairs. In front of each chair, there was a pad, a pencil, and an ashtray At 6 08 the jury began what would amount to a total of more than seven hours of deliberations.

It was up to the foreman, Vincent Lebonitte, the second-youngest juror, to conduct the deliberations and keep order. "Why don't we open the meeting by having discussions?" Lebonitte asked "Is there anyone who would like to say something on any point of testimony or on any thoughts he may have had? Let's get the ball rolling."

Someone suggested they should look at the indictment and the list of witnesses again to refresh their memories. Jurors are not allowed to take notes, and in a trial which involved complicated technical data, they were expected to perform feats of memory. At 6:40 the indictment and the list of witnesses were brought in.

The jurors reviewed some of the points that had impressed them: Morton Sobell had not testified in his own defense. He had taken the standard escape route for fleeing Soviet agents, via Mexico, where he had used seven aliases. This did not seem like the behavior of an innocent man. Julius Rosenberg had tried to appear candid, but had ruined that effect by hiding behind the Fifth Amendment. Certain moments in the trial had registered with the jurors as precisely as the pulse reactions in a lie-detector test. Such a moment was Rosenberg's account of a conversation with Greenglass in which he said, as Vincent Lebonitte recalls it, "What are you trying to do, Dave, threaten me and blackmail me?" Blackmail him for what, several jurors wondered?

Most jurors, like Charles Christie, voted guilty from the first ballot "I voted guilty on the first vote and every vote that we had," he told the NPACT team.

The jurors wrote their verdicts on slips of paper, and passed the folded slips to Vincent Lebonitte, who took the count On the first vote, he recalled, "one, possibly two, did not vote for guilty."

At 8:10 p.m., one juror asked to hear Ruth Greenglass' testimony starting with Julius Rosenberg's first approach. This was some of the most damning testimony in the trial: Julius wanted Ruth to tell David that he should collect information to pass on to the Russians. Ruth had taken $150 from Julius for expenses and gone to Albuquerque to be with David on their wedding anniversary, November 29, 1944 She had told David about Julius' proposal and he had agreed to supply the information.

The jury came back into the jury box, and the Rosenbergs and Sobell were taken up, handcuffed, to the courtroom. The court reporter read the ten pages of testimony. Bloch asked that the cross-examination also be read. "Your request is denied," Judge Kaufman said "That has not been requested by the jury. The jury will retire. We will give the jury exactly what they request."

The jury resumed its deliberations, and at 9:42 asked to see the exhibits, to take another look at Greenglass' sketches of the bomb.

More votes were taken. One juror held out against a guilty verdict for Ethel Rosenberg. This issue, Vincent Lebonitte remembers, was not guilt

The guy in the Groshire.

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bat clemency. "This particular individual," he said, "was squeamish about the possibility of a woman being put to death. He was under the impression that it was almost a foregone conclusion that she would suffer the loss of her life. He also brought out the mother angle. It was not a dissent on the evidence, it was a dissent for sentimental reasons. The idea that a mother with two children could be put to death was revolting to him."

The "individual" was James A. Gibbons, the accountant for the bus company. "I believed they [the Rosenbergs] were guilty then, and I believe it now," he recalled. "But there were two children, and I had two of my own. I just couldn't . . . two of the three, that wasn't on my mind, but the mother of two children . . ."

"From the start," confirmed Charles Duda, "there was no question of guilt or innocence, but one man was really hung up because of the children."

Other jurors with growing children did not feel the qualms that James Gibbons felt. "I had two daughters at that time," Charles Christie said, "and it bothered me how they would subject their children to such a thing. I just couldn't understand it." The only mother on the jury, Mrs. Lisette Dammas, "did not share the clemency view at all," Vincent Lebonitte remembers.

Several jurors, including Vincent Lebonitte, argued with Gibbons that there was only a slight chance that the death sentence would be imposed, so why base a verdict on such a remote possibility? "There was a lot of talk about executions," Gibbons recalls. Gibbons continued to insist on leniency for Ethel Rosenberg.

Aside from the one holdout, there was a strong feeling among the jurors that it would not have been proper to return a verdict too quickly. They hunted for doubts. "We wanted to see if we could come up with something on both sides of the ledger," Vincent Lebonitte recalls. "We were embarrassed to come in with a verdict too fast, so we bent over backward to examine different parts of the trial."

At 10:55 p.m., Vincent Lebonitte drafted the following communication for the court: "Judge Kaufman: One of the jurors has some doubt in his mind as to whether he can recommend leniency for one of the defendants. He is interested in knowing your mind on the matter."

"I might say," Kaufman said, "that I am not proposed as yet to give the answer. I want to give some thought to it. Do you gentlemen have any thoughts on the matter?"

Alexander Bloch: "I can't very well suggest anything. It is all up to you, Judge."

Court: "Yes."

A. Bloch: "Because ultimately you will be the one who will pass on it."

Court: "My present inclination is to just read back to them that portion of my charge which dealt with punishment. I have sent my clerk to look up cases on that subject."

At 11 p.m. the jurors returned to the courtroom. Kaufman told them that punishment was not their concern. But he added: "If you want to make a recommendation, you can if you so desire, but I believe it should be stated to the jury that the recommendation should not in any way affect your decision . . . it is my prerogative to follow or disregard any recommendation that you may make on the matter of punishment. Is that clear?"

Again the jury was locked in and went about its business, dispassionately. "I've been on a lot of juries," Harold Axley recalls, "and I've seen some real shindigs, almost to blows, but this jury did not go on any emotional tangents. I can't even remember any real loud voices. There was no personal animosity, and no one person dominated."

To Vincent Lebonitte, Judge Kaufman's message meant that "we should come in with guilty or not guilty and it was within the judge's realm to determine clemency. The sentence had nothing to do with us. Our only responsibility was to determine guilt."

James Gibbons continued to hold out. "I'm no hero," he says today. "It was the thought of those two small children."

By midnight, after six hours of deliberation, no verdict had been reached. At 12:10 a.m. on March 29 the court summoned the jurors and said: "Madam and gentlemen of the jury . . . if you feel that you believe a verdict can be reached in a reasonable period of time, why then, I think it would probably be a good idea to continue your deliberations. Otherwise I will have to advise the marshal that I will consider locking you up for the evening."

The jury retired, and Harold Axley remembers saying: "Let's go to the hotel and think this thing out. We've had a long hard day of deliberations." The other jurors agreed. Again, Vincent Lebonitte drafted a message for Judge Kaufman: "Will you kindly make arrangements as you suggested from the bench due to still existent dissident vote amongst us?"

Kaufman, after some discussion with the defense lawyers over the advisability of obtaining an immediate verdict for at least one of the defendants, gave the order to find a hotel where the jurors could spend the night. They were taken to the Knickerbocker Hotel at 120 West Forty-fifth Street, the only hotel the marshals could find with twelve single rooms available on the same floor.

Howard Becker remembers that the Knickerbocker "wasn't a fleabag, but it wasn't first-rate. I thought it could have been wrapped up that night but if it meant that much to him, well, one night's not going to make that much difference. By the time they'd made arrangements it was two a.m. At seven-thirty they banged on our door and we dressed and washed and had breakfast at Schrafft's.

"We were in court before ten. That morning we were all talking to him [Gibbons], explaining that it was not on his conscience, and that he thought they [the defendants] were guilty too. I had the feeling that he had convinced himself about it all alone in bed. I don't remember anyone taking him into a corner and saying, 'Look, this is the way it's going to be.'"

Vincent Lebonitte remembers that "I changed his [Gibbons'] slant on it. I told him, 'Look, possibly this woman that you want to save will someday be a part of a conspiracy to transmit secret information to a foreign power that would result in your own doom and the destruction of your wife and your children.' That changed his way of thinking."

Gibbons recalls that "I was made to understand that it wasn't the jury's job to even think about the sentence." It seldom happens that one juror can stand up to eleven others when they are locked in the same room, impatient to get out. It did not take long that morning for Gibbons to give in. He felt the relief that a man feels who has been defending an unpopular point of view against uneven odds. Now that it was over, he recalls, "I felt like Pontius Pilate washing his hands. If you know your Bible, you'll understand."

At 11:01 a.m. on March 29, 1951, after nearly eight hours of deliberations, the jury came in and declared the Rosenbergs and Morton Sobell guilty as charged. Bloch asked the court to poll the jury on each defendant. Perhaps the holdout would voice his reservations. Each of the jurors confirmed the announced verdict.

"I was looking right at them [the Rosenbergs] when the verdict was read," Charles Duda recalls. "I would have passed right out, but they did not react."

In thanking the jury, Kaufman revealed his own feelings. "My own opinion is that your verdict is a correct verdict," he said, "and what I was particularly pleased about was the time which you took to deliberate in this case. I must say that as an individual I cannot be happy because it is a sad day for America. The thought that citizens of our country would lend themselves to the destruction of their own country by the most destructive weapons known to man is so shocking that I can't find words to describe this loathsome offense."

Saypol said it would not be seemly for the government to thank the jury, which had done its duty, then added: "You jurors may go now, for you disband and revert to your personal roles, I hope satisfied that our work continues."

Curiously, Bloch also thanked the jury: "I feel satisfied by reason of the length of time that you took for your deliberations, as well as the questions asked during the course of your deliberations, that you examined very carefully the evidence and came to a certain conclusion," he said. Later, when he was arguing on appeal that the Rosenbergs had not received a fair trial, these words would haunt him. How could he argue lack of fairness, it was asked, when at the time he had thanked the judge and jury? Again, the thanks were part of his policy not

to say or do anything that might contribute to Judge Kaufman's dealing out the death sentence

In his final words to the jury, Judge Kaufman was benign and paternal. "Now I say to the jurors, I almost feel as if I will miss seeing those faces morning after morning, but I know it has been a tremendous inconvenience to most of you It has taken you away from your businesses"

The trial was not over. On April 5, Judge Kaufman sentenced the Rosenbergs to death In words swollen with cold-war rhetoric, he said they had a direct responsibility for Communist aggression in Korea, "with the resultant casualties exceeding fifty thousand Americans and who knows but that millions more of innocent people may pay the price of your treason?" Blaming the Korean war on the Rosenbergs was like blaming a fire on a passerby who happens to be carrying matches. The stridency of Kaufman's remarks showed that he was even more sensitized to the political context of the case than was the jury.

The death sentence was not only disproportionate to the crime, it provided the basis for a violent anti-American campaign that raged for years all over the world It was as a result of Kaufman's sentence that the Rosenbergs became martyrs in countries which knew next to nothing about their trial. The campaign was as immoderate as the sentence, as each cry for mercy became an assertion of innocence

The trial was given unprecedented judicial scrutiny. There were twenty-five applications for relief, seven of them to the Supreme Court, which declined to review, and two applications to the President for executive clemency The Rosenbergs were told that the death sentence would be commuted if they confessed. They did not confess, and they were executed on June 19, 1953. Six months later, on January 30, 1954, Emanuel Bloch, crushed by his failure to save the Rosenbergs and hounded by the threat of disbarment proceedings, died at the age of fifty-two, and his father, Alexander, died several years after him.

The jurors' reactions to the sentence were mixed. Charles Christie felt that "conspiracy and treason were the same thing. I feel about treason pretty much the same way I feel about murder, rape, kidnapping, which includes hijacking, and I think the maximum penalty should be imposed I feel that way right today" Vincent Lebonitte was surprised "I didn't think he [Kaufman] would be that severe We had done an honest job, the penalty was no concern of ours I never looked for death or blood. I would have accepted the life sentence, thirty years, twenty-five years. But anyone who says it was a trumped-up conviction—that makes me boil inside!" The jurors who had convinced James Gibbons that the chance of a death sentence was remote must have felt rather sheepish

During the long period of appeals, friends and relatives of the Rosenbergs contacted jurors. "Rosenberg's brother came to see me," James Gibbons said. "He put his foot in the door He wanted me to write a letter to the President I said, there are eleven other jurors, why me? I said it was over, I didn't want anything more to do with it, and please to leave He wouldn't take his foot from the door, I had to kick it away." Gibbons often thought about the woman he had tried to save It had been the most difficult moral decision of his life, and he had given in to group pressure.

"After the trial, every now and then, my telephone would ring and it would be someone on one of these committees," Harold Axley recalls, "asking me to write someone—I can't even remember who at this point—and tell them the sentence was too harsh I told them it would not have been proper to disagree with the sentence given out by the judge"

For years after the trial, Harold Axley had recurrent nightmares about the Rosenbergs. He saw himself back in the jury box, watching them, or talking to the other jurors, or going over the evidence in the jury room. "I don't attach any importance to it," he said. "I dream about my golf scores, too Always the bad ones, not the good ones"

After their moment in the limelight, the jurors went back to their normal lives. With the possible exception of Gibbons, the experience did not mark them in any profound way They were part of a process, and carried out their duties in good faith None of those I talked to have ever nurtured doubts about the Rosenbergs' guilt. ##

CARTOGRAPHY

(Continued from page 100) is the practical one, I see A head for business, as they say" Essen turned to me. "Well, here we are, then," he said, counting out the bills "Two months in advance"

I took the money, recounted it carefully, and loudly, and pocketed the sum. Then I stepped over to the desk and prepared a receipt

"Very efficient," Essen said.

"Yes, very," my aunt said

I gave Essen his receipt, along with the key to the house, and was about to set forth the precise conditions of residence when my aunt spoke

"Show Mr. Essen to the door, Nicholas, and see he is escorted safely to the house."

"That will not be necessary," Essen said "I prefer to walk alone Good day"

I gave Essen his coat and hat and accompanied him to the door.

"There are certain terms," I said.

"Of course, of course," Essen said, and he hurried down the walk.

I returned to the parlor rather annoyed with my aunt She had rented the house without a moment's inquiry and allowed a foolish, ill-dressed, retired teacher—fired for incompetence, for all we knew—to kiss her hand.

My aunt poured herself a cup of cold tea and sipped, ignoring me. I stood in the archway between parlor and foyer examining my tiepin and cuff links

"We attract a refined, intelligent man to live in the house and you insult him about money," my aunt finally said

I moved into the room and sat down on the couch next to her I unbuttoned my vest and ate several ladyfingers, avoiding my aunt's gaze and refusing to answer

"Must you eat every last one?"

"Yes," I replied

My aunt sighed

"Will you not apologize for embarrassing me in the presence of Professor Essen?"

"He is no longer a professor and he was scarcely present," I said "Perhaps he is no professor at all What proof do we have?"

My aunt produced her handkerchief and dabbed at glistening eyes

"All right," I said "I am sorry, deeply sorry"

I was always willing to apologize, for it really made no difference to me one way or the other I stood up and kissed her lightly on the forehead

"Now be a good boy, Nicholas, and go upstairs and get my decongestion tablets My sinuses are thickening."

I returned to the parlor with her medication and a glass of water. When she had swallowed the pills and a bit of water, I removed the plate of ladyfinger crumbs, the tea service, and the water glass. I placed a cushion on the coffee table and lifted my aunt's slippered feet onto it. My aunt smiled and fell into thought.

"You really should lose some weight, Nicholas," my aunt said to me the following morning at the breakfast table "It is unhealthy"

"And you are too thin," I said, ending the dialogue

After breakfast, I suggested that she return promptly to bed

"You look a little tired," I said, not really exaggerating

"I did not sleep very well," she said

"All right, then," I said. "Up we go"

I put her to bed and returned to the kitchen, disposing quickly of the breakfast dishes

My aunt could have rested just as easily on the couch in the parlor, but in her bed upstairs she would drift into sleep. I waited until I was certain this had happened, and then slipped out of the house and made for a nearby café.

My aunt permitted me only a morning cup of coffee with breakfast and an evening cup after dinner, and so I drank the coffee I wanted to drink out of the house I had acquired a great thirst for coffee, sometimes drinking as many as twenty to thirty cups in a single day

My passion for coffee had been aroused several years earlier when my aunt was taken to the hospital for the removal of her gallbladder Complications developed, and she stayed away for nearly three months

I was at home, by myself It had begun innocently enough. At first I stretched my morning cup of coffee to two, three, to four, to five. But soon there was no interval between my breakfast and luncheon coffee, my afternoon and my dinner coffee, my dinner and evening coffee. By the end of a month, I was consuming thirty cups a day It was the first thing I put to my lips in the morning and the last taste in my mouth when I retired

I had taken into my possession a galvanized, twenty-cup coffee maker—the kind used at church socials—and was never far distant from it Now, whenever I left the house for any reason, real or contrived, I always drank my fill of coffee

When the waiter came back to my table, I ordered my fifth cup and sent him for a packet of cigarettes

Over my coffee and my cigarettes, I decided that I would not go to the house on Fiskegerd and look in on Essen I finished my coffee and left the café, giving myself enough time to return home and relax briefly before waking my aunt for lunch I stopped at a pharmacy along the way and bought aspirin and breath mints

After lunch, my aunt did crossword puzzles, dozed, and drank tea, all from her bed, and I, when I was not running up and down the stairs with this or that, sat in the living room leafing through magazines and newspapers and thinking about Matthew Essen, the cartographer

At dinner, I announced to my aunt that I thought I would visit the house the following morning, to see that Essen was comfortable and that everything was in order My aunt applauded this plan She asked me to convey her best wishes to Professor Essen.

After I had cleared the table and washed the dishes, we moved to the parlor and played cribbage I put my aunt to bed at eight-thirty, gave her two sleeping tablets and a glass of warm milk, and went downstairs to the study

My dead uncle's study was a striking room The large windows on the north wall gave an excellent view of the lawn and the flower garden But the heavy purple drapes were nearly always drawn now that there was no longer anyone to sit and look out at that landscape.

The three other walls held books, most of which were rare and expensively bound in emerald, burgundy, and black leather When I would wander into the study as a child, my uncle would lift me up and, carrying me from shelf to shelf, encourage me to touch the bindings But I had preferred not to touch them

The desk was an elegant antique, oak and massive. There were several ornately carved pedestals whose marble tops held ferns and a wooden globe five feet in circumference, the tinted continents spinning on a brass axis I dusted the room haphazardly once every two weeks, whirling the globe as I worked I never vacuumed The thick Persian rug absorbed dust indefinitely. Besides, my aunt never set foot in the study

The desk drawers were still filled with my uncle's effects letters, bills, receipts, an ivory letter opener, gold pens, ink and blotters, his meerschaums and tins of specially blended tobacco And in the closet, his green smoking jacket still rested from the single hanger.

I was, after all, as much a stranger to my uncle as I was to his study. A few recollections and his effects, preserved in the room as if it were a museum, were all I had, a museum where I was slovenly custodian and unwelcome visitor.

It took me a long time to find what I was looking for My uncle had his own peculiar way of cataloging titles. But at last I found the facsimile editions of fifteenth-, sixteenth-, and seventeenth-century maps of Europe and Asia, the modern world atlas, and an interesting surprise—a rare volume containing a collection of Rasmussen's chartings of the Arctic. I also read the encyclopedia's entry on cartography It was signed "M.E." I studied the maps and charts until my eyelids grew heavy. Then I looked in on my aunt and went to bed

My aunt elected to stay in bed the following day, complaining of her usual pains and discomforts I brought her breakfast—prune juice, tea, richly buttered toast—up to her bed, and reported I thought it wise for me to get an early start over to the house on

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Fiskegard. If I were hungry, I would take a light breakfast at a restaurant. My aunt frowned, told me to wipe the silverware with my handkerchief, but proved too tired or ill to instruct me further.

I stopped at my usual café and ordered coffee. The café was several blocks from the house on Fiskegard. It was a bright, warm morning, an ideal day for a walk and visit, and there was no reason to hurry. I drank my coffee and smoked several cigarettes. Then I set out for the house.

When I arrived at the house, I would knock on the door and inquire if all were well. Essen would ask me in—perhaps there would be something amiss: a dripping faucet, a burned-out light bulb. Once inside, it would all be very simple. I would tell him there were several things that must be checked: the fuse box, the water heater, the furnace.

I could look around.

But somehow, once within view of the house, this plan, so correct the night before, seemed now to betray my true intention. I feared that Essen would see right through me.

And so, as I passed in front of the house, I quickened my step as if I were late for an important engagement. I even consulted my watch to add authenticity to the drama. And not for an instant did I look at the house. All these things I did so that Essen, who would be observing me from the window, who would see me pass, would not suspect anything.

I took a different route back to the café, drank coffee, smoked, and returned home by one o'clock, angry that I had not knocked on Essen's door. The plan was simply satisfactory. Besides, why should Essen be suspicious of me? Was there reason?

A new tenant must expect the landlord to make an initial inspection of the premises.

I popped a mint into my mouth and climbed the stairs to see my aunt. I went over to the bed and kissed her on the forehead. She awoke and smiled at me.

"How are you feeling?" I asked, sitting down on the edge of the bed and taking her powdered hand.

"A little better, Nicholas," she said. "It seems all I do is sleep."

"Nonsense," I said. "You sleep no more than anyone your age in your condition."

"How is Professor Essen?"

"He was not at home when I called. I shall have to call again this afternoon. Or tomorrow," I said. "Would you like lunch?"

"No, Nicholas. I believe I'll just do a crossword and then take a little nap."

"Rest is the best thing," I said, and replaced her hand at her side.

I kissed my aunt on the cheek and closed the door behind me. Downstairs, I went into the study and examined the maps and charts I had taken from the shelves the night before. I also computed distances on the wooden globe. When I was sure my aunt was asleep, I went back to the café, drank coffee, and considered Essen and his maps.

After several cups, I requested a menu from the waiter. I ordered rollmops and more coffee.

The café was populated by the regular customers, and these I acknowledged when their gaze met mine. While I waited for my food, I glanced at the newspaper but soon lost interest and put it aside. I lit up a cigarette and tried to imagine what Essen was doing that very instant.

I could see the walls of his study papered with maps of all kinds, each decorated with the cartographer's own cryptic markings—circles and arcs, lines connecting points, latitude and longitude notations. The desk was littered with books, calipers, other measuring devices. Essen was seated at the desk, bespectacled, bent over a map. He runs his finger over a section of the map, refers to a book, rechecks the map, and then makes an entry in his notebook. Pushed to the very edge of the cluttered desk is a plate with the remains of a sandwich.

My picture of the cartographer Essen in his study on a sunny afternoon, unmindful of the world outside his window, concerned only with his desk-top continents and oceans, was abruptly shadowed by the waiter placing my order before me. I glanced up to thank him, *and saw Essen.* He was seated alone at a table drinking beer and reading a newspaper.

It was at great pains to me that I discovered Essen came to the café every day, usually around five o'clock, and drank one bottle of beer and read the newspaper. I would sit in the corner and watch him, stirring my coffee and rolling the ashes of my cigarette around in the ashtray.

Matthew Essen was a man of habit. While there was beer in the bottle, he would keep his glass half filled: a sip of beer from the glass, a precise refill, and so on. He read the newspaper thoroughly while he drank, folding it this way and that, sometimes in half, sometimes in quarters. He often tore out an item and stuffed it into his bulging wallet. After he finished reading, he would arrange the pages in order once again, fold the newspaper into thirds, and drink the last of the beer. Then he would rise, pile some coins on the table, and put the folded newspaper in his coat pocket.

After weeks of this foolishness, I too rose from the table as Essen left the café and I admit I followed him as he made his way home. I followed him at a distance, twenty yards. I would say. But Essen did not turn around. His hands thrust deep into his pockets, he kept his head down, counting the cracks in the sidewalk, I imagine, or measuring the length of his stride.

On we went through the weak yellow twilight. At times Essen's path seemed circuitous, seemed to be away from Fiskegard rather than toward it. But of course he knew what he was about, and at last we arrived at the house.

Essen entered. I paused. The living room light was turned on, and I could see the man moving slowly about. It was nearly dark, but the streetlamps were not yet lit. Then I moved: across the street . . . onto the pavement . . . closer to the house . . . onto the lawn . . . then to the window.

The walls in the living room were whiter than I had ever seen them. They seemed newly painted, or freshly scrubbed. There was not a single piece of furniture in the room, not one book, not one map tacked to the wall.

Essen stood in the middle of the room, the hardwood floor under his feet and the white screaming ceiling over his head. He held his hands in front of him and slowly turned in all directions.

I watched at the window. I could have knocked at the door and demanded to be let in. As landlord, I had that right. ##

I WAS AN IKETTE FOR A NIGHT

(Continued from page 81) we gotta go this Wednesday and we got to do two shows a night till Sunday. Oh, yeah, and we changed the act. Ester will have to teach you the new stuff. Sorry." *She's* sorry? It took me three weeks to learn six minutes; now I had two days in which to learn ten minutes.

With the date as firm as dates ever get in the I&T.T. organization, we went to Tina's home for a costume fitting. Actually my "fitting" consisted of trying on and galumphing about in Tina's gold plastic platforms (she's a size 8A and I'm a 9½AAA), her gold-chain bra top (she's a 34A and I'm a 38C), and her micro-mini jersey skirt (she's a 24 waist, I'm a 32). She squinted at me for a while and finally sighed, "Oh, well, it'll do." She warned me that normally she would fine me a hundred and fifty dollars for looking that way onstage but since I'm only a "guest Ikette" it wouldn't matter. "Fix those hooks and eyes and I'll give you my briefs and panty hose, but I want them back when you're done." Returning used briefs and panty hose? This is a class act?

After the costume "fitting," Tina taught me how to apply the three layers of "natural look" makeup—everything had the label "Deep Tan" on it—and insisted I wear her red wig. It took her a half hour to braid and bunch up my own hair. Apparently the braids make the wig adhere to the head better. She nailed the Mallomar mane to my scalp. In ten minutes I had a crashing headache, I went cross-eyed, and my eyes started to tear. It was then I realized that I could *never* make it as an Ikette. I was allergic to the prime performing prerequisite . . . THE WIG. Tina then lectured me about how she wanted me to grow out my own hair and that she herself would dye it coppertone. "You're such a lovely girl but you walk around looking like Phyllis Diller. Why don't you get into yourself, girl . . . get into your sexuality." I left Tina dressed in her muffin slippers and white baggy sweat suit with

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a bandanna covering her corn-rowed almost hairless head (she never reveals her own hair to anyone since she lost most of it at the age of nineteen from dyeing it red), crouching on her hands and knees cleaning up the hairpins and dust on her rug. There was the real Tina Turner . . . getting into her own sexuality.

After the three-hour session, Ester suggested we go back to the studio and learn the new theme. Marcy started to balk in the Turners' driveway. She didn't want to rehearse because of menstrual cramps. Ester pointed out that cramps were not an "acceptable excuse." Before we knew it we had a rip-roaring rumble between the two of them. It continued throughout the drive to the studio, where the two proceeded to go at each other tooth and nail in Ike's private sound booth. Ike secretly turned on the mike so that everyone could hear the two girls calling each other "you black bitch," "you wide-nosed coon," etc. Ike finally came in and broke it up. Ester was left with a bleeding upper arm, and Marcy had a black-and-blue lower jaw. Ironically, the fight began moments after Tina explained to me how "personally solid" and what a "tight-knit family" the group was. "Everyone's sign is compatible you know . . . all Scorpios and Sagittarians. It's why Ike renamed the band the Family Vibes." Later Ester added, "That's bullshit, man. We haven't had a close-knit group in five years. As for the Ikettes, we all hate each other and operate on raging competition." As a result of all this close-knit hatred, rehearsals were called off because Ester had to go to the clinic for rabies tests. So much for my learning the ten minutes in two days.

That night Tina called me to talk about the fines and the Ikette etiquette. "I know it sounds awful but that's the only way we find to get the cooperation and the results from the girls. Most of them have never performed before and they simply don't know. But it's no excuse. They gotta learn sometime. And, believe me, we all had to pay our dues in the business. I'd still be pickin' cotton in Tennessee if I hadn't paid my dues and served Ike. But the secret to being a successful Ikette has more to do with the voice than the feet. Remember that." She didn't know I was lip syncing the show. "I also believe in the Ikette visual. I don't see it as cheap or vulgar. Nor do I see myself as that. Sex is not cheap or vulgar. And I always loved the look of long straight hair. Ike says he patterned me after Sheena of the jungle. She was white, you know. But I still love the look and action of long hair movin' and the short skirts shimmying. I want action on that stage at all times. So whenever you don't know what to do just shake your wig and swim with your arms. But don't ever ever crack up onstage." Obviously Tina was giving me a preview of the "George Allen" pep talk she gives the Ikettes before they go onstage. By the end of it she was hoarse from making her points. "But if ever I see a wig start sliding or even a boob slip out of a bodice, I'll slap a fine on the girl. I mean, why shouldn't I? They represent me, and in my act they gotta look outa sight at all times. There's simply no room for sloppiness and unprofessionalism." I always wondered what being "unprofessional" meant. Now I know that being "unprofessional" is slipping wigs and sliding boobs.

Wednesday morning arrived, and I was on the plane at 8:15 a.m. The rest of the I&T T. crew ambled to the gate at 8:32 for the 8:35 takeoff. They also went through their own customs check while I went through the gates with the rest of the civilians.

We checked into the hotel and I had to share a room with Yolanda, who had pinkeye. When I explained to her that she must use a separate towel and bar of soap, she iced up and accused me of being prejudiced and "just like all those jive liberals." I ended up moving into my own suite, while Yolanda insisted on sleeping on a rollaway with Ester and Marcy. As for the other arrangements, I learned Ike always rents a suite of rooms for himself, a separate suite for Tina, and a party room. The party room is for post-show use by the crew, although Tina never shows. The Turner groupies, however, are present in full force. And they are a definite type: they all seem to be white, fifteen-year-old lobby loiterers with orange hair and blackheads. The band and Ike have all the fringe benefits on the road, while Tina's life is regimented to knocking herself out at show time and then rolling up her wig at the completion and going to bed. The woman leads two totally separate lives. "I call my stage self 'Tina Turner' and my real self 'Anna Mae Bullock' [her maiden name]." The Ikettes rarely mix sex and show on the road. There is no intramural sex with the band members, and the girls rarely go out looking for action. Possibly because they'd get fined if they did.

Wednesday afternoon Tina warned us to get plenty of rest and to eat before the show. She herself never drinks or smokes and will have nothing to do with drugs. Her addictions are Preparation B and Geritol.

Show time crept up and at six p.m. we drove over to Baceda's nightclub, a dinky roadhouse which houses two tiny stages and a spaghetti-and-beer restaurant. The stage was as big as a tongue, and Ike threw a fit when he saw the basement dressing room: the classic setting, with one dangling bare bulb and a single clothes rack for the costumes, no mirrors, and some leftover French fries sprayed along the linoleum floor. Since I still didn't know the theme, Ester quickly verbalized the routine ("You lunge four, then slide two, then boogie for eight, on ten you Pony over to Tina") while Tina corn-rowed my hair. Mumbling Ester's instructions to myself, I put on my costume. Suddenly Tina was yelling at me about torn hooks and eyes and said that I would start with a fifteen-dollar fine. I would have found this amusing if her yelling hadn't made me forget what I was supposed to go on the stage and do in order to get the fine in the first place. I complained to Ester, "How can you people operate this way? Marcy and Yolanda don't know the new act either and where is all this 'pro know-how?'" Ester just sighed and broke into one of her wide-angle grins. "You gotta get into B.M.T." "What's B.M.T.?" "That's Black Man's Thinking." I had twenty minutes left, so I stood in front of Ester's tiny round hand mirror for the before-stage Ikette check. I tried to toss my weighted-down head in a sexy manner, and it felt like my eyes were about to explode out of their sockets. My nose had started running from my wig allergy. The ankle straps of Tina's tiny shoes had cut off my circulation from ankle to hip. Tina told me to bend over and shimmy a few times to check for peekaboo boobs. Nothing peeked or booed (*yet*). We were ready to go. As I hobbled out of the dressing room, some polyester-suited man stopped me and asked if I was a transvestite. He hit the nail on the head.

The witching hour was close. The Family Vibes had played for forty-five minutes. And before I knew it we were announced. "And here are those lovely ladies we've all been waiting for. Come on, people, let's get it onnnnn down and dirty for the I-I-I-kettes." It seemed as if he trailed that "I" for about two hours. We shuffled onstage and immediately I felt the Vancouver frigidity. No handclaps . . . no out-of-control enthusiasm. I faked my typical messy Mashed Potato, waiting for Ike to give us some cue as to what the song would be (as if I knew what to do once he played it). It didn't take long for me to sink into incredible self-consciousness. I was the biggest person onstage: Tina and the Ikettes average five feet, four inches, and the shoes rounded me up to a neat six feet. The stage became as big as my instep, and I looked like a brontosaurus and felt like Alice in Wonderland after she ate the "tall" cookie. All this and the wig threw my timing off. The lights felt like a microwave oven, and I ended up squinting instead of smiling or looking sexy whenever I lifted my head. Within seconds my wig fell forward, blinding my view almost entirely. So it now looked like the Ikettes and something from the goon squad on the end. Ike started the new theme, which was Ringo's *Oh My My*. Since I didn't know the lyrics, my mouthing wasn't in sync, but at least my lips were moving. All the while I had to keep my head tilted forward because the wig was inching its way down my spine. I thought I recognized an old schoolmate in the front row and almost tripped on the cymbals when I tried to dance out close to examine her. At least I knew how to grab the mike and when to squeeze the girls' waists during the chorus of "Oh my my/Oh my my/you can boogie/if you try." I was trying, but maybe too much. My mouth freeze-dried into a sickly grin, my wig was now down to my chin and suddenly Tina made her entrance screaming, "Hiiiii everybody." She squealed and squawked her song and stood spread-legged in front of me (at least I think she was in front of me) and all I could see of her was a flash of red sequins, a lot of bare back, and a pyramid of auburn hair. Seconds later, Ester and Marcy were scattered about the stage looking like they knew where they were going, and I was left standing in front of Tina (an automatic fine). Tina then pushed me stage left with her hip swings, and I was left clutching the curtain and using it to wipe my running nose till the third "Oh my my" refrain. Eventually I tried to Pony out center stage and suddenly felt my ankle give and in one eye-blink's time I found myself on one knee with one breast about to bust through the chain halter. Now what does one do when one finds oneself as an Ikette on one knee in the middle of a go-go rendition of *Oh My My* while everyone else is madly "hunching" about? I did the natural thing. I broke into *Swannee* with all the right Jolson arm extensions. After which I half stumbled, half boogied off the stage. And would you believe Ike and Tina didn't yell at me, although they did fine Yolanda for being too serious onstage. As for me, I sat in the dressing room exhilarated at my debut and crying because I couldn't get the wig off and it was suffocating. Afterward, I went up to Tina and asked her what she thought. "You did just fine, girl. As good as any of them on their first night. But you do a terrible Jolson." (Two days later Ester sent me a review of our opening night that appeared in *The Vancouver Sun*. Critic Scott Macrae wrote that "the Ikettes are a delight. Even if sometimes the one on the left doesn't know what the one on the right is doing.") But the finale came when I approached Ike for his final approval. I wanted him to make it official and pronounce me "Ikette for a night." He sat sulking in the dressing room, banging his Sony tape deck on the makeup table in post-show rage. But when I asked him, he stopped in a frozen stance and stared at me with his big black eight ball eyes. He stood up slowly and dug his silver-booted toes into the linoleum. All eyes were on Ike and he couldn't stand being the center of attention so he acted like a trapped wild animal. We all held our breath and waited for his comment. In that heavy voice and with the first wide quivering smile I ever saw him crack he belched: "Don' mean shit."

Now what he meant by that remark I really didn't stay to ask or analyze. ##

THE STATE OF THE UNION

(*Continued from page 68*) ten what the school was actually called. No matter. They have doubtless forgotten what I've said. In a sense, I've forgotten, too. The act of speaking formally (or informally, for that matter) is rather like the process of writing: at the moment it is all-absorbing and one is absolutely concentrated. Then the great eraser in one's brain mercifully sweeps away what was said, written.

But impressions of audiences do remain with me. The young appear to have difficulty expressing themselves with words. Teachers tell me that today's students cannot read or write with any ease (having read the prose of a good many American academics, I fear that the teachers themselves have no firm purchase on our beautiful language).

Is television responsible? Perhaps. Certainly if a child does not get interested in reading between six and thirteen he will never be able to read or write (or speak) well and, alas, the pre-pubescent years are the years of tube addiction for most American children.

Naturally that small fraction of one percent which will maintain the written culture continues, as always, but they must now proceed without the friendly presence of the common reader who has become the common viewer, getting his pleasure and instruction from television and movies. A new kind of civilization is developing. I have no way of understanding it.

As I make these notes, I am troubled by the way that I responded to the audiences' general hatred of the government. Yes, *we* are the government—but only in name. I realize that I was being sophistical when I countered their cliché that our government is dishonest and incompetent with that other cliché: you are the government.

Unconsciously, I seem to have been avoiding the message that I got from one end of the country to the other: we hate this system that we are trapped in but we don't know who has trapped us or how. We don't know what our cage really looks like because we were born in it and have nothing to compare it to, but if anyone has the key to the lock then where the hell is he?

Most Americans lack the words, the concepts that might help them figure out what has happened, and it is hardly their fault. Simple falsities have been drummed into their heads from birth (Sweden = socialism = suicide) so that they will not rebel, not demand what is being withheld them . . . and that is not Nixon's elegant "a piece of the action" but justice. Social justice.

The myth of upward social mobility dies hard, but it dies. Working-class parents produce children who will be working class while professional people produce more professionals. Merit has little to do with one's eventual place in the hierarchy. We are now locked into a class system nearly as rigid as the one that the Emperor Diocletian impressed upon the Roman empire.

Yes, I should have said, our rulers *are* perfectly corrupt but they are not incompetent. In fact, they are extremely good at exercising power over those citizens whom they have so nicely dubbed "consumers." But the consumers are not as dopey as they used to be and when they have to listen to exhortations from old-style Americans like myself, telling them *they* are the government and so can change it (underlying message: this bad society is what you dumb bastards deserve), they respond with the only epithets they can think of, provided them for generations by their masters: it's the Commies, pinkos, niggers, foreigners, it's *them* who have somehow fucked up everything.

But the consumers still have no idea who the enemy *they* are, no idea who really is tearing the place apart. No one has dared tell them that the mysterious *they* are the rich who keep the consumers in their places, consuming things that are not good for them, and doing jobs they detest. Witness, the boredom and fury of the younger workers on the Detroit assembly lines; no doubt made more furious—if not bored—by the recent mass firings, as the depression deepens.

Not since Huey Long has a political leader come forward and said we are going to redistribute the wealth of the country. We are going to break up the great fortunes. We are going to have a just society whose goal will be economic equality. And we can do this without bloody revolution (although knowing the clever resourcefulness of our rulers, I suspect it will be a terrible time—Attica on a continental scale).

True revolution can only take place when things fall apart in the wake of some catastrophe—a lost war, a collapsed economy. We seem headed for the second. If so, then let us pray that that somber, all-confining Bastille known as the consumer society will fall, as the *first* American revolution begins. It is long overdue. ##

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THE CORPSE

(*Continued from page 76*)

HE: *That is not the point.*

Ah, but it is the point. Listen. On the banks of the Hudson, midway between Manhattan and Montreal, squats the lizard town of Troy. In the back room of Moriarity's Saloon, the November meeting of the Druids of Eld is taking place. Harry Bascomb rises to deliver the invocation:

"From insomnia, as from bad dreams, from lack of love, from waiting so long you forget why, from enlargement of the prostate; from running out of coal, from constipation, from a sniveling son, and a daughter who flunks Deportment; from the pox and from the gout, from a grave full of worms—in Moriarity's, in the woes of day, and the throes of night—O Lord, deliver us."

This is followed by the ineffably sad sound of men trying to laugh together.

"The subject for tonight is what to do with your mortal remains. You first, Georgie."

Georgie assumes a leprechaun stoop and a high Irish voice. "I want me heart cut out and placed in a little silver box," he says, "with napkins and red candle wax all around. The rest ye can cast on terra damnata, and piss on it."

"You're next, Doc. Surely you've learned from the dying whispers of your fellow men?"

"Nothing. Nothing."

"What? A physician? Sawbones? Nothing? We can endure your hideous facts."

The doctor shivers despite the warmth of the saloon, and hugs his chest with his arms. He is fresh from debate with next of kin, weary, weary. There is a stain on his vest more terrible than the Ancient Mariner's eye.

"I want," he begins, "to be buried—unembalmed and unboxed—at the foot of a tree. Soon I melt and seep into the ground, to be drawn up by the roots. Straight to the top, strung in the crown, answering the air. There would be the singing of birds, the applause of wings."

"Fed to a tree? All right, then. But a cow would do the tree more good."

Then all sing:

O what shall be done with our dead, old boys?
We'll run out of ground very soon.
O what shall we do with our dead, old boys?
It seems a shame to waste them.

Then all drink their wine.
Wine? ##

EXIT THE SALMON

(Continued from page 119) had seen in his long life as the white man usurped the land, moved the tribes to interior reservations and now was destroying the free-flowing river. Afterward he posed for newsmen with his young wife Flora, sitting in front of the longhouse.

Today the Columbia River is almost completely dammed from Bonneville to Grand Coulee, only some fifty miles of free-flowing water remain. Salmon heading for their home streams in the upper part of the watershed must climb nine dams, each provided with fish ladders, with accumulated elevations of 612 feet. Although the fish are said to have the stamina of racehorses, a goodly proportion do not make it to the spawning grounds. Those that spawn in the tributaries of the lower Snake may have to climb one or two additional hundred-foot barriers. The millions of smolts going downstream have to make the same journey; a large proportion are decimated going through the turbines at the powerhouses or over the spillways; others develop bubble disease from supersaturated nitrogen in the reservoirs and die.

Not long ago, in the company of a Washington Fisheries Department biologist, I watched the salmon struggling over Ice Harbor Dam on the Snake. "Poor fish!" he said. "If we build any more of these impoundments the salmon and steelhead may not be around much longer, and the two hundred million dollars of taxpayers' money spent on ladders will be in vain—a monument to our delusion that we can have fish and power, too." I was sorry I had predicted otherwise in my book.

While the Columbia River salmon are not entirely doomed, since governments and private utilities are pouring millions of dollars into hatcheries and other technology to save them, one cannot be optimistic that the tide of depletion will be arrested forever by hatchery production—unless some of the dams are demolished, and with the current energy crunch this is absolutely unthinkable.

The salmon in Asia have also been greatly reduced, chiefly because the bulk of the stock, which comes out of Siberian and Japanese rivers, has been excessively fished—mainly by the Japanese. The Japanese themselves, so bemused by the miracles of technology that they have become the number one stream polluters in the world, have made their salmon rivers virtually uninhabitable. Yet the Japanese catch more salmon than any other people—chiefly on the high seas, fish coming mainly out of Russian rivers and some from Alaska.

On May 15 each year, the eyes of the Asian salmon industry are on Hakodate, a city of some 300,000 people situated on moon-shaped Tsugaru Strait. This is the home base of the great salmon fleet, consisting of three hundred fifty catcher boats and ten mother ships, which scours the stormy mid-Pacific, scooping up millions of salmon, under treaty arrangements with both the Soviet Union and the United States and Canada. (There is no way to prevent fishermen from taking salmon in the ocean beyond territorial limits except by treaties, the Japanese signed these restrictive treaties in the 1950's under duress and so far have been unable to wriggle out of them.)

I arose early on the morning of May 15 and taxied down to the offices of the Nichiro Fishing Company, owner of four of the mother ships, whose guest I was that day. It was a raw, chilly morning, for spring had not yet come to the island of Hokkaido. Some fifty thousand people were on the wharves to see off their husbands, fathers or relatives—about ten thousand crewmen and factory workers—on the world's greatest salmon hunt. Each catcher boat flew the flag of the rising sun and usually the banner of the association to which the owner belonged. Some of them had bamboo poles adorned with branches of trees as symbols of good luck.

It took several hours for the fleet to leave the harbor, moving in single file, banners flying in the cloudless sky, slowly, majestically. When the last vessel was out of sight the sun disappeared as if it had come out only to do its duty, and dark clouds spread across the horizon. The fleet would be gone until about mid-August and then return to Hakodate with its freezers and holds full of processed salmon. After unloading, the factory equipment would be dismantled and the eighty-eight-hundred-ton vessels would resume their humdrum tasks of carrying dry cargo around the world—until spring returned to Hokkaido and the salmon-fishing season came round again.

In 1963, I took a fifteen-thousand-mile journey through Europe in search of the Atlantic salmon (*Salmo salar*), trying to learn what happened to this noble species, the world's premier fresh-water game fish. Spain was my first stop. Here, I was taken in tow by Señor Max Borrell, the friend and fishing companion of General Francisco Franco. Borrell is a tall handsome man, then in his seventies, and an international sportsman. He readily admitted that his country, like many others, treated the salmon badly by permitting dams, usually around twelve feet high (not the one-hundred-foot megaliths on the Columbia), to bar the paths of migrating fish, by polluting the rivers, and worst of all by allowing unrestricted commercial fishing. Franco, an ardent angler, Borrell said, came on the scene in the nick of time, for the runs during the reigns of Alfonso XII and his successors had disappeared from most of the rivers.

Consequently, on February 20, 1942, El Caudillo promulgated a law banning all nets from salmon rivers and their estuaries. By this move he handed over the resource to the sportsmen and later created national fishing preserves on three of the best remaining streams, the Eo, Narcea and Sella. To curb the terrible poaching menace, stiff penalties were instituted—up to ten years in jail—and the number of wardens was increased.

Franco was accused by some people of selfish motives in setting up the preserves, for these were the rivers he liked to fish. When I asked Borrell if the General was a good angler, he replied, "Not really. He is too impatient for action. He can't stand still."

Borrell laid out an itinerary for my visit to the salmon rivers, which are in the humid northwestern part of the country, including the picturesque Basque province.

The productive rivers, I found, were crowded with anglers, even children queued up, not to fish but to sell their turn to a professional. All kinds of barbs and lures were being used: flies, spoons, devons, prawns and even worms. The aim was not so much to take home a twenty- or thirty-pounder but to sell it—one hefty salmon fetched more than a manual worker could earn perhaps in a month.

In the past thirty years, salmon catches in Spain have risen from about two thousand to seven thousand annually. But when I saw Borrell last year (one of the best years since Franco took over) he expressed disappointment. "We have failed to restore the rivers to anything like their former abundance," he said. "We have not built modern hatcheries which would enable us to restock the rivers, we have no real management plans, we do very little research. I no longer ask my American and English friends to come to Spain for salmon fishing." Thus, even a dictator who likes to fish seems to have little power to restore the

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salmon to his country's rivers—admittedly a difficult and very expensive task.

France offered little better news than Spain. Perhaps no European country originally had greater stocks, but the same evils killed off the salmon here as in the eastern United States or Spain. The French are a proud people and French officials tried to discourage me from investigating the situation. Roger Bachelier, who was in charge of freshwater fisheries for the Bureau of Waters and Forests, joshed me about my interest in the salmon. "Why don't you study the sea trout?" he said. "They have more of a future." I replied that the sea trout had no sex appeal. He had just returned from Poland where he had investigated the techniques of breeding these fishes that were to be introduced into several French streams.

Bachelier's brother-in-law, Dr. Richard Vibert, the outstanding salmon authority in France, was bitter about the way his nation had frittered away its wonderful heritage. Catches were (and are still) down to five or six thousand a year, whereas in the early nineteenth century Brittany alone produced almost a million. Vibert referred me to a book he coauthored in 1944 which gave all the details of the debacle and declared it was a shame that "France, which should be in the front rank of salmon producers in Europe, now imports two million pounds of salmon, of which the greatest portion is mediocre canned salmon which America distributes in the two hemispheres as proof of its superior civilization."

By all odds the most interesting person I met in my pursuit of the salmon in France was an eighty-seven-year-old Breton woman who was a professional poacher. Her name was Marianne. A small, grey-haired lady with bright laughing eyes, she had no formal education—education is not needed to master the art of snagging salmon, she reminded me. She spoke only the Breton language, and my French friend translated.

"I have been a poacher for thirty years," she said proudly, and "every year took over a hundred salmon out of the Laita River." Before that she had been a seamstress in her native village of Locmaria. Times were difficult and a seamstress going from house to house making aprons and skirts could hardly earn enough, even with the help of her husband, a farmhand, to feed six children. So they took to casting nets at night into the river, sometimes using twenty of various dimensions. They took mainly salmon and trout, which fetched the highest prices, but at times also set eel baskets. She and her family could not afford to eat salmon, which they disposed of to hotels in Quimperlé, but they smoked eels for personal consumption.

They did not worry as much about the police as about other poachers who tried to steal their catches. The police, however, who patrolled the rivers on horseback, occasionally gave them trouble. "Every year they reported me," she said, "but I never paid the fines. I went to prison!"

"Why?" I asked.

"It's not too bad there. The food is good, and the police are kind."

"How long did you stay?"

"Eight days, fifteen at most, but never in the fishing season, so I did not lose any earnings."

In contrast to Spain and France, or England, Norway is one of the few European countries that actually increased its salmon stocks in the past century, at least until recent years when the salmon's feeding grounds in the ocean were discovered and Danish, Norwegian, and Faeroese fishing vessels began to massacre them. Norway has had fairly effective laws to protect the rivers since about 1850, but seems unable to prevent its fishermen from ocean poaching.

England lost the bulk of its salmon as industries usurped the flow of streams and often polluted them as well, milldams and weirs were erected that blocked migration, and rivers and estuaries were overfished. As early as 1861, Charles Dickens sounded the alarm in his weekly magazine *All the Year Round*:

"The cry of 'Salmon in Danger!' is now resounding through the length and breadth of the land. A few years, a little more overpopulation, a few more tons of factory poisons, a few fresh poaching devices . . . and the salmon will be gone—he will become extinct."

Dickens overstated the danger but annual harvests in England and Wales are now only forty to fifty thousand fish (of which anglers take about a sixth), a tiny fraction of what they were a century ago. There is little effort to bring back the runs, and only a relatively small number of people are concerned about the situation, most of them being anglers who can afford to pursue the salmon for a stiff price. These belong to the prestigious Salmon and Trout Association whose patron is the Queen Mother, herself a keen angler. While its ranks include many lords and members of the House of Commons, it does not seem to have enough political clout to persuade the government, whether Tory or Labour, to invest large sums in salmon restoration projects. Salmon and trout fishing is a rich man's sport in England, and so there isn't much political capital in doing something for the dwindling salmon runs.

Things are better in Scotland, which is less industrialized and still has many wild Highland rivers teeming with fish in good years. Scotland probably now offers the best opportunities for salmon angling in Europe, and commercial catches are also substantial. But the future even there is not rosy. Discovery of oil in the North Sea has intruded upon the tranquillity and beauty of the Highlands. On the streets of Aberdeen one can now hear Texan twangs as well as Scottish burrs. Foreigners are streaming into the country to help develop the oil, and refineries will soon be built in this paradise of fishermen.

My friend Ian Wood, founder and retired editor of the only angling magazine of its kind in the British Isles, *Trout and Salmon*, says, "This oil business is the worst thing that has hit Scotland yet. In ten years or so it will be nothing but a mass of refineries and the like with all the lovely coastlines sacrificed at the altar of industry."

He is also bitter about the decline of sport fishing. "The army of anglers grows each year," he told me, "and the price of good beats is rising rapidly. This tends to make those who have paid highly for their sport fish hard and sell their catches. Owners of salmon water want large bags in order to increase the value of their property. Therefore they permit the use of whatever bait brings success. Tenants of rivers want heavy fishing to help pay the rent. Much sport fishing therefore is now really commercial. A stretch of water that can show a series of good catches obviously acquires great capital value." To prove his point he took me to an area on the River Tay where a mile and three quarters of one bank, producing catches of over five hundred salmon annually, had recently been sold for $290,000!

Man seeks the salmon and kills him off. In many countries such as Portugal, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Belgium, he is as extinct as the dodo. In the United States the Atlantic salmon is an endangered species and even with the expenditure of millions of dollars the runs are not coming back. In every country of the Pacific rim, salmon face great handicaps, though expensive efforts are being made to save them. It is hard to be optimistic. I wish I could think differently, even after writing three books designed to help save the fishes from extermination. I can appreciate that rivers have to be dammed because we need the electricity, and the paper, aluminum, and other products which require huge amounts of power in their manufacture. But as I studied the salmon around the world I could only wish that more people thought about this: a world in which salmon cannot live may be a world in which man cannot live either. ■

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Some recent roars

Every two weeks NEW TIMES comes along with a stick or two of dynamite in its fist.

There was our story on "The Ten Dumbest Congressmen" with NEW TIMES' nomination for King of Dumb. You should have heard the screams on that one, including a well attended press conference called by the King himself. There was "Prescription Payola," about doctors who are willing to risk your life for a color TV. There was "Southie Is My Home Town," a look at the people of South Boston you didn't find in any of the other media. (After a century of getting the shaft maybe they had reasons for coming off as brawling racists.)

In "The Little Camera that Couldn't," NEW TIMES dissected Polaroid's SX 70 as a symbol of a consumer economy gone wild. In "A Wallace Is a Wallace," we looked underneath the new moderate George and found—guess what—the same old George. In "Happy Days Are Here Again" we saw the new depression as upbeat—a chance for new lifestyles and the whole Whole Earth thing. In "Zen and the Art of the Perfect Backhand" we told you how to trust your body and ignore your old tennis instructor.

"The Gourmet Freeze-Out" exposed the lousy restaurant rip-off that's serving up mass-produced frozen dishes as expensive house specialties. "The Consulting Con Game" laid bare a cushy professorial racket. "They Shoot Ten-Year Olds, Don't They?" was a heartwarming look at New York's shootin' cops with their 007 license to kill just about anybody they want to. "That Championship Season" stripped the cover-up from the sex scandal that decimated Notre Dame's football team.

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Golly no. Don't get the idea we do nothing but dredge up embarrassing facts and tweak important noses. NEW TIMES is *the magazine of what's happening* and that's a spectrum that includes love and music and lifestyles and movies and all manner of rare new ideas. For instance, we reported on Erhard Seminars Training (est), one of the most fascinating of the new life therapies. We got inside the world of bisexuality. We published our *own* medical research on pot—"Attention: Smoking Grass May Be Good for Your Health."

And of course we continue to report on the eternal battle of The Little Guys vs. The Big Guys. Like the story on Sam Lovejoy, who toppled the big bad nuclear tower. And the young hillbillies of Mendocino County who were damned if they'd let their houses be torn down for lack of city plumbing.

Our bright, brash, talented writers and columnists—like Robert Sam Anson, Jesse Kornbluth, Marcia Seligson, Larry King, Amanda Spake, Jim Kunen, Mark Goodman, Frank Rich, Janet Maslin and Nina Totenberg—have one thing in common. They're unafraid. They'll plunge into anything, take chances and crawl way out on limbs. Sure NEW TIMES may fall on its face some times. But never on its knees.

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NEW TIMES
The Mouse that Roars

Independence Summer

by Richard Joseph

Nine cheap, beautiful, patriotic vacations

We are coming up fast, as every American knows, on the bicentennial of our independence from the Old World Nevertheless, from 1776 until now, millions of Americans have spent millions of vacations abroad, checking up on our foreign heritage and finding out what we're independent of This year, though, with economic conditions what they are, not so many of us can afford our foreign heritage anymore Independence is ours at last, whether we like it or not Fortunately, by now a lot of our heritage has accumulated on this side of the water where it's comparatively cheap and convenient to get at, whether by car or domestic fly-and-drive Herewith, then, and on the next seven pages, nine dandy trips into the American past

NEW ENGLAND INNS

Colonial and Revolutionary Days

The way to recapture the mood of Colonial ancestors—even if you haven't any—is to take a trip through New England, staying at the inns that put them up and boarded their horses; dining under the same weathered beams, being served on the same silver and pewter, warming yourself at the same fireplaces.

Here's an itinerary for a two-week vacation that would take you to fourteen of New England's oldest and most historic inns, either for overnight stopovers or for meals along the way No long drives are involved, since the combined area of the six New England states is smaller than the state of Missouri And parts of the route could be covered easily on weekend drives out of Boston or New York.

Starting a two-week vacation tour from New York, your first stop would be at the Curtis House, a stagecoach inn first operated in 1754 and said to be Connecticut's oldest inn It's at Woodbury, a drive of about an hour and a half out of New York City

Next, north to the Berkshires and Stockbridge, Mass, in Tanglewood country, and the Red Lion Inn, little changed over two centuries

North again and a whole cluster of inns within a few miles of each other in New Hampshire and Vermont. Visiting them in logical geographic order, you'd stop first at the Fitzwilliam Inn, in Fitzwilliam, N.H., built in 1796 Then the 1789 John Hancock Inn, at Hancock, only about twenty miles away

Across the Connecticut River and into Vermont to Newfane, about sixty-five miles away. The Four Columns here is a *must* stop, if only for lunch or dinner, because it's owned by Anne and Rene Chardain, whose cooking helped establish the fame of the neighboring Newfane Inn, which they operated before they bought the Four Columns

Oldest inn in Vermont is the Dorset, at Dorset, less than an hour's drive away, then the next stop is at the 1797 Norwich Inn Norwich is just across the Connecticut River from Hanover, N.H., a good two-hour drive from Dorset

Southeast for about thirty miles to New London, N.H., and the New London Inn, operating since 1792 Now a three-hour drive to Wolfeboro It's only forty miles or so as the crow flies, but you can't fly to the opposite shore of Lake Winnipesaukee, which is where the 1775 General Wolfe Inn is located

Now you've got a decision to make whether to drive about one hundred miles farther to include the state of Maine on your trip, or to head back south to Massachusetts If you opt for Maine, your next stop is an old inn right near the shores of Casco Bay It's the Homewood Inn at Yarmouth, just two miles from the coastal village

Either way, your drive back south to Massachusetts might well be one of the longest of your trip First stop on this last leg is the Colonial Inn, in Concord, hard by the bridge where the embattled farmers stood Part of the building dates from 1716, and one dining room was Thoreau's study

To Sudbury and Longfellow's Wayside Inn, more than two hundred seventy years old; then the 1771 Publick House at Sturbridge, the two-hundred-year-old Griswold Inn at Essex, Conn., the Connecticut Turnpike and you're a couple of hours out of New York.

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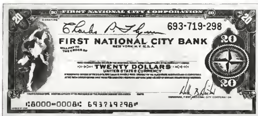

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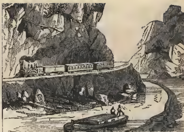

Consider now an often neglected travel and vacation motif: the mosey, the ramble, the wander and the jaunt—as contrasted with the tour, the trip, the trek and the expedition—and what distinguishes it is a planlessness and complete freedom from the tyranny of the timetable. A perfect place to try it out and see how it fits your psyche is the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, a one-hundred-eighty-four-mile length of unbroken nostalgia familiar to William O Douglas and a few canal buffs but almost unknown to the rest of the world.

It follows the Potomac River upstream from the Georgetown section of Washington clear to Cumberland, Maryland, and its history stretches from 1754, when an enterprising young George Washington unsuccessfully proposed a navigation system along the Potomac to link tidal Virginia to the western frontier, down to 1972, when tropical storm Agnes all but put it out of business

President John Quincy Adams broke ground for the canal on July 4, 1828, accompanied by the U.S Marine Band and a flow of rhetoric that compared it to the Egyptian pyramids On the same day ground was also broken in Baltimore for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and the race across the Alleghenies was on By the time the canal got to Cumberland twenty-two years later, the railroad had beaten it by eight years Mules pulled the canal boats, and trains were still being hauled by horses when the B&O started operations; but by the time the canal reached Cumberland the trains had converted to steam That effectively ended the competition, and plans to continue the canal to the Ohio River were dropped. Still, it operated until 1924—mostly carrying coal from the mountains down to Washington—when recurring floods finally succeeded in stopping traffic

For more than a half century now the canal and its towpath have been highways back into history The backcountry it runs through has been mostly ignored by the twentieth century and much of it is little changed since the Civil War Hikers, cyclists, campers and ordinary escapists have found it a refuge from the hurly-burly of progress, and the recent rebirth of back-to-naturism has brought it fresh popularity. But it's still a place to roam and to dream. For the imaginative, it's peopled by ghosts—of the frontiersmen mauled in the French and Indian War, of the six thousand immigrant laborers who cleared the paths with their axes, and dug the ditch with picks and shovels

John Brown's spirit must surely return to Harpers Ferry, on the canal, and to the farmhouse, still to be seen, grey and abandoned, in the hills above where he gathered his twenty-one followers before their raid on the Federal Arsenal. The shades of Robert E. Lee and his soldiers must sometimes visit canal-side Williamsport, where the Civil War almost ended when the southerners fleeing from Gettysburg couldn't recross the rain-swollen Potomac back into Virginia

Antietam, where ironworkers made cannonballs for Washington's Revolutionary Army, is full of the ghosts of the almost twenty-four thousand soldiers of both sides who were killed or wounded on the bloodiest day of the Civil War Both the Antietam National Battlefield Site and the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal National Historical Park—which includes the entire length of the canal—are administered by the National Park Service, and the visitor center at the battlefield is a good place to get brochures and information on the canal Best ways to get to various sections of the canal are from the Washington area; Leesburg, Va.; Martinsburg, W. Va; and Frederick, Hagerstown, and Cumberland, Md.

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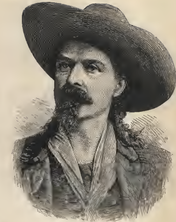
CODY, WYOMING

Where the West Was Wild



THE HON. COLONEL W. F. CODY,
"BUFFALO BILL."

Head through the West this year—on a visit to some of the national parks maybe—and learn how the West really was won Just fifty miles to the east of Yellowstone, at the western edge of the town of Cody, Wyoming, is the greatest collection of Western memorabilia and art ever assembled It's all housed in a ten-million-dollar museum complex called the Buffalo Bill Historical Center and made up of the Buffalo Bill Museum, the Whitney Gallery of Western Art and the Plains Indian Museum.

It's all dedicated to the memory of Colonel William F. Cody, the now almost legendary Buffalo Bill—stagecoach driver, Pony Express rider, gold prospector, Indian fighter, buffalo hunter, fur trapper, Civil War soldier, chief of scouts for the U S Army, showman, international celebrity and—some historians say—at least part-time charlatan Whether or not all his exploits can be substantiated, he became the symbol of the frontiersman—even to the spinning of tall tales, perhaps—and the physical model of the cowboy hero He set the fashion for the wide-brimmed Western hat with the Buffalo Bill model made by Stetson; and Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders and the Boy Scouts used their version of his hat and neckerchief as part of their uniform

The museum reflects Cody's wonderful capacity for collecting things Here are his Stetsons, fringed buckskin jackets and uniforms, bowie knives, saddles and bridles, medals and trophies, thousands of letters and the Winchester rifle he used in his Wild West Show There's a remarkable Army report, written in a precise Spencerian hand, of the Custer massacre. Scalps of both whites and Indians are in the showcases, together with an Indian bone necklace, supposedly made from the trigger fingers of Custer's men

Here, too, are the scalp and warbonnet Cody took from Cheyenne Chief Yellow Hand after he had killed him with a single shot There are wonderful old photographs of Cody as a Pony Express rider, with Sitting Bull and other Indian friends and the chief scout's uniform he designed himself Other legendary figures of the Old West—all Cody's friends—are there in carefully preserved but faded photos. Annie Oakley—the "Little Missie" who shot the end of a cigarette out of the mouth of the future German kaiser—Kit Carson, Wild Bill Hickok, Jim Bridger, General Custer and Crazy Horse, the Sioux chief who led the massacre at the Little Bighorn

The visitor can see one of the finest collections of Western Americana art gathered in any gallery, which includes many of the best works of such artists as Frederic Remington, Charles M. Russell, Charles Schreyvogel and Albert Bierstadt Here also is the famed equestrian painting of Colonel Cody done by Rosa Bonheur in Paris in 1889 and Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's statue of *Buffalo Bill, The Scout* astride Old Smoky, one of the horses from his ranch, and scanning the trail with his favorite Winchester in his right hand.

Best time for a visit is July 3, 4 and 5, the dates of the annual Cody Stampede; and every night except Sunday in the summer there's a Wild West Show at the Stampede Grounds Local cowboys ride broncos, bulldog calves and rope steers, and the show begins with a parade of the contestants down Sheridan Avenue, the wide main street Cody named for the general who first made him the Army's chief of scouts.

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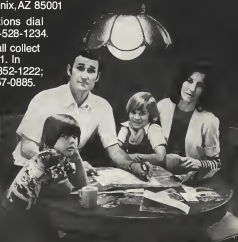

CHEROKEE, NORTH CAROLINA

INDIAN TERRITORY

Some of the most poignant events in the saga of the American Indian happened not in the Buffalo Bill country of the West, but in the Southeast, where the Cherokee nation once held much of the Allegheny Mountain region of Virginia, Tennessee, the Carolinas, Georgia and Alabama. In 1827 the tribe adopted a form of government patterned after that of the United States Their reward was an order, eleven years later, to give up their land, pack their belongings and hike eight hundred miles to new Indian territory in Oklahoma. About fourteen thousand Cherokees began the march and many died along the way, but some defied the order and stood fast. Today about nine thousand of their descendants are living in the 56,500-acre home of the eastern band of the Cherokee nation, largest Indian reservation east of the Mississippi, at Cherokee, North Carolina, immediately adjacent to the main North Carolina entrance to the Great Smoky Mountain National Park

Belated efforts are now being made to heal old wounds Two peaks in the Great Smokies overlooking the reservation recently were named for Cherokee military heroes: Admiral Joseph J. Clark, World War II and Korean war carrier commander; and Brigadier General Stand Watie, C S A, the only Indian Civil War general on either side

And a drive is under way to help Indian tribes integrate more closely with the American economy. A major thrust is in tourism

Thus you can now vacation right in the Cherokee country, staying at the Boundary Tree Motor Lodge owned and operated by the tribe, meeting the Cherokees, listening to their stories and their music, watching their dances and learning their history The tribal council house is near the hotel.

Situated on one hundred fifty wooded acres, the sixty-one unit lodge is built of native stone and includes a dining room, restaurant and service station Double rates are $23 from June 1 through Labor Day and $18 the rest of the year

There's also a new Holiday Inn near the center of Cherokee operated by two native Cherokee brothers, Jim and Candler Cooper They have decorated their one-hundred-two-room inn with authentic Indian handicrafts and feature Cherokee entertainers in their dining areas

Highlight of the summer season hereabouts is the presentation of *Unto These Hills*, a drama of the Cherokee nation staged in June, July and August And the area becomes a sort of unofficial Indian capital when the Cherokees are joined by other tribes who come here for the annual fall festival

LAHAINA, HAWAII

Whalers and Missionaries

Whales and whalers had much to do with the development of Hawaii in the middle years of the nineteenth century Today the whales still drop by occasionally, the humpbacks migrate from the Bering Sea to bear their young, and you can see them frolicking around the Lahaina Roadstead in winter. The whalers are long gone, but much of the atmosphere of the roistering days remains in Lahaina

The Reverend Dwight Baldwin and the other New England clergymen who settled in Hawaii (and later served as models for James Michener's characters) inveighed against gambling and sloth, covered the nakedness of the native girls and spent a goodly part of their time trying to keep the girls and visiting sailors apart.

Today long-haired young ladies clad in string bikinis may be seen strolling barefoot down Lahaina streets with their arms around the waists of young Navy types, also barefoot, with gold rings in their ears

Lahaina reeks of delightful myth and legend One story tells of the missionaries' zealous attempts to prevent the melding of the playful instincts of the local girls and the sailors by imposing a curfew on the town The crew of H M S. *Wellington* on a return cruise is supposed to have wreaked its revenge by liberating a cargo of mosquitoes on the front lawn of the Reverend Mr Baldwin's home.

Describing a lurid Hawaiian cal-

de to Our Fathers

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ebration of that era, Herman Melville wrote, " The crews of two frigates opportunely let loose to swell the heathenish uproar gave a crowning flourish to the scene. It was a Polynesian saturnalia."

The missionaries tried to break things up by forbidding village maidens to make courtesy calls to the ships—whereupon the captain of one whaler cannonaded Lahaina while the missionaries and their families took refuge in the cellars

Today much of old Lahaina has been restored as a sort of Polynesian Williamsburg A lot of the delightful raffishness was restored out of the waterfront Pioneer Inn during its renovation about ten years ago, but its Old Whaler's Grog Shoppe is still a rendezvous for the town's wet set.

You can visit the town jail, built in 1850 to give the sailors and the natives they had contaminated with their firewater a chance to sleep Saturday nights into Sunday mornings Also the Reverend Mr Baldwin's home, the oldest building on Maui.

A few miles north of Lahaina is Kaanapali, with three miles of beach, five luxury hotels and a superb eighteen-hole golf course.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, NEW YORK

The Gilded Age

In the Nineties and around the turn of the century, the new money and the people who made it—the railroad tycoons and the cattle barons, the speculators, the politicians and the gamblers—all came to Saratoga Springs, New York. Diamond Jim Brady came here; so did Tammany boss Richard Croker and Bet-a-Million Gates. Lillian Russell used to sashay by, leading a Japanese spaniel laden with an $1,800 jeweled dog collar.

The rococo United States Hotel, built in 1824, established the tone of Saratoga and set the style for the classic long-porch summer resort hotel It is long gone, of course, and a Grand Union supermarket sits on the site of the Grand Union Hotel that once rivaled its elegance

Nevertheless, much of the glamour remains, especially during the race meetings when the Vanderbilts and Whitneys, Phippses, Firestones, Sanfords, and Mallons attending are almost as colorful as—and much richer than—the Diamond Jims and Lillian Russells who preceded them.

Saratoga was the site of an important Revolutionary War battle (and you can view the battleground at the Saratoga National Historical Park about twelve miles east of the town), and, surprisingly enough, it was the scene of General Grant's greatest triumph After leaving the White House, Grant had fallen in with some sharp financial operators and invested in a private banking business that went bankrupt, leaving him the same way Dying of cancer, Grant moved to a cottage near Saratoga to try to regain financial security for his family by publishing his autobiography. He died a few days after completing his memoirs, which carned close to a half million dollars for his estate and rank among the greatest military narratives ever written

Grant's cottage on Mount McGregor has been maintained exactly as it was following his funeral, and you can visit it from Monday through Saturday from nine to five, and on Sundays from one to five

Saratoga's leading attractions, though, are horses and the people who follow them The one-hundred-twelve-year-old Saratoga Race Course is the oldest continuously operating and best-known track in the country. The racing season this year will run from July 28 to August 23, and before that the track will be the site of the second annual Saratoga Fair from June 27 through July 6

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Harness Racing Track, rated one of the most beautiful night harness tracks in the country. Its season lasts from mid-April to mid-November.

But all that goes on in Saratoga is not horses. There's S.P.A.C., for instance, the four-million-dollar Saratoga Performing Arts Center, opened by then Governor Nelson Rockefellar nine years ago. It's the July home of the New York City Ballet and the August home of the Philadelphia Orchestra. It has seats for an audience of fifty-one hundred under cover and room for an additional fifteen thousand on adjoining lawns. Opening date of the Philadelphia's season this year is August 6, when Eugene Ormandy will conduct with Beverly Sills the soloist.

S.P.A.C. occupies only a very small part of the fifteen-hundred-acre Saratoga Spa State Park, which also offers two golf courses, a lot of tennis courts, the famed and venerable Gideon Putnam Hotel and the mineral springs that first were responsible for Saratoga's start as a summer resort.

HOOVER DAM

Monument to the Depression

In Las Vegas nowadays they don't talk depression, just as they don't show clocks in the casinos, but less than an hour's drive southeast of town is a truly enormous reminder of something that helped pull this part of the West out of the last big Depression. It's the Hoover Dam, 726 feet high and 1244 feet long, the second-highest dam in the western hemisphere and one of the largest in the world.

Completed in 1935, it cost one hundred seventy-five million dollars, gave jobs to thousands of construction workers, tamed the floods of the Colorado River for the five states through which it flows for over fourteen hundred miles, from the Rockies to the Gulf of California, irrigated vast tracts of desert land, furnished cheap power to Southern California, Nevada and Arizona, and created Lake Mead, world's largest man-made lake and one of the greatest recreational and vacation areas in the West. Its five hundred fifty miles of lake shoreline extend one hundred fifteen miles north from the dam, then eastward toward the Grand Canyon between the rugged cliffs and sandy beaches of Nevada and Arizona.

Since the dam was authorized by a Republican Administration, it first was named for Herbert Hoover. F.D.R. was President, though, when it was finished, so its name was changed to Boulder Dam. And then in 1947 it reverted to the original name.

Although thirty-five-minute tours of the dam take off at twelve-minute intervals every day, most Vegas visitors and vacationists have a greater interest in the Lake Mead National Recreation Area created by the dam. Used by more than 4,750,000 people every year, the entire area covers about three thousand square miles along two hundred forty miles of the Colorado. The lake forms a year-round fishing ground for largemouth black bass, trout, crappie and bluegill, and offers a wide range of boating facilities ranging from small boats with one- to 15-h.p. kickers to cabin cruisers charterable with pilots for overnight trips. There are rainbow trout and some bass, too, in the lower Colorado River. There is excellent water-skiing in the lower basin of Lake Mead, just about forty-five minutes' drive from Las Vegas. Water-skiing is almost a year-round sport here.

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FULTON, MISSOURI

World War II Remembered

Visitors touring the Midwest this year can take a nostalgic trip back to World World II days by stopping at the Winston Churchill Memorial at Fulton, Mo., the Truman Library and home at Independence and the Eisenhower Library at Abilene, Kan.

The Truman and Eisenhower locales seem logical enough, but a Churchill Memorial in Fulton, *Missouri*? You might recall that it was here, on the campus of Westminster College, that Churchill in 1946 gave the "iron curtain" speech that helped set the cold-war policies that lasted until détente Churchill chose the site for the speech on the basis of President Truman's handwritten invitation and promise to introduce him personally if he would do so. (Truman had promised his military aide, a Westminster alumnus, that he would try to get some publicity for the small college.)

Some years later, the college president got the idea of commemorating the occasion by rebuilding a bombed-out London church on the campus to double as the college chapel and a Churchill memorial The church selected—St Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury—was one of London's oldest and most historic John Milton was married in the church and it's a fair bet that Shakespeare once worshiped there

The original church, built between the eleventh and twelfth centuries, was destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666 Rebuilt a year later by Sir Christopher Wren, it served its parish until 1915, when it was badly damaged by a fire bomb dropped by a German zeppelin

Restored again after the first world war, it was destroyed by a Luftwaffe incendiary bomb during the 1940 blitz But this time it wasn't rebuilt because its neighborhood had gone commercial, and there was no parish for it to serve.

Friends of the college and admirers of Churchill contributed almost $1,500,000 to have the blackened shell dismantled and the Portland sandstones hand scrubbed in London, shipped across the Atlantic and rebuilt on the campus A fascinating collection of Churchilliana has been assembled in the museum beneath the chapel—paintings, photographs, including an original print of the famed Karsh portrait of Churchill; letters from Queen Elizabeth, General Eisenhower, Presidents Truman and Johnson; and the signed John F. Kennedy proclamation declaring Churchill an honorary American citizen

Fulton is roughly midway between St Louis and Kansas City, a few miles off Interstate 70 and a good start on the trip to Independence and Abilene At Independence, on the outskirts of Kansas City, the Truman Library and Museum contains a replica of the President's office in the White House. There's also the table on which the charter of the United Nations was signed, and a mural by Thomas Hart Benton The President's grave is in the courtyard The Truman home, though it is not open to the public, is worth seeing from the outside

The Eisenhower Library at Abilene contains original furnishings of the President's boyhood home, together with Presidential papers, mementos and gifts he received His grave is in the Place of Meditation.

DAYTON, OHIO

Aerospace Adventure

One of the latest and greatest chapters of American history covers our contributions to aviation and the space age—and the place where it's all spread out for the visitor is Dayton, Ohio, home of the Wright brothers, the aerospace center at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, the world's oldest and biggest military air museum and the Aviation Hall of Fame Orville Wright, the first man to fly a powered aircraft, was born in Dayton, and John Glenn, the first American to orbit the earth, and Neil Armstrong, first man on the moon, are both native Ohioans, born not too far away

The hangar where the Wright brothers worked on many of their early airplanes is now encompassed by the enormous environs of the Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, center of research and aerospace logistics for the Air Force Institute of Technology Various tours can be set up through the field's public-relations office, including visits to the Aerospace Medical Research Laboratory

In the Air Force Museum you'll find exhibits tracing the whole history of man's mastery of the skies, from his early dreams of flying to his conquest of space They include Leonardo da Vinci's sketches of flappable wings and drawings and photos of early balloon ascensions More than one hundred thirty airplane and missile exhibits range from a reproduction of the Wright brothers' first military plane, built in 1909, down to the actual command module of the Apollo 15 moon rocket

The exhibits are housed in two huge hangar-like buildings, connected by a two-story main gallery and theatre, designed to suggest the Quonset huts of World War II Assembled in the main gallery is an exhibit of the clothing worn and utensils used by Air Force prisoners of war in Vietnam, together with their letters, paintings and drawings and other memorabilia of the dark years.

A maze-like arrangement guides the visitor past the early Wright brothers planes and the aircraft of World War I and the 1920's and 1930's, World War II combat planes, the enormous six-engine B-36 bomber, the early jet planes used in Korea and into the space age

Lined up outside the building are Mace, Titan, Bomarc and Minuteman rockets, and on an adjoining runway are more than a score of American, German and Japanese warplanes, seemingly ready for takeoff

Downtown in Dayton's new $5,100,000 convention hall is the Hall of Fame, which now honors fifty-three men and women who have made outstanding contributions to aviation. Included among them are Charles A Lindbergh, Amelia Earhart, Eddie Rickenbacker, Glenn H Curtiss, Billy Mitchell, Richard E. Byrd, Donald W Douglas and Alexander de Seversky. And of course the Wright brothers, who occupy a role in Dayton roughly comparable to that of Napoleon in Corsica

Visitors are shown the Wright Brothers Memorial, one of their early planes in Carillon Park, Hawthorn Hill (Orville Wright's handsome home), Wright State University and a replica of the shop where the Wrights made bicycles and did their early aeronautical experiments

Two days in Dayton and you find yourself walking on the balls of your feet and whistling *Wild Blue Yonder*

DR. JACK MAKES HIS ROUNDS

(Continued from page 11?) It has long been used in many industrial products, from shoe polish to waterproof paint.

Medical-grade silicone, a purified version manufactured under careful scrutiny, was first developed in the late 1950's. Due to its chemical reserve, hence its inability to prompt unseemly reactions and infections when introduced to bodily tissues, liquid silicone was welcomed by the medical community as the first synthetic substance which could safely be wedded to human tissue.

Beginning in Japan in about 1960, cosmetic surgeons discerned that liquid silicone had intriguing applications in their field, particularly—at least initially—as an alternative to the conventional face-lift. The purpose of a face-lift is to remove lines and wrinkles caused by the aging deterioration of facial tissues, and the traditional method was simply to pull the loose skin taut with surgery. While this procedure invariably erases unwanted wrinkles, it also binds the skin to whatever tissue structure remains, thereby altering the facial appearance, sometimes considerably and not always agreeably. Small injections of liquid silicone, on the other hand, could replace the missing tissue and remove the wrinkles without changing the original facial contours. Moreover, many surgeons found it cheaper, cleaner and easier.

Chemical plants in Japan, France and Germany were soon churning out high-grade silicone by the barrelful as ever more ingenious uses were found for it. In this country, the Dow Corning Corporation, of Midland, Michigan, offered up Medical Fluid 360, generally regarded as the purest silicone on the market, and American cosmetic surgeons applied it with the same zeal as their foreign counterparts, and with even more imagination.

Their ultimate creation, in 1964, was Carol Doda. A decidedly ordinary San Francisco go-go dancer with a thirty-six-inch bust, Ms. Doda was transmuted, seemingly overnight, into an awesomely cantilevered forty-four-inch topless superstar. The Condor club, where she exhibited these marvels, was soon overrun with drooling journalists burning their expense accounts in a furious competition for pictures and interviews, and all filling their copy with predictable witticisms about silicone being "thrust into the forefront of medical breakthroughs." American ingenuity had converged with the *Playboy* sensibility to yield a streamlined, updated, pitifully appropriate national emblem: Plastic Titties.

In a few short years, an estimated 100,000 women sought "breast augmentation" (the euphemism preferred by cosmetic surgeons). As in every bull market, there was a lot of fast dealing: medical-grade silicone wasn't in sufficient supply, so some of what there was got diluted (with everything from paraffin to olive oil) or non-sterile commercial silicone was used instead (occasionally loaded down with steroids and antibiotics in a futile attempt to sanitize it), and there weren't enough doctors who knew what they were doing, or they charged too much if they did, so a bizarre army of volunteers offered their services to help meet the demand.

That's when the horror stories started coming in—gangrene, pneumonia, massive infection, collapsed lungs, migration, siliconoma: a cruel litany of malpractice and charlatanry. Four deaths were attributed to silicone abuse. The American Medical Association loudly called attention to the apparent "complications," and cranked up its agitprop bureau to alert the public. Taking its cue, the national news media did a hasty, though presumably embarrassed, about-face and began firing hysterical salvos at "the lunacy of silicone injections." The Food and Drug Administration designated Medical Fluid 360 as a "new drug" requiring clinical investigation to ascertain its safety, a move which effectively banned its medical use within the U.S. Shortly thereafter, Dow Corning was granted an I.N.D. (Investigational New Drug) permit to conduct a carefully monitored research program into the potential use of 360 for "soft tissue augmentation *except in the mammary area*" (italics added). With F.D.A. approval, they certified seven plastic surgeons and a dermatologist to carry out their investigations; these eight, then, became the only American doctors legally performing silicone injections, and none of them were supposed to be injecting breasts.

As seems to be the case with, or maybe even a requirement for, most government edicts, the F.D.A. ban was, is, patently unworkable. Plastic surgeons throughout the country had no great difficulty tapping bootleg sources of silicone, nor did they notice any substantial diminution of their client/patient rolls. Gary Cooper had a silicone face-lift, Phyllis Diller reordered several anatomical priorities with it, and only the inflexible stodginess of libel law withholds from the reader an imposing roster of celebrities, ranging from a former first lady to a network TV commentator, who have used it to rescue a failing photogeneity. Many of the nation's premier plastic surgeons provide injections regularly, not to say enthusiastically, smugly cognizant of the F.D.A.'s inability to enforce its own injunction (the agency has the authority to prosecute only the interstate transportation of medical-grade silicone, not its actual use). Many surgeons, though, have met the government halfway by limiting their practice to the decorous reclamation of epidermal surfaces, and forgoing the more conspicuous business of breast inflation.

But it had been breasts, or the unequal allotment thereof, that accounted for most of the pre-embargo demand for silicone, and, were current figures available, they'd probably show that breasts still account for most of it. Once the word got out that small-bustedness was not an unredeemable condition, there were just too many women determined to secure, you know, big boobs for a mere government/American Medical Association alliance to deter.

About the only thing the allies could do was tub-thump a little in favor of the lawful alternative to silicone injections: silicone implants, a surgical procedure by which a small plastic bagful of silicone gel is inserted, or implanted, between the breast and the chest wall. Implants avoid what even injection partisans admit to be the principal defect of their preferred method, namely that injections can perhaps mask the earliest, most easily detectable symptoms of breast cancer. Beyond that, it's pretty questionable whether implants are necessarily, inherently, safer than injections (as the A.M.A. likes to contend), except insofar as implantations are performed under uniform circumstances by answerable physicians, which is clearly not the case with injections.

The drawbacks of implants, however, vis-à-vis injections, are several. Most obviously, they are aesthetically inferior, implants both looking and feeling like a couple of sponge-rubber softballs have somehow been smuggled into the bosom, whereas properly done injections, unless carried to Dodaesque extremes, are visually and tactually undifferentiable from an old-fashioned organic breast. And since implants are surgical efforts, they leave scars that vary from undetectable to gross, depending on the skill of individual surgeons. Moreover, in the hands of incompetents—of which there are, naturally, quite a lot—implants tend to shift and travel no less than ineptly done injections. Finally, perhaps most importantly, implants are expensive, somewhere in the neighborhood of $1,500, or about three times the cost of an average series of covertly performed injection treatments.

What all of this means is that there are thousands and thousands of sadly self-conscious women out there, women with only a sense of inferiority to stuff into their tank tops and peasant blouses and no *Vogue* subscription to tell them it's okay, who are frantically and desperately trying to get their mammary areas augmented. The injection ban has launched them on the sordid backwaters of illicit medicine, where they used to have to fish for abortions. The grim oddities they might dredge up back there are basically divisible into two species: the injection of unsterilized silicone, often leading to what's known in the trade as "Tijuana rot," a morbidly descriptive term alluding to the border-town tit factory that used industrial silicone for years before the sheer magnitude of malignancy ultimately closed it down, and victimization by the hacks, quacks and snake-oil shamans who inevitably lurk on the exotic fringes of medicine, especially the illegal exotic fringes.

These, of course, are the same hazards that prompted federal intervention in the first place. Given the dearth of reliable intelligence on current practice, it's problematical whether the F.D.A. ban has appreciably altered the incidence of silicone abuse. One thing it has undeniably accomplished has been to shroud the entire subject of silicone usage with a murky cloud of ignorance. Nobody really seems to be too sure of anything about it except, possibly, Dow Corning and the F.D.A., and they're not telling. As one prominent plastic surgeon, known, for present purposes, as Dr. T, puts it, "There's an astonishing ignorance about silicone, even in the medical community. It's just awful. The only time anything ever gets into print about it is when there's some disaster or other, like those maniacs down in Mexico. There're some people doing really fine work—some of us doing *exciting* work—but you never hear about it because *our* patients don't end up in emergency rooms. The worst thing about it," says Dr. T, meaning the ban, "is that there's no serious information exchange. I'd love to sit down with the other people working with silicone. I've got some questions to ask and I think some answers as well. But what am I supposed to do, sponsor a seminar?"

The headlights of Doctor Jack's van bore a delicate tunnel into the dense Southern night. "I'm not particularly pleased to be running around the country breaking the law," says Doctor Jack, trying to aim the van toward the tunnel while taking prodigious snorts on a Dristan inhaler. "I don't *feel* like a criminal. I don't hurt anyone or try to talk them into anything. I don't do my work on anyone that doesn't actively seek *me* out." He takes another pull on the Dristan and sets it back on the dashboard.

"I find myself in the position of defending silicone, where the only thing I feel comfortable to defend is my own work. The only thing I have in common with some of these other people is that I'm using the same basic material." He cracks a window and the rich pine-sweet air spills in, temporarily smothering the van's permanent scent of alcohol. "They probably needed the original ban, I guess, there were all kinds of people doing crazy things. The problem never has been the silicone, you know, it's been with some of the people using it. Or trying to use it. You read about these things like gangrene and siliconoma, I've never had any of that. I can see how a person *could*, I suppose, if they didn't have the time or the patience to do it right.

"It's not a gimmicky kind of thing, it couldn't have lasted this long. I don't try to sell some hokey pie-in-the-sky thing to separate people from their money. Most of the people who come to me have had to go to a lot of trouble to find me, so they must really want it. And sometimes they might have to wait six months or a year before they finally catch up with me."

Doctor Jack's approach to business, such as it is, is roughly analogous to that of the old-time traveling custom tailor. Piloting his trash-junk-and-equipment-strewn van, living in it for weeks at a stretch while unsuccessfully maintaining even a rudimentary schedule, he pursues a migratory path that descends from the Midwest into Texas, then angles across the Deep South to

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the southeastern seaboard states where he wanders about before ending with a long anonymous skip up to Boston. Scattered around on his itinerary are the twenty or thirty towns and cities at which he customarily calls to perform adjustments and alterations on recent patients and to fit new ones. Some stops are more frequent than others, or longer, some might be deleted or simply forgotten, and occasionally a new one is added whenever a friend or former patient has scouted up enough work to justify the detour.

"Frankly," says Doctor Jack, groping through the dashboard clutter for the Dristan, "I never planned for my work to get as big as it is. I mean, you know, to be honest I thought it'd be cooler to move around some than to build a big reputation in just one city. But it's almost getting out of hand. I've got people wanting me to come to New Orleans, Chicago, Baltimore, all these goddamn places—but I don't wanta be a tycoon or anything."

He's searching for the inhaler amidst the trash on the floor now, the van meanwhile deviating from its optimum course. "My patients aren't a bunch of preening neurotics, they just feel a need for better looks. A real need. What about all those people who're living in a corner because they don't look the way they want to look? That can be a very confining thing for some people. It prevents them from living more fully, from really living at all." The inhaler is finally unearthed from layers of flotsam, just moments before the van would have crossed the highway department's fail-safe point. "I get a beautiful feeling when I see them coming out of corners they've been hiding in. It's kinda like freeing them from something they never thought they could escape. It's better than watching people get up from a sickbed." He tilts his head back and takes a powerful snortful of Dristan.

"That's what I think is the most amazing aspect in what it can do for their heads. I've seen people that it's changed their whole lives. When you're changin' people like that, though, you have to be careful to give 'em what they want or even exceed it, you need to be real honest with them from the first about just what's possible. It's not something temporary. It's different things to different people, of course, but there's a common thread everywhere. They're happier afterwards.

"I feel like I'm on the horns of a dilemma sometimes, I want to take care of the people who are wanting to come to me, I want to very much. But then the more happy people there are running around, the more people there are looking for me. It keeps snowballing and snowballing, and I keep getting more and more well-known. Sooner or later they're gonna come down on me."

One of Doctor Jack's regular ports of call is Charleston, South Carolina. Charleston is the Pork Barrel Babylon, repository for all of the logs rolled by Congressman L. Mendel Rivers during three decades on the House Armed Services Committee, the densest clutter of defense contractors and military bases assembled since Alfried Krupp was forced into retirement. In the natural course of accreting this empire, Charleston grew into the seamiest, rowdiest, wide-openest town on the eastern seaboard, with a score of whorehouses catering to the nearby fighting men, some plush and expensive, others not, a few reserved for blacks, and some specializing in particularly esoteric adaptations of the old in-and-out. Then there are a half dozen after-hours gambling parlors, minicasinos that don't even open till after state liquor laws require them to be closed, and that offer high-stakes poker, blackjack and dice tables, and every once in a while a roulette wheel or a slot machine. Added to these are another dozen ordinary bars and lounges, not to mention strip joints, with private backroom poker tables.

"I s'pose you'd hafta say Charleston's maybe a little bit corrupt," concedes Sandra, one of Jack's local patients, "but that just makes it a better town for people like me. I don't know anywhere else in the South we could get 'long so well as we do here." Sandra works at one of the whorehouses on paydays, after getting all rigged out in makeup and wigs and gowns and hose and fistfuls of rings, looking absolutely stunning; when not so equipped, Sandra looks a little like Wally Cox, with a rapidly receding hairline and a faint trace of the beard that electrolysis treatments still haven't erased. "I've been taking those hormone treatments, you understand, the pills, so my hair's started to growing back—up here, I mean, not on my face—and it's making my fingernails tougher, so I can grow them out now. They make me sooooo hungry, though, those pills, I've gained twenty pounds. I just can't stop eatin' M&M's. And sometimes in the mornings right after I take it I can be verrrrry bitchy."

Sandra's sexuality resides at some way station between male and female, en route from the former to the latter. "I've been taking the pills for about two years now, but I want to be very slow about this. I've decided I don't want to have the operation—the last one, you know?—until I'm thirty-five. I know another girl who did, went down to Atlanta and had it done, just about a year ago, and it made her *fat*. You should see how fat she's gotten! I can't keep away from those damned M&M's already without having that to worry me even more. I've found a doctor here in Charleston who'll castrate me, though, and I'm going to do that just as soon as I have enough money, couple months or so, but I'm not going to have that operation for a long time. I can be patient."

Sandra lives in a sprawling, rambling ranch house in suburban Charleston, in the company of about ten other people for whom, as with Sandra, there aren't any available pronouns. Most of them, by virtue of assorted operations, treatments, regimens, prescriptions, or pure and simple wrenchings of the will, have sought out and possessed their own highly personalized gender, taken up individual stations on the long continuum between Clint Eastwood and Raquel Welch.

And almost all of them are Doctor Jack's patients. "I've had two treatments so far but they're still real tiny," says Sandra, cheerfully opening her—his? Imitation of the language, by choice then—her shirt to reveal a small, somewhat anomalous but not unattractive breast. "Doctor Jack tells me it takes longer because I have a small body than it would if I had a larger frame. I didn't ever think I'd do it, I'm just soooo terrified of needles. But now I don't mind a bit. They're going to be so pretty, I'll make all the girls at the club jealous. They felt a little funny at first but now I'm used to them, they feel perfectly natural. Maybe a little bit like carrying water balloons strapped to your shoulders, you know. When I first got them I couldn't even brush my hair without bumping them or something, but I don't do that anymore. I just wear big shirts when I go outside and nobody knows I've got them."

"Their breasts aren't really much different to do than a normal woman's," says Doctor Jack. "It takes longer to get them started, of course, because there's so little there, and most men have tighter chest muscles, the skin isn't as loose. Some of them have been taking female hormones which can develop a little bit of a breast, and that makes something of a difference, but not much. The hard thing to do with these sex-changes is their hips, the pelvic bone of a woman is so much more flared than a man's. You can give them a soft, rounded shape, very feminine, but it's more difficult than rounding a woman's, and harder to balance."

Unlike Doctor Jack's authentically female patients, most of whom are content simply with a breast tune up, the "sex-changes," as he calls them, normally hanker after a much more complete top-to-bottom overhaul. "There's really no reason why you can't give them a graceful, completely feminine sort of appearance," he says. "Legs, hips, thighs, buttocks, you can even make their arms more slender. The hard thing is that most of them are so big! I mean really, seriously, I'll bet eighty percent of the sex-changes I've seen have been bigger than me, six foot or about. You'd think the ones that would want to do it would be petite little things, but that doesn't hardly ever seem to be the case. I can't understand why that is. Sandra's really quite an exception. It's a lot harder to make them look graceful and feminine when a lot of them look like they used to play linebacker or something."

In Atlanta there's a transvestite stripper named Fonderella, who dances in straight clubs and gets billed as the genuine article, who's another of Jack's patients. To the sweaty yowlers and noodlers in the audience, she appears to be your regular voluptuous female, all soft curves and lithe limbs, a bit tall perhaps, almost six two, but so much the better. She makes six hundred dollars a week as a top draw on the Southern strip circuit. Only when she's relaxed, sitting in her dressing room between shows, and only when seen from behind, can one discern the strangely angular, too-strong shadows of the overdeveloped lateral and deltoids that give her away. Asked about Doctor Jack, she says, "He's the best I've seen 'em all and he's the best. Now, hustle your ass on outa here."

"I want to find out where their heads are at," says Doctor Jack, now three days into his sojourn at Sandra's ranch house. "I have to for my work, get into them. I need to try to visualize how they feel, what they want to look like." To anyone accustomed to the less creative but more or less normal world of immutable genders and discoverable pronouns, living amongst the kinds of people one is apt to encounter at Sandra's can be somewhat disorienting. Doctor Jack, whose own libidinous bent is straightforwardly heterosexual, cheerfully joins in gossip fests, poker parties and marathon inquiries into the wardrobe situation. "I feel like, you know, since I'm going to create changes on them—to them—to the bodies they live in—I need to know the true person that's inside there. I reach people a whole lot more than I used to before I started doing this."

He grins, adds: "I mean, if I've got a lot of them to work on in a row it's nice to mix a real girl in there somewhere. Just to keep my blood running in the right direction. But it doesn't really bother me, I don't see it as any different. When I'm doing my work, I'm just really *into* it, you know, I don't think about those other things.

"I just think people ought to be able to look the way they want to look, whether they're girl-people or boy-people, and if I can help them do that then that's what I should be doing. It's like down here I'm always getting people asking me if I work on blacks, and I've had them get pretty pissed off when I say I do. It's the same deal, you know, it's all part of my work." #

I LOVE MUSTARD

(*Continued from page 112*) sodes in the history of mustard, and in the history of advertising, occurred when Alexandre Dumas' *Grand Dictionnaire de Cuisine* was published in 1873. Mustard is not listed in the body of the dictionary but is discussed in a long treatise following the text. At its conclusion Dumas endorses a brand of mustard. This is what he wrote: "I have been asked which mustard I prefer above all. Until I tasted and appreciated the mustard made by Alexandre Bornibus I preferred the aromatic mustards of Maille and Bordin to all others, but when by chance I tasted Bornibus' mustard I knew at once it was the best of all." Dumas then goes on to tell that he made his discovery because he got off the train at Dijon by mistake on one occasion and was obliged to spend the night there. He had supper at the Hôtel du Parc, where he ordered two chops in mustard and half a cold fowl.

"What mustard do you want?" the waiter asked him.

"Why, Dijon mustard of course," said Dumas.

"I know that," said the waiter, "but what I'm asking is whether you want men's mustard or ladies' mustard."

"Oh," said Dumas, "so there's a difference between mustard for men and mustard for women?"

"For ladies."

"All right, for ladies."

"Yes, sir, since a lady's palate is more delicate than a man's, ordinary Dijon mustard is too strong and sharp for them, so Monsieur Bornibus has invented a special mustard."

After a further exchange Dumas ended up having both men's and ladies' mustard. "I am no great expert on the subject of mustard," he continues. "I've always had a fine stomach and never made any great use of this 'preface to appetite,' as Grimod de la Reynière calls it. But on this occasion, at the sight of the fine canary yellow color, I plunged in the wooden spoon and made two pyramids, one of men's mustard and one of ladies', on my plate. I must say that from that moment I made a turnabout and developed an enthusiasm for Bornibus mustard."

There aren't many food manufacturers lucky enough to have so distinguished an ad writer.

At an earlier date, a significant event in mustardry occurred in Durham, England, when a woman named Mrs. Clements found she could grind the seeds in a mill and sift them, to make a powder or flour. Her mixture of black and white seeds prepared in this way was called "Durham Mustard," and she traveled through England taking orders for it. Its usage spread across the United Kingdom and to other parts of the world.

The English, of course, have been the hardiest of mustard eaters, and the pot of "made mustard" or commercial mustard is a staple of English tables. Salt and pepper casters include a holder for the mustard pot, and one finds it on hand at breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner and supper. I was never able to get over to the English system of applying mustard to bacon or sausages in the morning, but if you have a taste for it, why not?

The Germans, also great consumers of the condiment, like their mustards darker in hue than either the French or English and also less piquant, sometimes tending to a sweet quality. German mustards come mainly from the famous mustard city of Düsseldorf, and they lend themselves to the wursts, Westphalian hams, and other typical German fare. The Poles, both in their native land and in the United States, make a fairly good selection of mustards, too. Theirs are closer to the German mustards than to the French and, again, they seem to go well with cured sausages and hams.

Italy has a unique approach to mustard, using it in a distinctive mixture called Mostarda di Cremona, which

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ESQ 4

consists of beautiful whole miniature fruits—pears, plums, cherries, figs—preserved in a clear mustard syrup. The fruits are almost candied before they are steeped in the syrup. When I first tasted them, they came packed in cans that were an absolute horror to open but well worth the struggle. Now they usually are sold in jars, and, strangely enough—whether due to the container or a trick of memory—they do not seem to have the fiery piquancy they once had. Mostarda di Cremona is a traditional accompaniment to bollito misto, the Italian equivalent of pot-au-feu, that includes beef, veal, pork, chicken, sometimes calf's head and the pungent Italian sausage codicino. This is all served forth with vegetables and a green sauce as well as the mustard fruits. The fruits are served with other Italian dishes, too, and they are extremely pleasant with cold meats for a buffet, but with bollito misto they make a classic marriage.

The Chinese and other Orientals are great mustard users, as we know. Like the English they prepare a simple, rather hot mixture of mustard powder and water or other liquid, which they use alone or in barbecue sauces (not to be confused with the American kind), tomato sauces, or plum sauces. And the blending of mustard and soy is a common dip for many Chinese dishes.

If you are making your own mustard, by the way, be sure to let the mixture mellow for ten to fifteen minutes—a chemical action is really taking place—before serving, or it will be bitter.

Here in the United States, in addition to the array of imported mustards on the market, a large quantity is produced domestically. A number of these I classify as "ball park" or "delicatessen" mustards. You will also probably find them in those little squeeze bags on your tray the next time you eat airline food. These mustards are bland and nondescript, really a form of salad dressing, with a closer resemblance to German mustard than any other. The most famous one in this country, French's, is produced by the R. T. French Company, which is owned by the people who make Colman's mustard. It is particularly high in vinegar content and low in distinctive flavor. The same can be said for most of the Heinz mustards and the Gulden's—save for one, "Spicy Brown," which is a fairly honest reproduction of a German recipe. Though they do not excite the palate and can never be considered prize condiments, these American mustards fill the need of many people, and you'll be faced with them the rest of your life wherever there are hamburgers, frankfurters, and pastrami or corned beef sandwiches—unless you carry your own little pot of mustard with you, which isn't such a bad idea.

I think we have learned from the French as well as from the English to increase our appetite for mustard. New brands are constantly appearing on the market. Many come from Dijon, some from Paris. Those from London, I note, stick closely to the original English formula for a hot mustard, made with mustard flour, salt, either wine or water, and perhaps a little oil. This is the mustard made famous by Colman's, who have long packaged mustard flour and prepared mustard under their name. Colman's is sold in this country by the R. T. French Company. An American firm has the rights to Grey Poupon, the famous Dijon mustard, which is made in Hartford, Connecticut. It is not as expensive as the French product and, to my palate, not quite as good, but it is used widely and seems to be available in supermarkets on the East and West Coasts and in the Middle West.

Some of the more attractive forms of mustard you'll find on restaurant menus and in people's homes nowadays are mustard sauces. There's one, often called sauce Dijonnaise, which is used with fish dishes. A great specialty at Quo Vadis in New York with grilled sole and with shad during the season, it is basically a rich bechamel or velouté to which several tablespoons of Grey Poupon mustard have been added, followed by a pat or two of butter to enrich it. The piquant but delicate mustard flavor in the creamy bechamel or velouté makes it an ideal addition to a sauce for fish.

A mustard mayonnaise is frequently served with seafood. It is extraordinarily good with crab legs, lobster, crab meat, shrimp, or scallops. It is also excellent with that unusual Italian dish called carpaccio, which consists of slices of raw beef pounded paper thin and served as an hors d'oeuvre. Mustard mayonnaise is made simply by adding mustard to taste to a good olive oil mayonnaise. The proportions can range from one tablespoon of mustard per one cup of mayonnaise to equal quantities of each, and pick your favorite mustard. Some chopped parsley or a few chopped chives give it an added flavor.

In Scandinavian countries they make a sauce with mayonnaise, mustard, sugar and dill, which sounds like a ghastly combination, but is intriguing when eaten with gravlax. The sauce is made with about three parts of mayonnaise to two parts of Dijon mustard, a tablespoon of sugar to sweeten it slightly, and a tablespoon of freshly chopped dill. You could use a sweet mustard.

Another interesting sauce that takes time and care is a type of mayonnaise made with hard-boiled egg yolks. For it you'll need about six to eight yolks, mashed well with a fork. To the yolks add perhaps one to two tablespoons of Dijon mustard and stir until it becomes a paste. Then, drop by drop, add good olive oil until the mixture emulsifies, very much like a mayonnaise. This makes a fascinating sauce for a beet salad, a chicken salad or a hearty fish salad.

There are many dishes in which mustard, preferably Grey Poupon or Pommery, is an essential ingredient. It is commonly used in game cookery, especially with rabbit, or with pheasant, duck, and partridge, being used as a coating after the birds have been subjected to a spell of hanging to ripen.

A famous French dish called lapin à la moutarde is made with domestic rabbit which is seared and browned beautifully then placed on a mirepoix of vegetables and herbs after each piece has been painted well with a rather sharp Dijon mustard. Cream is added to the dish, and it is baked until the rabbit is tender and the cream and mustard have blended together into a luscious sauce, which absorbs the flavors from the mirepoix. The same dish is often made with a plump chicken.

It has long been a practice to coat veal kidneys with mustard before grilling them, sometimes with strips of bacon. This makes an exciting dish for those who love the innards of animals as much as I do. Use a Dijon or a hot mustard such as Colman's made mustard.

One of the most satisfying salads in the world is a beef salad Parisienne, which can be served as an hors d'oeuvre or a main course. It's made with the boiled beef from a pot-au-feu, cut into dice and blended with potatoes, celery, onion and various other vegetables. The mixture is bound with a highly mustardized dressing—either a vinaigrette with a great deal of Dijon mustard added to it or a thin form of mayonnaise made with hard-boiled egg yolks. The dressing is poured over the salad long enough before eating to let it marinate slightly.

Mustard plays an important part in old English cookery books and in some of the early American books. It entered untold bean pots in New England, usually dry or the dry mixed with water, along with salt, pork, molasses, maple syrup and onion, and it was added to cream, along with salt and pepper, for various fish dishes. I recently found a finnan haddie recipe from an early English book in which the fish was given a brushing of dry mustard mixed with water and then cooked in cream and milk until it was heated through. Just before serving, it was anointed with butter. This, with crisp toast and perhaps a boiled potato, must have been an exciting breakfast dish when people ate breakfasts of that caliber. There are numerous recipes, too, that call for brushing fish with a little made mustard before broiling.

Of course, our enjoyment of Smithfield and Kentucky hams and other country hams has always been enhanced by mustard. The glaze I recommend for baking hams, which have first been boiled according to rules, is dry mustard and brown sugar. Other glazes can be made with apricot jam or currant jelly and mustard. Often crumbs are sprinkled on the glazed ham, and sometimes it is basted with Madeira or sherry or other wine as it bakes. A ham prepared with untold numbers of cloves, a rather ruinous practice, will never have the flavor and éclat of one done with a mustard glaze.

Mustard has a definite place in barbecue sauces and marinades. Stirred in with the usual additives for barbecue sauces, which include catsup, Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco, garlic, soy and sometimes fruit juices or preserves, either dry or Dijon mustard adds great character. Very often you will find recipes for spareribs, chops or steaks glazed with a sauce of hot prepared mustard and catsup, and there's one widely used dressing for steak that is made with blue or Roquefort cheese, Cognac, butter, and dry or Dijon mustard, blended together into a paste, which is rubbed on the meat for the last few minutes of broiling and forms a crusty sauce.

In England and America mustard pickle has been a standard for generations. There are hot mustard pickles, sometimes called chowchow, sweet mustard pickles, and just mustard pickles. Unfortunately most of these have become turmeric pickles. There may be a little mustard flour mixed with the other ingredients, but it's the turmeric and vinegar that dominate. The good mustard pickles I fondly remember had plenty of hot, dry mustard to give them dash and could only be compared to the mustard fruit of pre-World War II vintage.

A rather severe canapé was created by Prosper Montagne for a gathering in France at the beginning of the century. It was made with squares of rye bread, or what is known in France as pain de seigle, spread with very hot prepared mustard and then with freshly grated horseradish. I have served this with drinks in the past, and it was considered a smashing combination with martinis. But it is strictly for the flame eaters. You might try it for your next cocktail party.

For a more modern French experiment with mustard, I turn to Simone Beck, coauthor with Julia Child of the two volumes of *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* and author of a brilliant book of her own called *Simca's Cuisine*. One time when Simca was teaching a class how to make a quiche in my kitchens, she came up with the idea of brushing the partially baked pastry shell with Dijon mustard before adding the filling. Not only did this help to keep the shell from becoming soggy, but it added an intriguing, unidentifiable flavor to the quiche. It is an invention that all of Simca's students eagerly adopted and that I have, too.

I would be remiss not to speak of the medicinal value of mustard through the centuries—as a liniment, emetic, and stomach stimulant. I can remember when it used to be quite common to apply a mustard plaster to the skin for anything from a chest cold to a stomachache or backache. This supposedly burned out the malady or soothed the muscles, but it often had the effect of simply blistering the patient.

And that reminds me of an incident I witnessed in my youth when I was on a cross-country train journey. In those days I used to travel in an upper berth because it saved money, and, once installed, I seemed to have more freedom than in the lower and a better view of what went on in the car. I had been observing a man and woman across from me who had spurned the then fabulously good dining services of the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific Railroad and brought hampers of their own food. They ate heartily, and the second night out I was awakened at two o'clock in the morning by a man's groans. Peeping through my curtains, I saw madam, my neighbor, heading for the ladies' room to prepare (it turned out later) a mustard plaster for her husband's indigestion. She tiptoed back, drew the curtains, and applied the plaster. Then back she went to the ladies' room, no doubt to collect her first-aid kit and wash her hands. Suddenly there was a piercing cry. I knew what had happened. Madam had gone to the wrong berth and slapped her mustard plaster on the back of a stranger. The poor man had just come into a state of consciousness. Well, there was no more sleep in the car that night. There were apologies, explanations, arguments. The entire crew of the train came forth. The sick husband, I might add, recovered almost from the moment of his neighbor's scream. All of which proves that if you are traveling in an old-fashioned Pullman you better know how to count.

There are still English and French firms which produce ready-to-go mustard plasters. So, if you would like to take a few on your next trip, it's a sensational way to get acquainted with a stranger. ##

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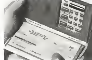

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